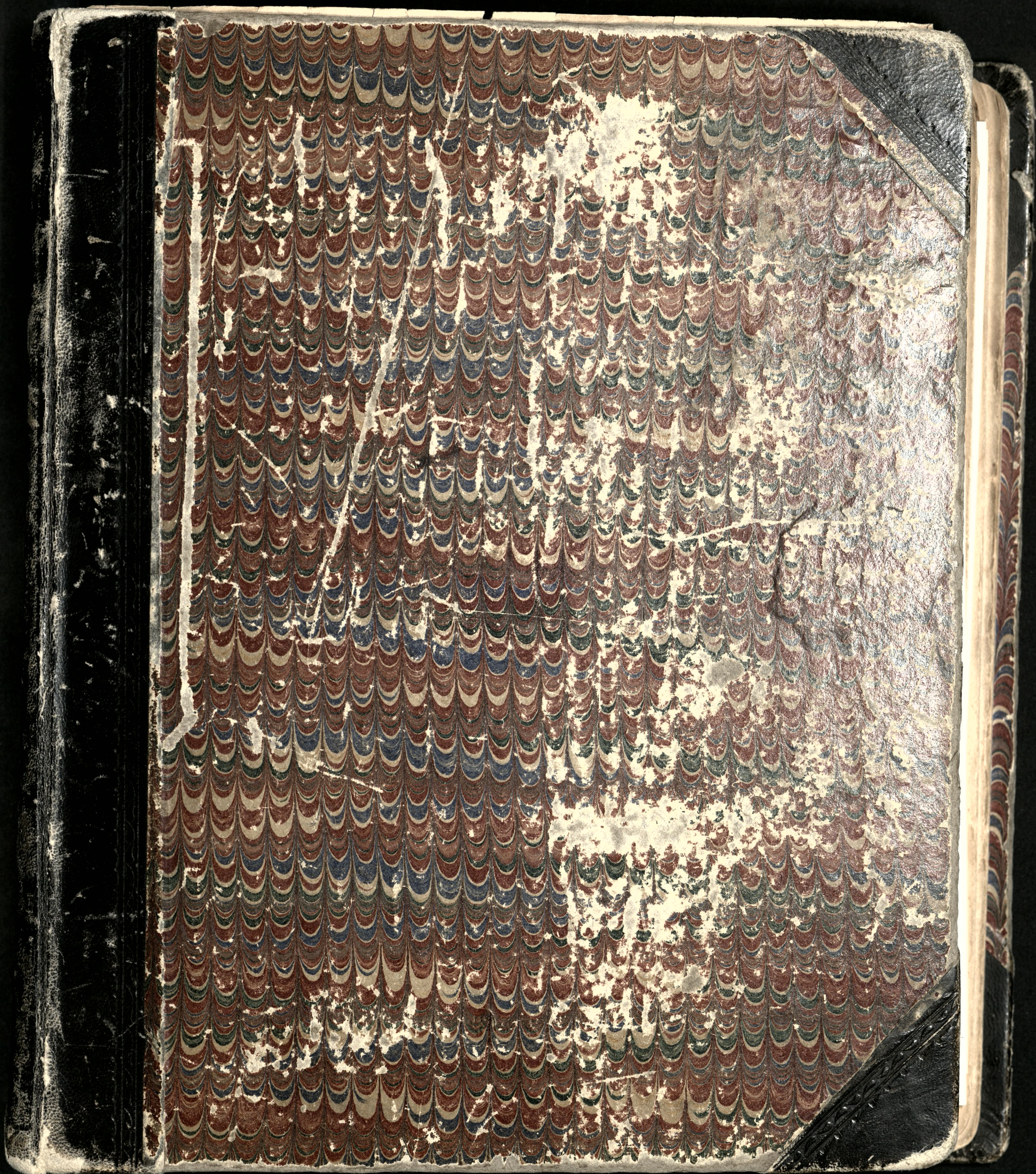
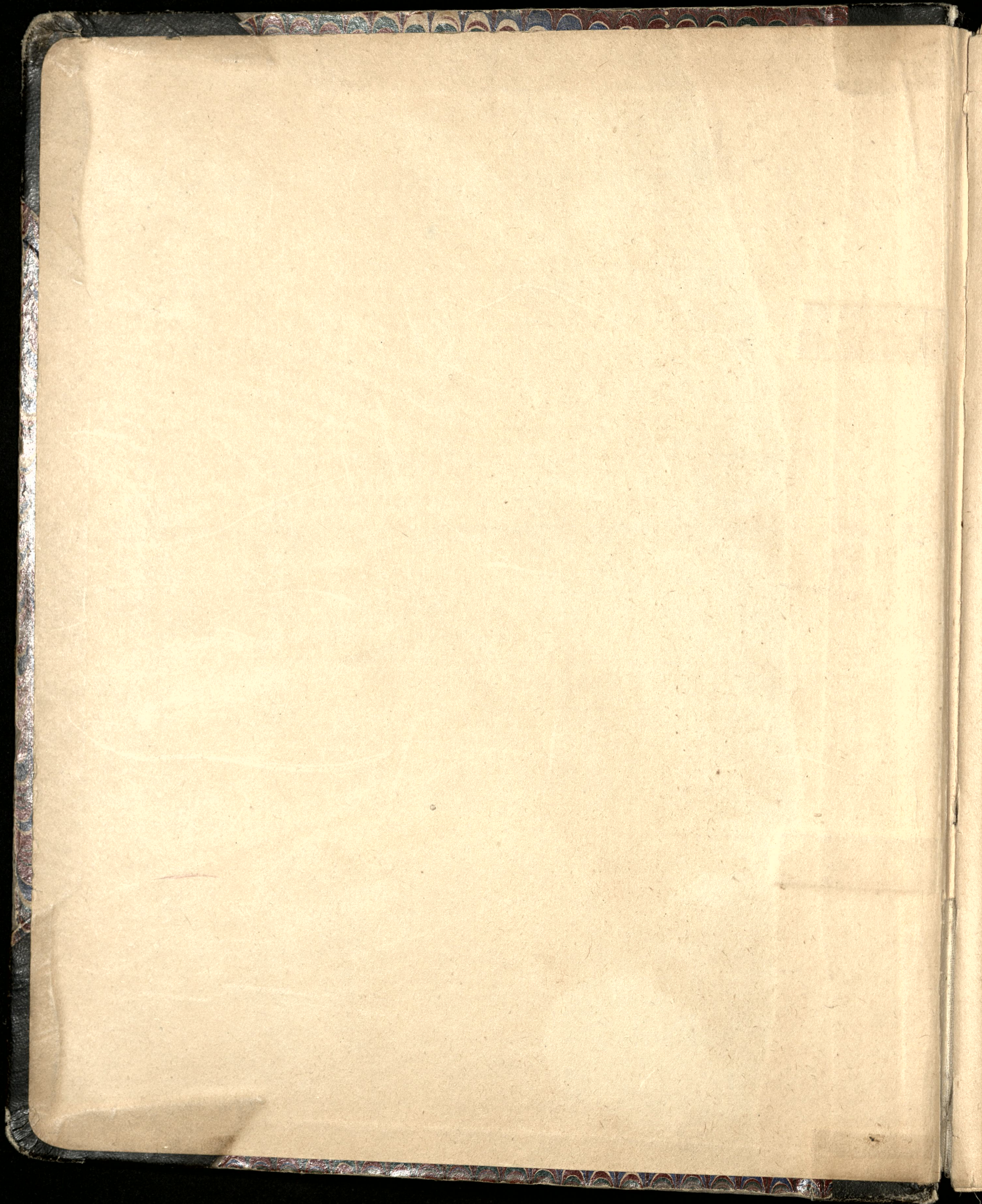
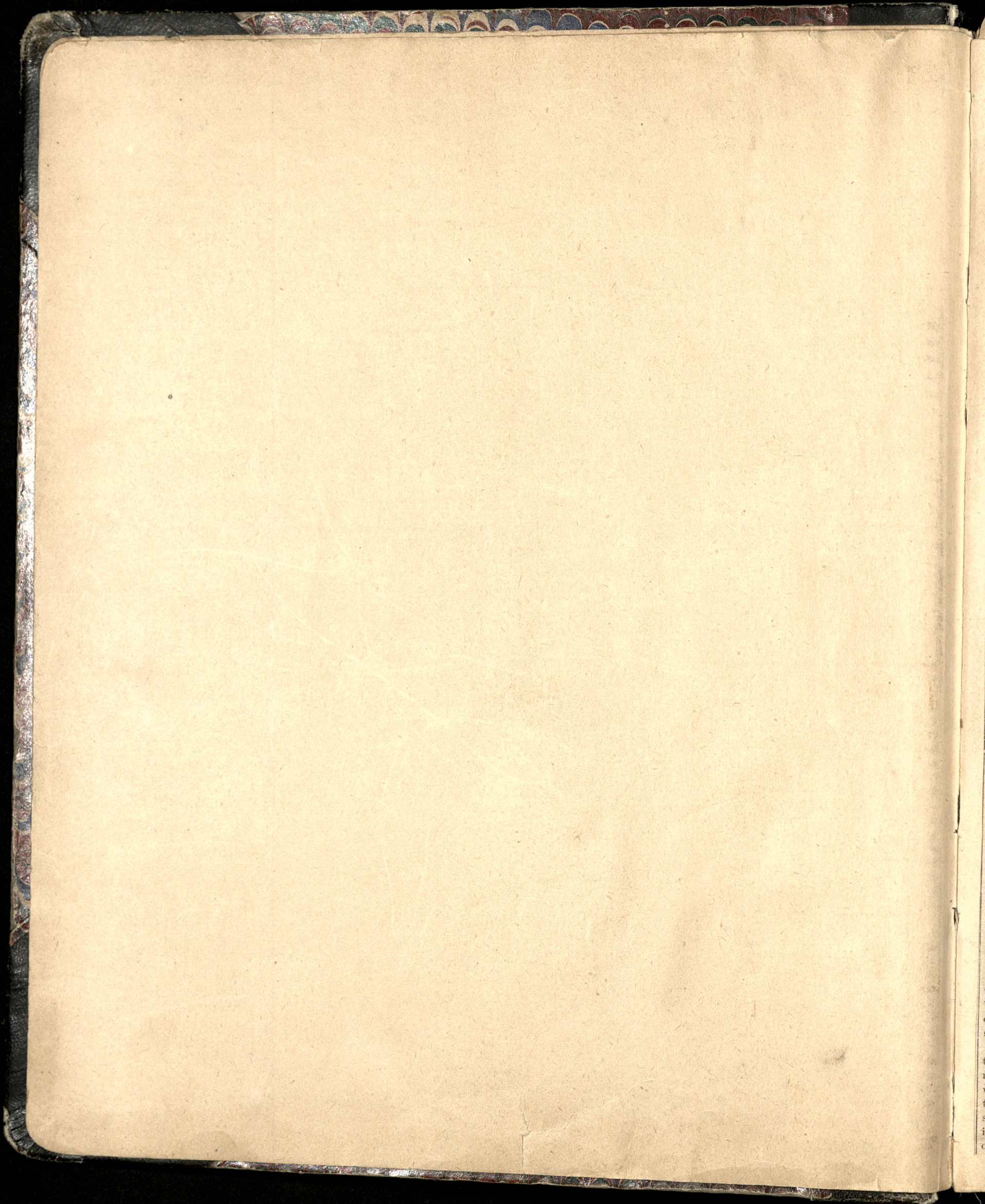








TO COMMERCE A NEW PATH THAT WILL BE A GLORY TO THE END OF TIME.

A BEAUTIFUL BUT SOMEWHAT ERRONEOUS PEN PICTURE OF THE ROUTE THROUGH NORTH FORK CANYON.

A great railroad construction company almost recoils before the immensity of the work of constructing a railroad grade up the North Fork of Feather river, from Oroville to American valley, and has decided to suspend the other work on the route from San Francisco bay east, for two years, until the Feather river canyon problem can be solved. It is not surprising news. Engineer Judah, the real father or at least the John the Baptist of the old Central Pacific, wanted the line that way but was overruled. The route has two immense factors in its favor. It is 1650 (2000 ft.—Ed. N. B.) feet lower than the Donner lake route; that is, when a road is finished there. It will do away with the lifting up of every car crossing the Sierras 1650 (2000) feet.

Again it will be beneath the snow line. But for forty miles it is a tremendous canyon. When the finger of Omnipotence marked out the way for the river through these mountains, it was a challenge thrown down to the race that was to be, to make a path for the steam or electric car which was also yet to be. Neither existed then nor for millions of years thereafter, except in the mind of God. But the river began its flow and its song, and it has been flowing and singing ever since, and waiting for man and man's evangel that are redeeming the world's wilderness. But it will be almost superhuman work. For forty miles the road will have to be blasted from the face of the cliff which stands almost perpendicular above the river, five hundred, six hundred, a thousand and feet high. Then the canyon is as crooked as the trail of a serpent and if we remember correctly the turbid river will have to be bridged no less than sixteen times to make the road possible. When it shall be completed the wonders of the "Royal Gorge" will sink into insignificance by comparison.

But we can understand that the thought of doing the tremendous work must thrill the soul of the engineer who has the aspiration to dare to undertake such a task—to surmount the obstructions which nature has there heaped in his path and under the electric lights of science to undertake to push them

aside and make a smooth and safe trail for the chariots of steam to sweep over. It will be a triumph greater than was involved in the preparation of either of the old world's seven wonders and give to commerce a new path that will be a glory to the end of time.

The above from the pen of one of the ablest editorial writers of the West, Hon. C. C. Goodwin, former editor of the Salt Lake Tribune, does not overdraw the beauty and grandeur of the great canyon of the North Fork, through which the location surveys for the Western Pacific Railway are nearing completion, and in which thousands of men will soon be grading and tunneling for the new line of transportation between the Atlantic and Pacific, which will be the best and most cheaply operated of those yet secured with a terminal at San Francisco, the western commercial metropolis of the United States. However, the article contains some inaccuracies as to the difficulty of construction. It has been so long since Mr. Goodwin was in Plumas that he has gotten the North Fork confused with the Middle Fork of Feather river. Indeed, Mr. Judah, of the old Central Pacific, recommended that the road be built through Beckwith Pass and down the Middle Fork. The credit of suggesting the use of a long stretch of the upper Middle Fork, then crossing the divide to the North Fork and utilizing the easy grade obtainable in the latter, belongs to A. W. Keddie, at present Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Pacific Railway. This suggestion was to avoid the rapid descent and the high bluffs of the Middle Fork alluded to evidently by Mr. Goodwin in the article above quoted. As far back as in 1867, Mr. Keddie made a report based upon a survey, in favor of the idea, which he has steadily clung to ever since and which at last has forced itself on the railroad world and will soon bear practical results in the way of railroad building. Mr. Judah never knew anything about the North Fork, but he did make a reconnaissance of the Middle Fork, and the results have furnished the basis of Mr. Goodwin's article.

The location survey of the Western Pacific across the Sierras is not what might be called a crooked line. We have seen the maps covering the line through Delaney Canyon and Mohawk valley to Spring Garden. With one exception, it is practically a straight line; nor does the line down the North Fork have the curvature many might suppose.

Mr. Goodwin's statement as to bridges on the North Fork also is erroneous.

Instead of sixteen, there will be only two across the main stream.

The facts which we have stated, taken in connection with another exceedingly important one—that the grade over this route will at no point exceed one per cent, or 52.8 feet per mile—are opening the eyes of the railroad world to the fact that the Western Pacific will have a line across the Sierras without a peer.

THROUGH THE CANYONS.

The following are the closing remarks made by Attorney Cutcheon in his argument made in behalf of the Western Pacific before Judge Morrow of San Francisco, on the 9th:

"This is a great and important public work which we are proposing to do. It is a well-settled and almost an elementary proposition in the law of equity that courts will not exercise their extraordinary power by writ of injunction to restrain such public work unless the title of complainant be absolutely clear and unless the necessity for interference be absolutely evident.

The republic of the United States stands here to-day facing its commercial destiny upon the borders of the Pacific Ocean. The question of its future is to be decided by the test, whether in the next few years, it maintains its ascendancy over the commerce of the Pacific or loses that ascendancy. We are coming here to help our country to achieve its destiny, we are coming of course because we believe it will be profitable, but not altogether for a selfish purpose. We are coming in the fulfillment of a magnificent ambition—to be the first highway that connects the Atlantic with the Pacific, to be the first American railroad over which the goods of the Orient may pass to the markets of Europe. We are coming unassisted; we neither have nor ask any land grant; there are no subsidies; there is no state aid; there is no bounty we have or ask for. We are coming on our own feet. Already construction parties are running our grade through the deserts of Utah; already our axes are ringing in the Sierras; it will not be long before you hear the whistle of our locomotives along the North Fork of the Feather river. And, I may say to you, gentlemen, that it will not be long, if you continue in your policy of raising enemies, instead of making friends, before we pluck the traffic from between your fingers all the way from Oroville to the sea. This work of ours is an important work not only to the State of California, but to the Great Republic which your Honor represents. It is not to be stopped upon doubts or quibbles. We ask but common justice; we ask that we with them be allowed to compete for this great traffic of the Pacific; we ask we with the Southern Pacific be permitted to assist in building up the noble State of California, in adding to the prosperity of our common country. It will be but a few short years before your Honor and this community will see the accomplishment of this great work and when we, with them, in the words of Mr. Kipling, "will ride our iron stallions down to drink, through the canyons to the waters of the West."

Talks for the Gould Line.

At a meeting of the Jobbers Association held at Sacramento last Thursday, which according to the Bee, was remarkable for the presence of Western and Southern Pacific representatives and for the speeches made by them, in which the utmost good feeling was expressed.

In responding to the toast of "The Railroad of the Future," Mr. Cerf said the toastmaster has spoken truly in the declaration that Sacramento could never cease to be loyal to the Southern Pacific. He proceeded to extol the great achievement of Huntington, Crocker and others in building the Central Pacific Railroad, remarking that Sacramentans owed them love, admiration and gratitude. The greatest mind, almost, that the United States had ever known, he said, was C. P. Huntington's.

Mr. Cerf made the highly interesting statement that the Western Pacific Railroad enterprise had its birth in a speech delivered by Governor Pardee some years ago at the National Irrigation Congress in Utah, where the Governor dwelt upon upon the great possibilities of the Sacramento Valley, using much the same language as he had employed on the present occasion. The Governor's glowing words attracted very much attention from the press at that time, and came to the eyes of certain financial men in New York, who were so struck with the statement, and of the possibilities of development in this region, that they sent out experts to investigate and report upon the prospects for a new railroad. The result, the speaker said, was the determination of Mr. Gould to build the Western Pacific.

Mr. Cerf said he was sorry George J. Gould had been born too late to aid C. P. Huntington and the other builders of the Central Pacific in the great work they had accomplished, which he certainly would have done had he been in Sacramento at the time of the inception of the enterprise. Mr. Gould, he said, now has a great public trust. Although less than forty years of age, he has 20,000 miles of railroad in his hands. With the completion of the Western Pacific he will have the first complete transcontinental railroad system, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with its connecting lines of steamships on the two great oceans, will be able to deposit the products of the Orient in the ports of Europe.

The Western Pacific, said the speaker, is a railroad conceived without graft, subsidy, land grant or any other sort of cut side aid; a road that pays for everything it gets. Here in Sacramento, he added is the beginning of the greatest system of transportation the world has ever known; a railroad to be built as a great public trust, honestly, and designed to assist very citizen along its lines, and to develop the country in all possible ways. The policy of the Gould lines, said the speaker, is always one of construction, not of destruction. The Western Pacific would build up the country and make Sacramento the great inland port of California—the Chicago of the West. It asked now the privilege of being allowed to aid in the making of Sacramento.

IT IS AN EMPIRE OF

Something About the Orchards, Fields and Mi

(By W. W. KELLOGG, in "Sunset.")

On the slope of the California Sierras that tilts toward the great western sea is a fertile little empire of valley and mountain land that is known to some parts of the world as Plumas county. A beautiful and fertile little empire it is, with "apple and peach tree fruited deep," and if it be not "fair as a garden of the Lord," there are those in plenty who are willing to aver that it is. Here the mountains are sprinkled with gold, while the finer and richer gold of grain or fruit shines in the valleys. Here are raised the best apples that California produces, and the quality of other deciduous fruits is scarcely less notable. It is

foothills bordering on the great Sacramento valley. Plumas covers nearly all of the watershed of the upper Feather river, in which are situated some of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of the state, chief among which are Indian, American, Big Meadows, Genesee, Mohawk and Sierra.

To those who cannot well endure the heat of lower altitudes the climate of Plumas county appeals, as it knows no extreme either of heat or cold. In the valleys the thermometer seldom registers below zero, while it does not often rise above 95 degrees in the summer. The records kept in Quincy by Weather

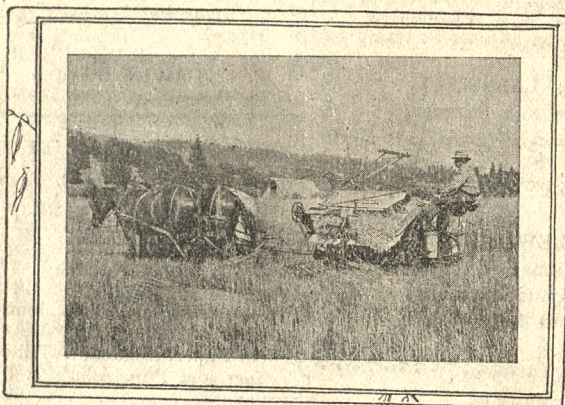
Plums, prunes, nectarines, peaches, pears and cherries do well in many localities, and where favorable conditions exist, the trees are very prolific. Berries and smaller fruits are peculiarly well adapted to the climate. Currants, gooseberries, blackberries, raspberries and strawberries grow in great profusion and perfection. Indian, American, Genesee and other valleys of equal or lower altitude, have long been noted for the quality of the vegetables produced there. Potatoes, cabbage, beets, carrots, cauliflower, celery, turnips, radishes and peas are grown to perfection. There have been produced to the acre, 30,000 pounds of potatoes, 40,000 pounds of cabbage, and 100,000 pounds of beets.

The higher valleys of Plumas county and the ranges adjacent thereto are especially well adapted to cattle raising and dairying, two important industries of the county. The rich and well-watered soil of the valleys yields largely of the butter and beef producing grasses, while the "bunch-grass" found on many of the ranges is considered better even than the valley product. Over these ranges, thousands of cattle roam and grow fat. Plumas butter has long had an enviable reputation.

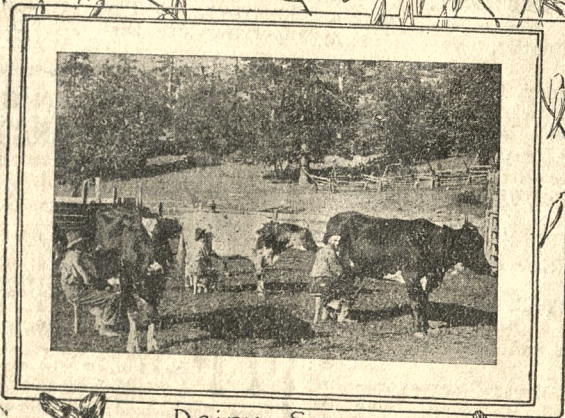
Since the early "fifties," gold mining has been a leading factor in the business life of Plumas county. Gravel mining first received attention, the shallow bars on the North and Middle Forks of Feather river and their tributaries yielding richly, even though primitive methods only were employed by the pioneer miners. By the process of erosion, some of the finer particles of precious metal were made finer and were carried by the torrential streams to the delta at the mouth of the great canyon, near Oroville, and there settled in the immense beds of gravel now being very profitably mined by the dredger process. The coarser gold, however, was left behind, and on this supply, the miner has been drawing since the white man first invaded the county.

One of the greatest and most valuable resources of Plumas county has been and is her quartz gold mines. Thus far, only those of higher grade have received much attention, and scarcely any of these have been mined deeply. In them and their milling plants, poor equipments have been in use, and methods of mining and milling not up to date have, with a very few exceptions, been employed, with the result that the cost of mining and milling and the percentage of gold lost have been too great. But now that cheaper and better transportation, together with the cheap electric power which the mountain streams can furnish in practically unlimited quantities, are among the certainties of the immediate future, it is certain that the higher grade ore bodies will be mined at greater depth and profit, and that the low grade propositions will be developed and worked on so large a scale, and so economically, as to pay good dividends.

Plumas has a certain interest for those who appreciate the wonders of nature. Within its borders are parts of one of the greatest and most recently active volcanic fields of the United States. Mount Lassen, the highest point in the lava field, is 10,437 feet high, and from its summit, on a clear day, a wonderful panorama is spread before the eye.



Harvesting Oats
in Indian Valley



Dairy Scene,
Indian Valley.

a rare little empire, and some day the world of men is going to run upon it, and then—well, Nature has done her part; men will do the rest.

Plumas county is situated in the eastern part of California and considerably to the north of the center of the state. It has an area of 2,567.81 square miles, and is composed of mountain and valley lands which are valuable for their timber or for grazing, agriculture or mining purposes. The northeastern boundary is the main summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, or western edge of the Great Interior Basin, the southwestern boundary being close to the

Observer Edwards show that, for the five years ending in 1901, the average mean temperature for the months of June, July and August, respectively, was 61 degrees, 65 degrees and 64 degrees, and that during the five years beginning with December, 1896, the average mean temperature for December, January and February, respectively, was 35 degrees, 33 degrees and 37 degrees. During the summer months, the atmosphere being dry, the warmest days cause no depression, the nights are pleasantly cool and sleep is refreshing.

Apples and pears thrive in Plumas county, and the yield is very large.

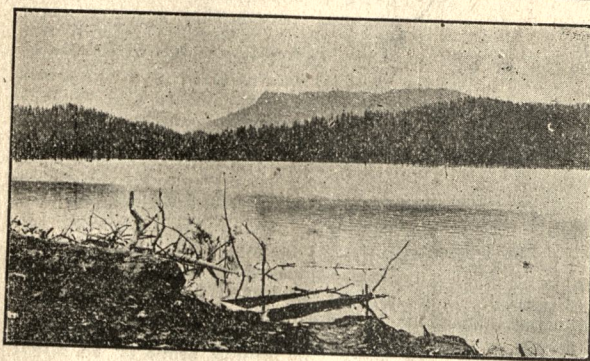
THE SIERRAS.

nes of Plumas County

Hot Spring valley, south of the base of Mount Lassen, contains scores of rumbling springs from which issue steam or in which hot mud is ever bubbling, all suggests to the visitor a nearness to an active volcano. On the ridge south are the geysers and Lake Tartarus, a lake of boiling mud. At the southern base of Mount Lassen, are boiling mud pools and vigorous solfataric action, or the last stages of volcanic activity. By this action, large quantities of sulphur have been deposited, and attempts have been made to mine it. The Lassen Buttes country, which is intensely interesting, can be reached by a day's travel

tively little known now, they are certain to become more known and more visited as time passes. The most noted summer resorts now are those of Big Meadows and Humbug valley, in the northern part of the county. Here fishing and hunting are plentiful. In Big Meadows boating is one of the pleasant pastimes. Mohawk, American, Indian, Genesee and Warner valleys are delightful places in which to spend the summer months.

Quincy, the county-seat of Plumas county, is situated on the south side of American valley at the base of the Clearmont range of mountains, at an altitude of 3,380 feet. It is an attrac-



Round Valley Reservoir.
800 acres.



Hydraulic Mining.
Quincy Mining & Water Co.



Spring Garden—
Showing Pine Forest in the Distance.

from Big Meadows. To the geologist, the mountains near Taylorsville are very interesting. J. S. Diller, a well-known geologist, says that the Grizzly range formation contains the oldest rocks positively identified in the geologic series of California and Oregon. They are known to be of the Silurian period by fossils found in them near Taylorsville.

With the inevitable increase of transportation facilities, it is not to be doubted that the many charming resorts of Plumas county will become more and more popular. Their name is legion, and, while many of them are compara-

tive little town of 500 population. It has two systems of water-works, and a fully equipped hose company. The citizens own their public hall. Both telegraph and telephone lines connect the town with the outside world, and it is lighted by electricity. The court-house, a church and two-story brick school-house are among the public buildings, and the business places are sufficient to supply the needs of the people.

At a recent election, the citizens of Quincy by an almost unanimous vote, authorized the school trustees to issue \$7,500 in bonds for the purpose of

erecting a modern, up-to-date, public school building to be built during the present year, and the directors of the Plumas County bank have contracted for the erection of a new brick bank building. The new railroad survey brings the railway about one mile east of Quincy, where the depot will be located.

This may be said, and truthfully said, of Plumas: It is among California counties that are still in the cradle, but nature has done much for it, and, as man does more, it is certain to develop into one of the choice and good portions of the choicest and best of commonwealths—California.

The writer of this article acknowledges his indebtedness to "Plumas County Resources," published by the "National Bulletin," for various data and extracts incorporated herein.

Republican Speaking

Ex-Senator Kellogg Delivers a Telling Address to Quincy Voters at the Town Hall Saturday Evening.

The best political speech, by far, that has been delivered in Quincy this year, was attentively listened to last Saturday evening. It was delivered by Ex-Senator Kellogg to the largest audience that has greeted a campaign speaker this season. Judge Goodwin presided. Mr. Kellogg said that the platforms of the two parties made a direct, clear-cut issue on the tariff question, that party principle is at stake in this campaign and that that proposition should not be forgotten. The Republican party stood for the protection and prosperity which have blessed this country during the past eight years nearly. Republicans believed in expansion and would insist on the retention of the Philippines, for the purpose, not only of reclaiming the island from barbarism, and conferring the blessings of good government, but also for the purpose of making the Philippines an influential base by the possession of which we can legitimately reap the benefits of the great trade developing in China; Japan and other oriental countries. He warned Republicans that the Democracy had given up the Presidential fight in this State, and were now ignoring national issues and directing their efforts to the election of Congressmen and State Senators. On the county division question, the Senator took the same position he did in Greenville, viz: That if the Sierra Valley part of Sierra county should come into Plumas, it would be but a few years until a move would be made to form a new county including that portion of Plumas as far west as Mohawk Valley.

A NEW PUZZLE.

Here is a new puzzle which has been going the rounds of the press. Try it yourself. Put down the year you were born, to which add 4; then add the age your next birthday will be, provided it comes before January 1, otherwise, your age at your last birthday. Multiply the result by 1000 and deduct from this 694,423; substitute for the corresponding letters of the alphabet—A for 1, B for 2, C for 3, etc. The result will give you the name by which you are popularly known.—Ex.

THE REV. DAVID J. EVANS OF GRACE CHURCH.



QUINCY COUPLE WED IN SAN FRANCISCO YESTERDAY

MR. GILBERT PALMER AND MISS
HELEN KEDDIE JOINED IN
HOLY WEDLOCK AT THE
KENILWORTH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 22.—Mr. Gilbert Palmer and Miss Helen Keddle, both of Quincy, Plumas county, were united in marriage at noon to-day at the Kenilworth, Rev. Evans of Grace Church, officiating. The ceremony took place in the parlors, which were specially decorated for the event. Mr. W. A. Keddle supported the bridegroom and Miss Edyth Keddle the bride.

An elegant wedding lunch was served, after which the young couple and party departed in an automobile for the coast, amidst showers of flowers, rice and shoes.

The guests present were: Mr. A. W. Keddle, Mrs. C. H. Kahrs, Mr. W. A. Keddle, Miss Edyth Keddle, Mr. and Mrs. and Master James Barnes DeWitt, Mrs. James DeWitt, Miss Mae Barnes, Mrs. Clara Smith, Mrs. U. S. Webb, Miss Hester Webb, Miss Mattie Goodwin, Mrs. Chas. Harlowe Jr., Mrs. Lizzie Haggard, Miss Cecelia Hogan, Miss Stella Haggard, Miss Nita Oldham, Mrs. Geo. L. Dillman, Mrs. E. Cerf, Miss Jeanette Cerf, Mrs. Bender, Master Edwin Bender, Miss Bertha Bender, Miss Lillie, Mrs. C. I. Johnson, Mrs. Wenger, Miss Foster, Mrs. E. Reed, Mrs. Mary Ingle, Master Freeman Ingle, Miss Hattie Bell Andrews, Messrs. G. W. Anderson, J. A. Foster, H. M. Ardley.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer will be at home in Quincy after December 1st.

The wedding chronicled in the above dispatch is not unexpected to our people. Mr. Palmer is a gentleman whose residence in this community, excepting a few months spent at Chico, has covered a period of nearly three years, during which time he has won the confidence, respect and esteem of our people and has made a great many friends.

His accomplished bride is the second daughter of Mr. A. W. Keddle, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Pacific Railway Company. She is a native of Quincy, and this place has been her home since birth, excepting the time spent in Reno in attendance at the Nevada State University, of which institution she is a graduate.

She devoted several years to teaching in the public schools of Plumas, and has taken a prominent part in the social and musical life of Quincy.

She is a young lady who commands the respect and esteem of a wide circle of friends in Plumas, all of whom join the National-Bulletin in wishing her a future replete with the happiness that

comes to married life. To her honored husband, the heartiest congratulations are tendered.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer will return to Quincy about December 1st.

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urn to

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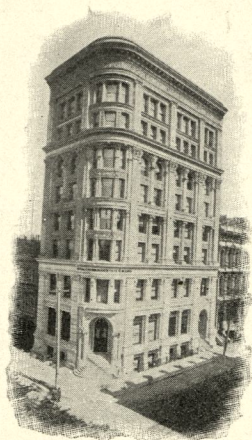
SAN FRANCISCO
BRANCH

*The Staff of
The Canadian Bank of Commerce
San Francisco, Cal.*

*Wish you the
Compliments of the Season*

Christmas 1905

New Year 1906



SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE



A. KAINS

G. W. B. HEATHCOTE

E. ANDREWS

H. G. PLAYFAIR

J. G. MULLEN

A. A. S. KAY

W. A. MITCHELL

J. A. FORSTER

F. G. SHAW

M. LAMONT

J. W. CROSSLEY

A. K. RIGG

D. M. HENDERSON

L. PICKERSGILL

W. ASHMAN

J. S. BATCHAN

A. WATSON

T. HORGAN

MISS J. F. POPE

MISS B. B. MOFFATT

JUDGE VARIEL PASSES AWAY

PIONEER OF STATE IS CALLED
BY DEATH

PROMINENT IN CITY'S HISTORY

Deceased Was President of the Bar
Association and Was a Former
Member of the State
Legislature

Hon. R. H. F. Variel, one of the best known attorneys of the state of California, a former member of the legislature, a resident of the state since 1852, and a citizen of Los Angeles since 1888, passed away yesterday afternoon at the family home, 2237 Michigan avenue, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Variel had been in failing health for about a year, and had but recently returned from a stay in the mountains of the north. For a time it was thought that he had grown stronger, but a change for the worse followed and the efforts of the attending physicians were of no avail. Death was due to a complication of diseases.

Funeral services will be held Sunday afternoon, in charge of the Knights Templar.

Pioneer of California

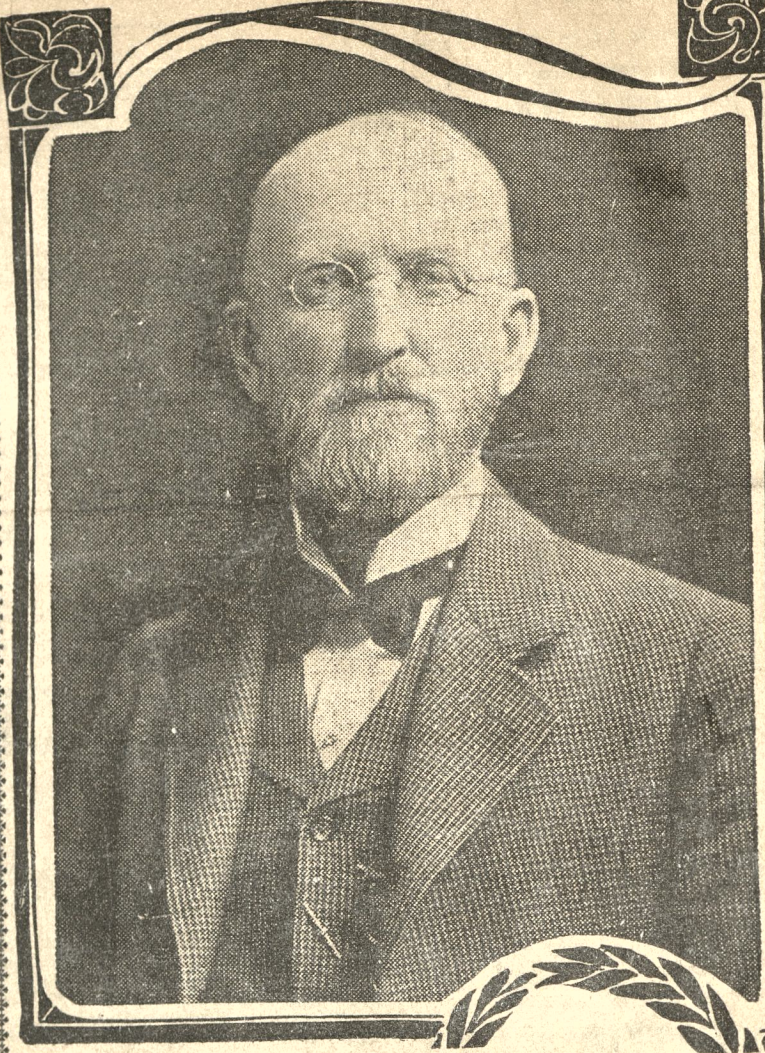
The deceased was a native of New Harmony, Ind., where he was born November 22, 1849. The Variel family crossed the plains in 1852, and the boy grew to sturdy manhood in the mining camps of California. Although opportunities for securing an education at that time were scant, the deceased was given a teacher's certificate at the age of eighteen, later securing a first grade certificate. He taught school on the Yuba river for two years, improving every opportunity afforded to acquire knowledge from every book available. In 1873 the Republicans of Plumas county nominated and elected Mr. Variel district attorney. He held the office for nine years.

In 1879 Mr. Variel entered on a general practice of law, after having been admitted to practice in the supreme court of the state. In 1886 he was elected a member of the state assembly from the Sixth district and was named as chairman of the judiciary committee. At that time he was mainly instrumental in securing the passage of the Wright irrigation act and also the act to endow the state university.

With Stephen White

In 1888 Mr. Variel came to Los Angeles with his family, and became associated with Senator Stephen M. White in the practice of law, soon attaining a high standing at the bar of the county. Mr. Variel was a strong corporation lawyer and enjoyed a large practice in which mining and water rights and the sale of large tracts of land were involved.

PROMINENT CALIFORNIAN CLAIMED BY DEATH



HON. R. H. F. VARIEL

While Mr. Variel was an indefatigable worker, he gave a part of his time to affairs of public interest. He figured prominently in the framing of the city charter, had served as president of the Bar association, as trustee of the State Normal school, as trustee of the law library and as a member of the chamber of commerce. He was a member of the Jonathan club, of the Republican league, of the highest orders of Masonry, and of the Mystic Shrine, of which he was high priest and prophet. The Knights Templar will hold funeral services Sunday afternoon. He was also a member of the Creel club, of the Cerritos Gun club and the Los Angeles sharpshooters.

Mr. Variel leaves a widow and three children, R. H. F. Variel, jr., Clarence L. Variel and Mrs. Lora V. Page.

The funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the family residence. Interment will take place in Evergreen cemetery.

JUDGE VARIEL LAID TO REST

MANY FRIENDS ATTEND THE
SERVICES

Impressive Rites of Masonic Order
at Grave—Profuse Floral Offer-
ings Showed Esteem Felt
for Learned Jurist

The remains of the late Judge Robert H. F. Variel were consigned to the grave in Evergreen cemetery Sunday afternoon with the beautiful and impressive rites of the Masonic order, conducted by the Knights Templar.

The funeral services were held at the family residence, 2237 Michigan avenue, at 2:30 o'clock. The high esteem in which the deceased was held was demonstrated by the presence of a very large assemblage of neighbors and friends from nearly every walk in life.

The Los Angeles Bar association was represented by forty members, the city by Mayor McAleer and other officials, the Masonic fraternity by Los Angeles commandery, No. 9, Knights Templar, about 140 appearing in full uniform to serve as escort, commanded by Perry W. Weidner, captain. Other societies represented were the California club, the Creel club, the Sharpshooters and political organizations.

There was a great profusion of floral tributes in the parlor and hall, some of the pieces being of massive design. The casket was nearly hidden by the mass of floral offerings.

Impressive Services

The Rev. Dr. Thomson, pastor of the Independent Church of Christ, with which the deceased affiliated, conducted the service at the house. He read selections from the scriptures and favorite poems of the departed, closing with a sermon and prayer. "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Nearer My God to Thee" were sung by Mrs. Anna Virginia Hecker and Mrs. M. J. Schallert, the former giving a solo, "O Dry Those Tears." At the close of the service the several organizations and friends passed through the house and viewed the remains.

The cortege then formed and moved in the following order to the cemetery: Musicians band, Los Angeles commandery, No. 9, Knights Templar; members of the Los Angeles Bar association, members of the family in carriages, representatives of various associations and friends in vehicles.

The Pallbearers

The honorary pall bearers were W. J. Hunsaker, J. D. Works, John D. Pope, D. K. Trask, A. M. Stephens and J. W. Sevanwick. Active pall bearers: H. J. Whitley, W. S. Bartlett, Dr. A. C. Rogers, Fred M. Lyon, Thomas F. Keep and J. W. Hendrick.

On arrival at the cemetery the Knights Templar took charge of the services and the full ritualistic rites of the order were observed. John A. Kingley, eminent commander; Arthur Brookman, the prelate, and William P. Jeffries, junior warden, conducted the service, and at the close of the prayer by the prelate "Abide With Me" was sung by Mrs. Hecker and Mrs. Schallert.

Judge B. N. Smith, on behalf of the Masonic fraternity, offered a tribute to the deceased. The speaker said that Judge Variel had stood in the front

rank of his profession and everybody loved and respected him. His whole life was worthy of emulation. He despised little things and as a citizen he was true to every trust and duty. There was no stain in his life on the honor of his country or his party. He had spent his boyhood days in California and had grown to manhood in this state, where he had achieved many successes in his chosen profession. In his home life Judge Variel was a type of noble manhood, devoted to his family and always true to his friends. He was also a worthy exemplar of the teachings of the Masonic fraternity.

TRIBUTE TO A FORMER PLUMASITE.

Los Angeles Mourns Passing of R. H. F. Variel-- Achieved Distinction by Own Efforts.

Robert Henry Fauntleroy Variel, one of the best known attorneys of the Los Angeles bar, is dead.

Yesterday afternoon, about 4:30 o'clock, just as the lighter shadows on the mountains and canyons of the Sierra Madres, which he loved so much, and which he longed for so intensely, were settling down into the somber shades of the twilight, there was surcease from pain and suffering.

For the past year and a half, Mr. Variel had been a sufferer from complications contracted in a hunting trip in the mountains of Oregon; although he continued to look after the details of his extensive legal business until a few months ago. He was confined to his bed only about five days.

The funeral services will be held on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, at the family residence, No. 2237 Michigan avenue, and will be in charge of the Knights Templars, of which body he was an honored member. The interment will be in Evergreen Cemetery.

Mr. Variel's two sons, Robert H. F., Jr., and Clarence L. Variel, who are students at the University of California, were sent for, but did not arrive before their father's death. Other members of the family were present, including his aged mother, now reaching her eightieth year.

Mr. Variel was born November 22, 1849, a scion of an old New England family of Revolutionary stock. He was the eldest of five children. When he was two and a half years of age his parents brought him across the plains to California, and settled on the Yuba river. They soon located at the prosperous mining camp of Camptonville, and it was there that his early years were spent. His education was received in the public schools, and through his perseverance in home studies, at 18 years of age he had secured a second-grade teacher's certificate, and after two years of successful teaching he received a first-grade certificate. During this time he was studying law, and in 1873 he was nominated by the Republicans of Plumas county for District Attorney, and was elected by a large majority, although the county was Democratic.

He was married to Miss Caroline Vogel in 1876, and to them were born three

children, a daughter, who is now Mrs. Roger Sherman Page; two sons, R. H. F. Variel, Jr., and Clarence L. Variel. They, with the widow, survive him.

He leaves also his aged mother, Mrs. J. H. Variel; a brother, William J. Variel, and three sisters, Miss Florence Variel and Mrs. H. M. Barstow of this city, and Mrs. Belle C. Eaton, of Ventura.

The past fifteen years Mr. Variel had been connected with some of the heaviest litigation before the courts of Southern California. Among the most notable of these cases were the water suits in which the city of Los Angeles and the Pomeroy Hooker interests were arrayed.

In his earlier years here he was associated for a time with Senator Stephen M. White, and then practiced alone until last January, when a partnership was formed between Mr. Variel, his brother, William J. Variel, and his brother-in-law, H. M. Barstow.

He was a member of the Charter Revision Committee which sat about four years ago, and gave much time to that work. He was also a trustee of the State Normal school under the administration of Gage. He held membership in the Chamber of Commerce, and was always interested in the development of the city and Southern California.

He was a member of Al Malaikah Temple of the Mystic Shrine, the Los Angeles Comamndery, Knights Templars, Hollenbeck Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; the Fraternal Brotherhood, the California Club, the Sierra Club and other societies. In church fellowship his affiliations were with the Independent Church of Christ.

Politically Mr. Variel was a Republican, and he took an active part in both local and State politics. In 1886 he was elected to the State Assembly from the district comprising Sierra and Plumas counties.

The career of Mr. Variel shows the possibilities of unremitting perseverance despite seemingly great difficulties. Without the aid of a college education or wealth, he studied alone, and won his way to an important position in the bar, in a career which made him friends in all walks of life. He had a capacity of winning and retaining friendships, and a large circle will sorrow because of his death.

R. H. F. VARIEL IS DEAD.

AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS, HE PASSED AWAY AT HIS HOME IN LOS ANGELES LAST WEEK.

Press dispatches announce the death of Hon. R. H. F. Variel, which occurred at his home in Los Angeles, the first of last week, after a lingering illness. To those of his old friends acquainted with his poor condition of health the past year, the news will not be a surprise. He has been gradually but surely declining of late years, and was forced, fully a year ago, to withdraw from the active practice of his profession, in which he had built up a large and lucrative business.

R. H. F. Variel was a native of Indiana born in 1849. The family moved to California in 1852, and located at Camptonville, Yuba county, where young Variel attended the public schools and at the age of 18 years received a teacher's certificate and began teaching in 1868, following the profession in Yuba and Plumas counties till he was elected District Attorney of the latter in 1873. As District Attorney, he served Plumas ably and faithfully for the long period of nine years. In 1886, he was nominated by the Republicans of Sierra and Plumas for Assemblyman and was successful at the polls. He took a prominent part in the Legislature of 1887, being the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He had become a lawyer of considerable note. After the adjournment of the Legislature, he sought a new field for the practice of his profession, that of Los Angeles, in which he was very successful. He was reputed to be one of the able attorneys of the south.

In 1876, Mr. Variel was married to Miss Carrie L. Vogel, then a prominent teacher in Plumas. She and three grown children survive.

Mr. Variel took a keen interest in public, social and fraternal affairs. He was a Past Master of Plumas Lodge, F. & A. M., and a Knights Templar. By the latter, he was buried in Los Angeles.

Deceased was a genial, whole souled man, a good citizen and a kind husband and father. To the relatives left to mourn his loss, the kindly sympathy of old friends in Plumas is offered.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

To The Memory of Hon. Robert H. F. Variel, Adopted By Plumas Lodge, No. 60, F. & A. M., at a Meeting Held Saturday Evening, May 20, 1905.

◆ To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of Plumas Lodge, No. 60, F. & A. M.:
◆ Your Committee on Resolutions of respect to the memory of a former member and a Past Master of this Lodge, beg leave to report as follows:

◆ Whereas: It has pleased the Grand Architect of the Universe to transfer from Earth to that Celestial Lodge above, eternal, our late brother, Hon. Robert H. F. Variel, who became a resident of Plumas county early in 1871, joined Sincerity Lodge of F. & A. M., in 1872, affiliated with Plumas Lodge in December, 1873, was the Master of this Lodge during 1874, 1875 and 1876, and remained an active and honored member thereof until demitted in 1890,

◆ And Whereas: During said period his life was an open book before us, that we knew him to be faithful to every trust, intelligent, considerate and kind in the discharge of every duty devolving upon him, at all times exemplifying by his conduct the most excellent traits of a just and upright man and Mason,
◆ And whereas: During said time, he served this county as its District Attorney ten years; also one term as Representative in the Assembly in the State Legislature, and with marked ability in both positions,

◆ And whereas: He carried with him to his new home in the southland, the esteem and confidence of all who knew him here, the sincere wishes of all that in his chosen field of activities, he would meet with that success, that distinction which his high order of intelligence and manly virtues entitled him,

◆ Therefore, be it resolved: That the members of this Lodge learned with sorrow of the untimely death of our brother, the Hon. Robert H. F. Variel, and that the sympathy of the Lodge is hereby extended to the widow and children of the deceased, in their great bereavement.

◆ Resolved: That by his death a model home has lost an affectionate husband and father, the community an honored and useful citizen and the Masonic fraternity one of its brightest jewels.

◆ Resolved: That in commemoration of his virtues as a man and Mason, his picture now hanging upon the East wall of this Lodge, be draped in mourning for the period of six months, and that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes.

◆ And resolved: That a copy of these resolutions, properly engrossed and certified under the seal of this Lodge, be forwarded by the Secretary to Mrs. Carrie L. Variel, the widow of said deceased.

◆ Fraternally submitted,
◆ A. W. KEDDIE,
◆ J. D. GOODWIN,
◆ JOSEPH MCCESNEY.

◆ I hereby certify that the above preamble and resolutions were adopted at a Stated Meeting of Plumas Lodge, No. 60, F. & A. M., held on May 20, 1905.

◆ F. G. HAIL, Secretary.
◆ Quincy, Cal., May 20, 1905.

MASONIC BANQUET

P.N. Bulletin - Jan 8, 1906
FOLLOWING INSTALLATION
OF NEWLY-ELECTED OFFICERS

Of Plumas Lodge No. 60, F. & A. M.—
Quincy Masons Afford Themselves
and Friends a Delightful Evening's
Entertainment.

One of the most pleasant and interesting fraternal and social events witnessed in Quincy for many years past was that which took place at the Masonic Hall last Friday evening, when the new officers of Plumas Lodge No. 60, F. & A. M., were installed.

For the occasion the special committee had made very complete arrangements and from start to finish there was not an element of confusion in the program. Brilliantly lighted by electricity, never before did the lodge-room look more beautiful.

The installation was public to Masons, their wives and other relatives.

Past Master J. O. Moncur was the installing officer, and Past Master A. W. Keddle, Master of Ceremonies. In due and ancient form, the following were installed as officers for the ensuing Masonic year: Asa White Gray, W. M.; Herbert Felix Hail, S. W.; Louis Albert Henry Kling, J. W.; George Wilson, Treasurer; Felix Grundy Hail, Secretary; Michael Charles Kerr, S. D.; John Franklin Spooner, J. D.; Charles Snider Myers, Marshal; Horace Park McBeth and Leon Lowell Clough, Stewards; William Thomas Byers, Tyler.

After the installing ceremonies were concluded, the members and guests proceeded to the banquet-room, where was served about 10 p. m., a most elegant repast, to about sixty. After the good things had been discussed earnestly, toastmaster A. W. Keddle, in a happy manner, extended to all present a most cordial greeting and congratulated Plumas Lodge upon the accession to it of so many young men of high character, during the past Masonic year.

A. W. Gray responded to the toast "The New Master." "Young Masons" was the toast to which Herbert F. Hail responded. L. A. H. Kling and J. F. Spooner happily responded to toasts bearing upon Masonry and the work of the older members. F. G. Hail talked "About the Ladies" and their relationship to Masonry. "The Pastmaster" was responded to by the retiring Master, J. O. Moncur. "Old Masons" was the sentiment to which Judge J. D. Goodwin responded at length. He had been a Mason over 50 years and a member of Plumas Lodge about 49 years.

One of the pleasant surprises of the evening was the presentation of a Past Master's jewel to retiring Master J. O. Moncur, by Judge Goodwin, on behalf of the members. It was a complete surprise to Mr. Moncur. He feelingly replied, heartily thanking the brothers for thus expressing their good will toward him and his two years service as Master of Plumas Lodge.

The banquet was then closed. The harmonious, fraternal feeling manifested was a pleasant feature of the evening. The ladies indirectly connected with the Order very much enjoyed the occasion. Indeed, the fine spread was their handiwork. To them, the members of the Lodge are truly grateful.

The committee of arrangements, Messrs. A. W. Keddle, L. A. H. Kling, A. W. Gray, E. Garner and Dr. Stewart performed their duties in a highly creditable manner.

TO THE MEMORY OF C. H. KAHR.

A TRIBUTE:

On Monday, April 4th, 1904, at 3:15 p. m. in Mt. Vernon, Ont., Canada, the subject of this sketch passed from this life into the life beyond. The telegraphic dispatch conveying this sad message to relatives in Quincy was not wholly unexpected. Mr. Kahrs had not been well for more than a year, and while he rallied for a time after returning from Quincy to his old home, some months ago, it proved to be but temporary, and for some weeks past reports of his condition had, in a manner, prepared friends and loved ones for the message which was to come so soon. We attempt this simple tribute, not because we feel competent to write even so much as an introduction to the pure, helpful, and inspiring volume of his life; but rather that the close of such a life deserves something more than the "passing tribute of a sigh."

The world will ever laud the man who achieves, for it has no other way of judging. It seems indeed that:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

C. H. Kahrs was one of Nature's noblemen. His ability and willingness were limited and restrained only by a frail physique. A ten-talent mind in a two-talent body, yet all so perfectly poised that his companionship was delightful. Upon the street, in the social circle, or in the sanctuary of the home, he was the same modest, frank, courteous, gentle and considerate man. That such a man should be stricken down while the shadows were still falling to the westward, is lamented by all who knew him. Earth is at once made poorer and heaven richer. His example of patient suffering during his illness will make it easier for others to endure; and as the traveler, weary and footsore, is encouraged by the footprints of those who have gone before, so too, I feel it will be easier for me as I shall pass through the shadows of the "dark valley."

While many may lament, the sorrows of all are but an echo to those of the grief-stricken widow. We reverently commend her to the care of that One who will never leave nor forsake. A FRIEND.

The Traitor of the Revolution.

Following is the "Prize Essay" written by Miss Della Fletcher and read at the last meeting of the Quincy Literary Society:

Through the long years which have elapsed since our forefathers so cheerfully fought and bled that they might bequeath a free country to their posterity, the names of the heroes of the Revolution have descended to us with undiminished glory. The names of George Washington, Lafayette, Baron Stueben and many others are to-day household words and children are familiar with their heroic deeds long before they are expected to learn them from their text books.

But there is one name on the list that is not mentioned in the dear home stories. From the pages of the history, only, do they learn of the career, begun so brightly, so gloriously, and ended in such utter blackness. Few, few indeed, are they who honor the name of Benedict Arnold, for after it is written, not stories of valorous deeds, but, in letters of sombre hue, the word; *Traitor*. Students of history who bow before the genius of heroism as embodied in other men; point the finger of scorn at his memory. They follow with admiration his bravery, his noble daring, his, almost, inspiration until they reach the point where it seems that fame had marked him for her own. They note with horror his downfall, and make in their minds no effort to rescue him. They follow him to the edge of the pit but it is too deep; the darkness is too awful; his fault too great to be condoned. It is almost inconceivable that an American, and especially one so gifted, so trusted by both the people and statesmen, could have harbored for one moment, the idea of treason, the thought of betraying his country, but history gives us no alternative and we are obliged to admit, reluctantly, that it is, indeed, true, and we mourn over our fallen idol.

But wait. We have not yet read between the lines, of the strong and restless spirit which was his from birth and which he was never taught to control; of the injustice he suffered at the hands of Congress in not receiving his well deserved promotion after his actions at Crown Point, and of his winning the battle of Bemis Heights by almost reckless daring and having the credit and praise given to his jealous commander. The influence of his Tory wife is also thought to have helped along his traitorous inclinations. Having been stationed at Philadelphia while his wound was healing, his opportunity for aggrieved reflection was good. While here he was accused of dishonesty and publicly reprimanded by the commander-in-chief. Although Washington performed the painful duty with perfect gentleness, and gave him full credit for his great services, Arnold's sensitive spirit was stung to the quick by what he chose to consider an insult and resolved to gratify his thirst for revenge and at the same time to mend his ruined fortune by betraying his country. How nearly he succeeded

in his attempt every one knows. Throughout the remainder of the war his actions toward America show the truth of the old adage: "There is no hate so bitter as that which was once love." But not every one knows how bitterly he suffered for his rash step. He was treated with undisguised contempt by the British, and soon went to London where he died, twenty years after, neglected and despised by every one.

We cannot excuse his fault; it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that he was a traitor, but let us not judge too harshly. Let us remember the old, broken down, gray haired man, who in the delirium preceeding his death, lived over again the stirring scenes enacted when he was young and honored, who died arrayed in his beloved military suit, clasping the stars and stripes to his breast. Surely the Master who said: "Repent and ye shall be saved," will not set this man on the left side among the doomed.

A Reception.

Wednesday at the residence of A. W. Keddle, Misses. Edith and Helen Keddle and Alys Barnes gave an informal reception in honor of Mrs. G. P. Sanford. Twenty-one lady guests, all in happy humor, which did not diminish as the day wore on, stepped from the cutters that were provided for the occasion, and were ushered into the house by their charming hostess. The afternoon was passed in different manner of entertainment; music, card-playing and lurching being the principal forms of diversion. As the shadows of Claremont began darkening our beautiful valley the assembly of mirthful beauty began reluctantly to disperse, but still joyous with thoughts of a winter afternoon so happily spent. The following ladies were present:

Mrs. J. D. Goodwin, Mrs. G. G. Clough, Mrs. C. D. Hazzard, Mrs. W. J. Miller, Mrs. H. P. Wormley, Mrs. W. J. Edwards, Mrs. J. Stephan, Mrs. H. G. Dorsch, Mrs. H. C. Flournoy, Mrs. E. Huskinsen, Mrs. C. J. Lee, Mrs. C. E. McLaughlin, Mrs. B. Schneider, Mrs. W. J. Clinch, Mrs. G. P. Sanford, Miss Mattie Goodwin, Miss Sallie Hardgrave, Miss Birdena Haun, Miss Cecilia Hogan, Miss Margaret Hogan, Miss Alta Robinson.



Shoofly Falls, Indian Creek, Plumas Co.

TO-DAY, about a dozen Quincy people went over to Shoofly Falls, on Indian Creek, for an outing. The party consisted of A. W. Keddle, Gilbert Palmer, L. A. Foster, Stanley Nevill, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Gray, Mrs. Fred De Witt, Mrs. Prendegast, Miss Helen Keddle, Miss Edith Keddle and Miss Jean Dorsch. They were equipped with fishing rods, cameras and an elegant lunch. The drive is reported to be a most pleasant one. The scenery on the route is among the most charming to be found in the State. The above cut of Shoofly Falls at high water shows them to be very attractive. The canyon above the falls is one of the graded in the Sierras. Shoofly and vicinity afford excellent picknicking grounds. The time will soon come when that section will gain much popularity. From Quincy, the drive is about twelve miles, and a delightful one it is if taken in the morning or the cool of the evening.

A Trip to Quincy in 1902.

[Read before the Quincy Literary Society, Feb. 5, by Miss Maggie Keddle.]

About a year ago, after a sojourn of several years in the lower country, I decided to visit my old mountain home and acquaintances. A short time after forming this resolution, I started upon the pleasant journey. Time works wondrous changes. How different everything appeared from what it had been ten years before, when I left the dull, sleepy town of Quincy in a lumbering old stage coach, drawn by two very ordinary looking horses.

On the 1st of June 1902, I purchased a railroad ticket for Quincy, with some misgivings as to the truth of the pleasant stories I had heard of the great improvements that had taken place in and about that section. After reaching Reno and taking the Plumas Central train for Quincy, I found myself in a roomy little car and soon awake to the scenery around me. As the train wound up to the summit of the Sierras, the air became clear and bracing, so different from the foggy, misty atmosphere of the lower country. When we reached the summit at Beckwith Pass, the lowest of all the passes of the Sierra Nevada, the scene changed and instead of the uninviting sage brush country through which we had passed after leaving Reno, the beautiful Sierra Valley, dotted with pleasant homes and fields of waving grain, stretched out before us like some great artist's ideal of the beautiful. A short ride across the level plain of this valley brought us to the thrifty village of Beckwith. Its streets were filled with

six and eight horse teams, which, on inquiry, I found were kept constantly employed hauling lumber from the north. The train stopped here a few minutes, and I availed myself of the opportunity of seeing the town. On returning to the train, I was soon carried over the remaining portion of the valley, and on entering the forest, found myself in a busy lumbering camp, where stands a large saw-mill which runs night and day. We then moved on through a level timbered country for a few miles, then down a steep winding grade to Mohawk Valley, where a halt was made, at the smelting works of the Sierra Iron Company, where 200 men are employed; here also is being erected a rolling mill for the manufacture of railroad iron. I learned that these works were utilizing the ore from the mine on the mountain, some five or six miles to the south. On approaching the foot of the valley, we reached another town where a saw-mill and a pottery afford occupation for a large number of men. This is the depot for the quartz mines of Plumas Eureka, Little Jamison and other mines in the vicinity. It is also the terminus of the wagon road over the mountain to Downieville and Sierra City. A few miles further on, we came to Cromberg, and in place of the old barns and miners' cabins, now stand a number of fine residences and a large sash and door factory where the beautifully grained lumber is utilized. Here also are situated the homes of a great many of the miners who are employed in the hydraulic mines above, which have not been molested by the Anti-Debris Association of the Sacramento Valley for many years.

About noon, the train reached American Valley. I was prepared to see great changes, but not such as greeted my eyes here. Instead of the willow patches and cotton woods occupying the richest lands of the valley, they have given way to cultivated fields and every spot of soil is utilized—the everlasting hills only remain as they were. The train soon came to a halt and the busy station of Quincy, some three miles from town, was reached. I looked about and could scarcely realize that I had ever been here before. A yard containing immense piles of lumber awaiting shipment and a large warehouse stand near the station. Being tired, I did not pay much attention to these, but took a cab and was soon crossing the little valley. On either side, I noted that though the meadows still remained as of old, they are divided into much smaller fields. As the cab rolled on, my eyes were greeted on every side by the surrounding landscape which June had painted in brilliant and refreshing green.

As we rounded the curve of the road just east of town, I was much surprised to see the once snug little village now stretching out in every direction and looking quite city like. Main St. is much changed; many cottages and some large dwellings take the place of orchards and fields, and in the central part of town, where fire once laid waste a great portion, some fine looking business houses have been erected. I at last reached my destination. How pleasant it was to meet old friends, and how delightful to breathe again the air of old Quincy, the home of my childhood and the scene of many happy times.

As the description of my trip has become so very lengthy, I will give merely an outline of the advancement Quincy has made. In a pretty grove above town, stands the new High School building, which is a low spreading edifice, and with its background of trees it makes a very pretty picture as we advance up the avenue that leads to it. An addition has been made to the modest little church, and near it stands a new public library building, which is a credit to the town. The idea of the beneficial library originated with the W. C. T. U., who began the collection of books in the winter of '91 and '92. A large, comfortable room in this building is occupied by the Quincy Literary Society, which still continues its weekly meetings. Young and old alike spend many pleasant and profitable evenings within its walls. The dear old school house still stands unchanged by wind or weather. The county buildings have been much improved by the addition of a substantial fire proof vault which has been erected on the eastern side of the Court House. In the summer, the Plumas House and other mountain resorts are kept lively by tourists and travelers from the lower country, who find this section a most pleasant place to while away the sultry summer months, now that they can avail themselves of the advantages of easy traveling.

A drive around the valley proves that a railroad has been most beneficial; for, not only grain fields wave over the farms, but large vegetable gardens are numerous and furnish many of the supplies the increasing population demands. An improvement here, another there have changed the pretty village of ten years ago into a thriving, prosperous town. The doleful wail of "hard times," "no work" and "no money," is now a cry of the past, for the long looked for railroad, which now connects Plumas with the outer world, has worked miracles.

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We are informed that M. E. Cerf has been appointed First Assistant in the San Francisco law office of the Western Pacific Railway Company. Mr. Bartlett is the Chief Counsel. This is a just recognition of the ability of Mr. Cerf, as well as of the eminent services he has rendered the company from the inception of the great transcontinental railroad enterprise. He is a lawyer of marked ability and seems to possess an unlimited amount of energy.

★★★★

Doctor Josiah Starr Carter

Passes Away.

He Was One of the Pioneer Physicians of California and of Plumas County.

At 11:45, p. m., Monday, October 17, 1904, the messenger of Death gently called and the spirit of Dr. J. S. Carter, of Crescent Mills, went to that bourne whence no traveler returns. The Doctor had been in a very poor state of health about a year and a half. Last winter, it was feared that his feeble frame would not withstand the inroads of disease and old age. For months, his life seemed to hang by a thread, but with the return of warm weather, he revived. Indeed, he became able to be about the house and store conducted by him so many years. But a few days ago, a sudden turn for the worse set in and he began rapidly to decline. It was evident to his wife and children, who had faithfully nursed and cared for him during his long illness, that his tenure of life would be brief, and they so informed Quincy relatives. Hence the announcement Tuesday morning of the death of Dr. Carter created no surprise, though it caused many expressions of sorrow from those of our citizens who had known him so long and had learned to value his friendship and kindly disposition.

The following biographical sketch appears in the Plumas County History: "Dr. J. S. Carter, son of Francis and Ellen Carter, was born in Ohio county, Virginia, March 31, 1836. His father was a practicing physician, and died in 1841. He attended school at Tescumbia, Alabama and Lexington, Kentucky. In

1846, he went to Missouri, and in 1854, he started from there for California in the "White Star" train owned by himself and four others, bringing out some blooded horses. About the first of October they reached Downieville, where Dr. Carter remained two months, and then went to Marysville. From there, he moved to Butte county in a few months, and remained till June, 1855, when he came to Plumas county and worked all summer on the North Fork of Feather River without making anything. In the fall of 1856, he made the first discovery of gold on Mosquito Creek while hunting deer. Here he remained till the following August, when he went back to Missouri for a few months, returning and locating near Inskip, in Butte county. After mining in various localities, late in the fall of 1862, he came to Plumas county and settled at Crescent Mills, where he has since resided. In the fall of 1865, he and five others located the Plumas Mine. He has practiced his profession since living at Crescent. He was married January 27, 1880, to Miss Sarah Baehner of Indian Valley."

Back in the early "seventies," Dr. Carter, though a practicing physician, engaged in the mercantile business, and afterwards was associated with the late J. S. Hall in the same line. That copartnership was later dissolved, the Doctor resuming upon his own account and continuing until declining health compelled him to relinquish the management last year.

The immediate relatives who are left behind, are his devoted wife, his only son, Joseph S., and his only daughter, Miss Maude Carter, who deeply mourn the loss of an affectionate and considerate husband and father.

Dr. Carter was not without his peculiarities and individualities, but he was a good citizen and neighbor and a true friend. He possessed a broad and keen intelligence and kept well posted on the events of our active world. One of the pioneer citizens of California and one of the early settlers of this county, his career has occupied a conspicuous place in the affairs of Plumas. He became Supervisor for Indian Township, in 1870, and served for a period of six years, being chairman of the Board during much of this time. It was during his administration that the road connecting Indian Valley and American Valley was built.

Many a charitable deed marked the history of his life in Plumas; and as physician, he responded with equal celerity to the calls of rich and poor. More than that; his reward, in many cases, consisted of gratitude; and deserving poor patients found in him not only a faithful physician, but a sympathetic, charitable friend as well—one who would gently refuse remuneration for his services on the principle that "their need is greater than mine."

For more than thirty years, he was a member in good standing of Indian Valley Lodge, No. 136, I. O. O. F., at Taylorsville, and contributed largely to the fund necessary to erect the present hall there. Under the auspices of this Lodge, his remains were laid gently in their last resting place at one o'clock this afternoon in the presence of a large gathering of people from all parts of Indian Valley and other parts of Plumas, who came to pay a last tribute of respect to their old friend, neighbor and citizen, Josiah Starr Carter.

To his wife and children, the warm sympathy of a host of friends, is offered.

MRS. M. B. BRANSFORD

DIES IN PASADENA

SHE LEAVES MANY OLD FRIENDS IN PLUMAS WHO FEEL SAD AT HER TAKING AWAY.

A dispatch was received last Friday announcing the death of Mrs. M. B. Bransford, which took place after a lingering illness. She had been in declining health for a year or more, and with the hope that a mild climate might be of benefit to her, she was taken to southern California from Salt Lake, by her daughter, Mrs. Emery-Holmes, who tenderly and devotedly cared for her aged mother.

On Monday of this week, the funeral party passed through Sacramento for Salt Lake, where the remains of Mrs. Bransford will be laid beside those of her husband, who preceded her to the grave several years ago.

Mrs. Bransford was a native of Kentucky, but in early life, moved to Missouri. In 1865, they came to California and settled at Crescent, Indian valley, the home of the family for many years. About fifteen years ago, she moved to Park City, Utah, and later to Salt Lake City, which has ever since been her home. She leaves to mourn her loss Mrs. Emery-Holmes, Mr. J. S. Bransford, a daughter married and living in one of the northwestern states, and several grandchildren. Mrs. Bransford was a lady highly esteemed in Plumas and leaves behind many warm friends of days gone by, who remember her as the bright, affable, refined and charming center of a hospitable home. Though her spirit has gone to that "home eternal in the heavens," the memory of this lovable mother will abide with those who knew her. To the relatives, we join with their many Plumas friends in offering our warmest sympathy.

TRIBUTE TO OUR DEPARTED EDITOR.

The spirit of S. S. Boynton, proprietor and editor of the Oroville Register, took its flight to its Creator, Wednesday at 6:30 p. m. The sad news of the demise of the veteran journalist quickly spread over this busy city, and all stopped to say a word of deep regret and of sincere sympathy for the family. * * *

S. S. Boynton was born in the State of Maine, January 15, 1847, being 59 years, 1 month and 13 days old. In 1854 the family removed to California and located in Plumas county. There young Seth grew up amid the grand Sierras, with whose trees, flowers, animals and birds he became acquainted, and, as an amateur naturalist, he had few superiors, as Nature was a pleasing study to him. He loved the mountains and streams of the Sierras and some of the most beautiful tributes to natural scenery have come from the pen of S. S. Boynton.

The deceased began teaching school at an early age. He taught successfully several years in Butte and Plumas counties. He purchased a book and stationery store in Oroville, and a few years later, in 1888, he bought the Oroville Weekly Register. Under his energy and industry the paper improved rapidly, until 1894, when it was changed into a morning paper with a weekly edition. The Register office is splendidly equipped and was the pride of the owner. In his newspaper work Mr. Boynton made Oroville and Butte county his debtors for his grand work in advertising the resources and advantages of this section. To him it was a labor of love. His pencil was ever ready to fill space in his paper for the good of Butte county. He never wearied of word-painting the wonderful mountain scenery of Plumas and Butte, of describing the climate of this section and of giving facts and figures about our resources and advantages.

The domestic relations of the deceased were ideal. His love for his family was a strong trait. He lived for his dear ones. He was spared to see his son, Albert, become a lawyer, building up a reputation in his profession and as a business man, and to see his daughter, Lelia, a university graduate. He was a valuable citizen of Oroville, and his death is a loss to the city for which he did so much. He was an exemplary citizen in the highest sense of the term. Courteous and kind to all, he made numerous warm friends. His many good qualities won him the highest esteem and respect. If he erred, it was through kindness of heart. He was ever ready to grant a favor and to do a kind deed.

He leaves a wife, to whom he was married in 1875, and a son, Albert E., and a daughter, Lelia, to mourn the loss of him who was cut off in the midst of his pleasure in seeing the results of a life's labor of love and who had years before him of continued career of usefulness to his city and fellow citizens. He has departed from earth rich in the esteem of all and in the gratitude of a city and county.

Loving husband, devoted father, kind friend and public spirited citizen, farewell. Your memory will long remain with all who knew you.—Mercury

THE DEATH OF JOHN W. THOMPSON.

One of the Pioneers of Plumas, After a Long and Useful Life, Passes to the Great Beyond

Often in these columns of late years, has been repeated the sad and solemn words "one by one, the pioneers are passing away." Again are the people of this community and of Plumas county forcibly reminded of the truth of these words by the death of John W. Thompson, which took place at his home, the Illinois ranch, at 5 o'clock Saturday morning, March 11, 1905. The end was not unexpected to members of his family and those acquainted with his very feeble condition. A marked decline in his health began about three years ago. Though all through life hitherto he had possessed a rugged constitution and was seldom ill, neither medical skill, change of climate, nor the most careful and tender care by his family could more than delay the end gradually and surely approaching. In 1903, a change of climate was sought, and, accompanied by his wife and daughter, he went to the southern part of the State. Though the change was beneficial, his decline continued; hence in the spring of 1904, he returned to his home in Plumas to spend his remaining days—to Plumas, the scene of his trials and triumphs, his home for more than half a century, here to die surrounded by his family and among his old friends and neighbors.

In the annals of Plumas, scarcely does there exist a name more closely and prominently identified with her development and progress than that of John W. Thompson, who came to California from Ohio before he attained his majority, reaching Nelson Point in 1850, where he entered the mercantile business, which he successfully conducted, in company with his old and intimate friend, the late John A. Ritchie, till about 1867, when they dissolved copartnership. Mr. Thompson then settling on the Illinois ranch, of which he made one of the most beautiful homes in this part of the State. About this time, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Graham. Of this happy union, three children were born, two daughters and one son, the former being Mrs. W. J. Miller and Miss Dode Thompson, and the latter John W. Thompson, Jr., who, with the widow and a step-son, Hon. W. D. R. Graham, are left to mourn his loss. Deceased was an active and successful business man,

and for many years was the largest individual tax-payer in Plumas. After abandoning the mercantile business, most of his attention was given to ranching and stock-raising. He took a special interest in blooded horses and cattle. In all the agricultural fairs held in this and adjoining counties, he took a deep interest, and for many years, was the President of the Eleventh District Agricultural Association, much of the success of which was due to his efforts. He was always willing to lend a helping hand to public enterprises for the benefit of the community in which he lived. Educational matters received much attention at his hands. Of this his old neighbors will bear testimony. To the funds of Pioneer school district, he was a most liberal contributor. In the capacity of Trustee of that district, he did much to give to the youth better school facilities.

In his dealings with his fellow man, he was strictly honest and fair, and he expected others to be the same. With the financially unfortunate, he many times dealt very generously.

At times, when his mind was occupied with business, deceased might seem neglectful in the matter of recognizing his best friends when meeting them on the street. He, himself, realized this peculiarity, and through life tried to overcome it. Because of this peculiarity, the result of a concentration of his mind on the business in hand, he was often misunderstood. As a matter of fact, John W. Thompson was a very genial, kind-hearted, sympathetic man, loyal to principle and to his friends and his home was noted for its generous hospitality.

After a residence of fifty-five years in Plumas, he surrenders the trials and cares of life, leaving behind an unblemished record, that of an honest, intelligent, industrious and successful citizen, a kind husband and father.

The funeral ceremonies took place this afternoon from the family residence, Rev. Willis officiating. Notwithstanding the inclement condition of the weather, a long line of carriages followed the remains to Quincy cemetery, where they were gently laid away on the green hillside, the resting place of so many of Mr. Thompson's comrade pioneers.

The pall-bearers were: Judge J. D. Goodwin, S. S. Lee, D. R. Finlayson, Duncan Robertson, B. F. Chandler and W. T. Byers.

To the bereaved relatives, their many friends here and elsewhere join in words of sympathy.

MISS VERGILIA BOGUE, THE CARNIVAL QUEEN



THE VILLAGE.

Though there is a fascination in the city's active life,
The pleasures of the ball-room and the play,
The business opportunities, with their attendant strife,
And all the late attractions of the day;

Give me the little village, with its quiet, restful air,
Surrounded by the forest and the farm;
The socials in the chapels, and the friendly faces there,
For in it all I find a nameless charm.

Though they're winning fame and fortune in the busy haunts of trade,
There is something here beyond the price of gold
In the simple life we're leading 'neath the maple's friendly shade,
Priceless treasures that were never bought or sold.

If aught on earth can satisfy the burning heart's desire,
Exalt us to the heights where we belong,
We find it in the voices of our daughters in the choir;
It echoes in the music of their song.

This tranquil scene is undisturbed with nerve-distressing noise,
The air is filled with songs of happy birds,
Our hearts are overflowing with a thousand precious joys
Whose beauties lie beyond the reach of words!

—By W. H. Wilson.



M. J. HENEY

Mr. Heney was the contractor for construction of the White Pass & Yukon Railway. He is closely identified with Northern enterprises and is a captain of Alaskan industry. Mr. Heney has been a railroad contractor since early boyhood, and has helped build several of the largest continental lines. Years of practical training had prepared him for the opportunity of his life—the construction of a railway unique in the history of railway building. That his work was well performed—that he was the man of the hour, can be best proved by a ride in the observation cars of the White Pass Route, up! up!! ever around and over the foothills that frown below the summit of White Pass, and then, into a tunnel, through the mountain and on **over the summit** of the Coast Range. During construction days, Mr. Heney worked longer hours than any of the two thousand men in his employ. While engaged upon a tour of road inspection, he has been known to walk fifty miles in one day.

By such men are empires built.

CL 13
THE IRISH PRINCE.

-o-

Respectfully dedicated to Wm. C. Robinson, alias "Little Willie",
"Stickeen Bill,", "The Runt of Alaska," "Mayor of Caribou Crossing,"
etc., by the Author.

-o-

Do I know Heney? You mean M. J. ?

Well, I've had a slight acquaintance with that Bohemian "A.P.A."
Met him on all occasions, met him day and night.

Yes, and drank Hootch with him, till we both got good and tight.
Met him to my sorrow,--that is, the next day.

You know how you feel when you feel that way.

Been there too, have you? Then you're another one,

That's held a special session with this speedy "son of a gun."

He just jogs along in his own peculiar way.

Treats them all like princes, nobody's allowed to pay.

But the next morning what stories they do tell.

'Bout trying to "lay him out," but failed like Hell.

Said he'd build the White Pass road. The wise ones said, "Show me."

Why, 'twas pronounced impossible, and never could be.

But Heney kept a-plugging till the time came when,

One fine Spring morning, slaps on two thousand men,

Dagos, Swedes and Irish, Dutch and Russian Fins.

Lawyers, doctors, college ^{grads} ~~grads~~, counts and other "has beens,"

Picks, and shovels, hammers and drills, stoves and cooking utensils,

Hospitals, ~~drugs~~ and dressings, "booze" and other essentials.

And then there were things doing, sights you seldom see.

Just ask those "Yukon mushers," 'bout "Heney's artillery."

It took a world of whisky,--killed a lot of men.

Burnt a heap of powder,---scrapping now and then.

On the first of March, the committee said, "Heney, you've got to
raise us."

But the bluff was met with a shake of the head. "To hell with you,"
said Michael Jesus."

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"If it's information that you're after," he said, as he sallied
among 'em,

"You needn't tarry longer, you've heard my ultimatum."

Then they declared a "strike on," one cold windy night.

Things got so devilish tropical, it ended in a fight.

But the agony was soon over, it only took three,

Gen, Heney, Capt. Middaugh and Whiting O. B. T.

Just then he gets a message, inquiring if all was well.

So he sits right down and answers, "Yes, but how in hell,

"Do you ge ezers down there, so anxious for the news,

"Expect a fellow to run a strike without a plenty of "Booze"?"

They'd shovel snow all day long, next morning there'd be more,

Till things were buried ten feet deep where they'd worked the day
before.

Well, finally they succeeded; energy and nerve had won.

From the peaceful blue Pacific to the roaring old Yukon.

And now they ride in palace cars along the rocky road,

Where many a weary toiler laid down and met his God.

How did he come out, you say? You mean, Did he get the "rocks"?

Why, no. Heney was crazy. (Crazy just like a fox.)

You've heard the old, old adage 'bout the "iron while it's hot?"

Well, in this particular instance Heney was "Johnny on the spot."

They don't make many Heney's,--that is, that I ever knew.

They're about as thick as ice bergs in Hell, and that's supposed
to be few.

But he's the real thing Christian, not the kind you know.

That's praying all day Sunday, but Monday--- Trust them? ~~HEX~~

Oh, no!

But he has one awful failing, that baffles medical art.

Commonly called generosity,--(enlargment of the heart.)

And many's the time he's volunteered to help out not a few,

That needed it pretty badly and then got plenty of it

"On the following day the white boy died, while the Indian lad survived. That night the Indians gathered around the newly made grave and chanted their death songs until morning.

"Elko! Elko!" the old chief cried again and again. At sunrise when the emigrant train moved on west, the Indians escorted it until the high Sierra was reached, whereupon they returned to their tribal lands. Five years later, when the father of the golden-haired white boy returned, he found the grave marked with many curiously carved stones. Then it was that he learned that Elko was the Indian word for beautiful."

There is much more which I would like to tell you but time will not permit. I assure you that it has been a pleasure to pass on to you this information which has been gleaned from old files and documents and by personal interview.

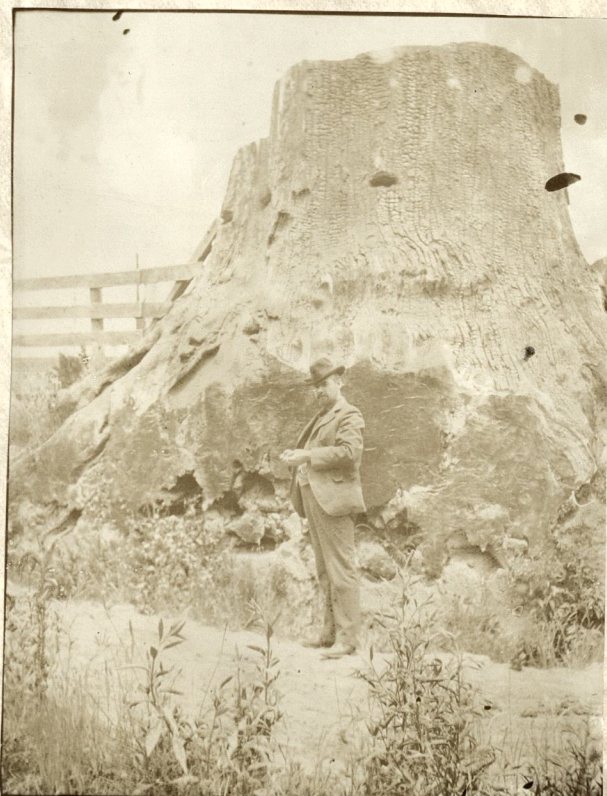
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That needed it pretty badly, and they got plenty, too.
Now, don't think that I'm wound up, and warranted to run all day.
I've told it as I knew him, in an off hand sort of way.
But one thing I'll assure you, all I've said is true,
And you'll find a lot of others that'll talk the way I do.
Yes, give us a few more Heneyes, they're a necessary evil,
We need them in our business, need them to fool the Devil.
I don't know much about Scripture, but one thing I do know,
The place is good enough for me, where men like Heney go.
So now I guess you're weary, I've told it all to you.
You asked me if I knew Heney, so now you see I do.

This don't go if Heney sees it.

This was composed by a celebrated poet of Dead Horse Gulch,
Alaska, and meant for a poem; but all those that know Heney agree
that there is more truth than poetry to it.



HOLDS THE PASS AGAINST RIVALS

Railroad Builder Fortifies the
Western Shore of
Copper River.

Special Dispatch to the "Chronicle."

TACOMA (Wash.), August 27.—Railroad workmen employed by M. J. Heney occupy a narrow rock-bound right of way on the western shore of Copper river, at the entrance to Abercrombie canyon. Three rival railroads must pass through this canyon to reach the interior of Alaska from the mouth of Copper river. Heney is building the Copper River Railroad for Close Brothers of London and New York, who own the White Pass and Yukon Railroad, also built by Heney.

Two rival railroads are trying to occupy the same ground. They are the Valdez-Yukon Railroad, promoted by Colonel Swanitze of San Francisco, and the Copper Valley Railroad, which is projected from Valdez by John Rosene, who is backed by the Havemeyers and J. P. Morgan of New York, together with capitalists represented by Henry Bratnober, the best copper expert in the United States.

To insure continued possession of his vantage ground Heney has constructed several dynamite fortified stations. These are in charge of armed men, making bloodshed certain if the rival roads attempt to interfere. The opposite side of Copper river is occupied by an immense glacial moraine, which precludes the possibility of railroad building on that shore. Summer freshets from the glaciers would there destroy the railroad bed or trestles.

BOTH A SON AND BROTHER

A Father's Charge to His Son in Masonic Lodge.

One of the most beautiful and impressive scenes that has been witnessed within the doors of a Masonic lodge, occurred at Ann Arbor, on the 20th inst., when a father addressed his son who had just taken the third degree, and by request we publish the same in full. It is well worth a careful perusal. The article is taken from an Ann Arbor paper. Here it is:

The candidates for being raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason were Andrew Jackson Sawyer, Jr., and George L. Sweet. After receiving the charge which is the finale given to all initiates before allowed all the privileges of the Blue Lodge, A. J. Sawyer, father of one of the candidates, stepped forward and with the most dramatic effect addressed his son as follows, and any Mason who heard or reads it cannot but feel a thrill at the perfect rounding of words into as beautiful thoughts as ever issued from the lips of man:

"My son, you do not now realize what has been done for you. In your after life, as you more and more master the profound teachings, and experience the softening influence of this order, you will undergo a mental growth you never thought possible.

"Tonight you become a member of an order of friends and brothers that has formed the basis for the greatest advancement accomplished by the human family.

"You are now a member of the most noble order that has ever existed among men. From its inception, the noblest, wisest, bravest and best of the race have been its members, and their wisdom, and the heroism and purity of their lives has not only served to retain the order in all its ancient purity, but has shed about it a flood of light and glory that has illumined the world.

"Swear, my son, to be true and faithful to the teachings of the order, and let no hasty word or thoughtless act bring a blot upon this noble institution, or cast a cloud over the memory of the great men who have in all the glorious past stood where you now stand.

"Let your conduct in your after life correspond with the principles of Masonry, and my remaining years will pass away with pleasure and satisfaction.

"Ever remember that Masonry is a shield and not a sword. That within its sheltering tents, if your life is pure and just, you may ever find protection from the evil intention of your enemies; but that Masonry does not foster or protect the wrong-doer, that it cannot be made a sword by which unjust warfare can be waged against your fellow man, or your country.

"All its principles, all its teachings, all its mysteries tend to the elevation and purification of man. I need but remind you of the awful moment when you realized you were being made a Master Mason, how you shuddered at the possibility of crime and with what love and admiration your heart turned towards every virtue.

"Ever keep that picture before you, and when, if ever, in after life, you shall meet temptation to do wrong, or betray a trust, let the thought of the noble example you have witnessed, strengthen, protect and save you.

"You are not an orphan in Masonry, you are a legitimate heir to all its rights, benefits and privileges; you are the son of a Mason who reveres its teachings and stands uncovered in the presence of its sublime mysteries.

"You are no longer my son only, but you are my Brother, also, and when my life shall draw to its close I hope to walk down into the dark waters of death steadied by the arm of my son and my Brother, and with a firm hope in that immortality of the soul, and a confidence in the all-saving power of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, so beautifully taught in the instructions you have received tonight, may I fearlessly push off my little bark and reach that beautiful and blissful shore, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, cheered on by the happy reflection that my son has proven himself worthy of the great honor that tonight has been conferred upon him."

ARE YOU A MASON?

HERE IS RATHER AN INTERESTING STORY.

Masonic Sign Saved an Officer of the United States Army From Being Roasted Alive.

Major E. H. Cooper, attached to military headquarters at Chicago, recently related an experience through which he passed while on the western frontier that possesses more than a passing interest, says The Chicago Chronicle. "During nearly forty years of travel and exploration in all parts of the continent from the southern part of South America to Alaska I have had many thrilling experiences and many narrow escapes from death," said Major Cooper.

"The memories of one instance are particularly vivid. It was in the early 70's, and I was carrying on my investigations among the ruins left by the cliff builders. It was just across the Colorado border, in Utah, and I was alone and miles from any white man, when suddenly I was surrounded by a tribe of Pint Indians and taken captive.

"I was well acquainted with the savage characteristics of this renegade tribe and knew what was in store for me. It was their custom to bind their captive, stand him on a pile of fagots against a resinous scrub pine tree and then amuse themselves by shooting arrows at him, coming as close to the victim as possible without hitting him. When the Indians had tired of inflicting torture the flames were lighted, and that was the beginning of a horrible death.

"I have never been afraid of death, but I did not fancy the methods, so I began to think faster than I had ever done before. I could see no possible way of escape, but I was not intending to give up without an effort. The old quotation about the power of music to soothe the savage breast came to my mind, and I started to sing as loudly

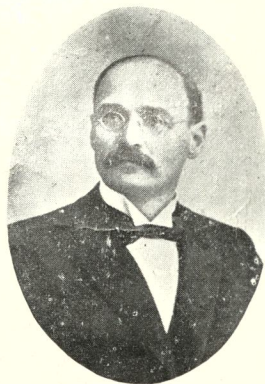
as I could. Naraguaynuop, the chief, stood by and laughed at me, and I knew that the music trick was no good. Meanwhile the bloodthirsty savages were using their tomahawks industriously and the pile of firewood was growing. My feet were bound, but when they approached me to pinion my arms to my side I used the last resort, vain though I supposed it to be. I gave the grand hailing sign and the sign of distress of the Master Masons, an appeal to which any Mason is bound to respond when there is an even chance that his life will not be sacrificed.

"Hardly had I given the sign when the old chief threw up his arms, gave a command to his men and took me into his own tent. That night he stole with me from the camp and told me to escape. I walked some distance up one canyon and then retraced my steps, walking backward. I repeated this trick in a second canyon, and then I walked backward up a third canyon, where I found my horse. This was not the only time that the Masonic sign has been of great service to me, and wherever I have travelled I have always found some one who recognized and responded to it."

On the day after the publication of the above incident in a Milwaukee paper a reporter called upon W. W. Perry, Grand Secretary of the Grand Masonic Lodge of Wisconsin, and asked him what he knew of the existence of Freemasonry among the savage tribes of the country.

"They have no lodges that I know of," said he, "and I don't know where they got their Masonry, but some of the Indians are good Masons. I remember having heard similar stories of narrow escapes from death and disaster by white men making themselves known as Masons. Major Cooper's was a good story, and he had a narrow escape."

"The story goes to show that Masonry is a worldwide institution," said Dr. W. M. Wilson. "Many years ago they brought a shipload of slaves to New Orleans, and when one of them was put up on the block to be auctioned off he made the Masonic hailing sign. He was taken down from the block, examined, and found to be a Mason. He was not sold into slavery, but a purse was raised by New Orleans Masons to purchase his freedom and he was sent back to Africa."



D. C. REED
Superintendent of Lugonia Schools

HOT SPRING VALLEY.

A Youngster's Trip To That Interesting Section.

About twenty-five miles north of Prattville is a beautiful little valley which has much popularity as a summer resort, especially with the people of the Sacramento Valley, who, during the summer months, when the heat is so intense, go there on camping trips.

The valley is owned by E. R. Drake, an old timer, who settled there in the sixties. On this property he has built a house, barn and bath-house. The bath-house was built last year, and is supplied with water from hot mineral springs near by. Mr. Drake's first house was built in the upper end of the valley, but it was crushed by heavy snows, and was rebuilt in the lower end. On account of the great snowfall, the house is left in October and returned to in June when the snow goes off. Near Mr. Drake's house is an excellent soda spring.

In the mountains surrounding this valley are many natural wonders, such as the Devil's Kitchen, Boiling Lake, Geyser, etc. The Devil's Kitchen is composed of numerous hot springs, mud springs and escapes for steam from the earth, which is caused by volcanic action. The springs all contain mineral of some kind, as sulphur, iron, soda, copper, etc., and many are boiling hot. A creek with fish in it runs through this place. On both sides and sometimes almost in the bed of the creek rise these hot springs. The mud springs are called "mush pots" because the mud in them bubbles and boils like mush cooking.

The Boiling Lake is about half a mile from Drake's on the Willow Lake trail. It is supposed to be the crater to a small volcano, and is about 150 yards wide by 200 yards long. It is filled with boiling water which has much sulphur in it, and steam is constantly rising from its surface.

A mile further on is the Geyser. The water in this spring used to spout to a height of 16 feet, but now it rises but 2 or 3 feet. It is said somebody rolled a large rock off the mountain into it, spoiling one of the best wonders of that section.

Willow Lake is supposed to be another crater, as it has never been bottomed. This Lake is stocked with trout, and is one of the best fishing places in the county. The trout are small, being from 5 to 8 inches in length. Their flesh is a reddish color, and they are much unlike the trout of the streams in that part of country. The lake is accessible by a road which branches from the Red Bluff Road, and by a trail from Hot Spring Valley.

Lassen's Peak, Cinder Cone, Bumpass' Hot Springs and several lakes are a day's trip from Drake's. From Lassen's Peak, nearly 11,000 feet in height, can be obtained a very fine view of the Sacramento Valley and the mountains and valleys of the Sierra Nevada. Cinder Cone is a smaller mountain which contains a perfect crater 240 feet deep. The lava from this volcano is very porous. Bumpass' Hot Springs is a place similar to the Devil's Kitchen. The lakes are fed by water from the snows on the mountains around them, and some of them have no outlet.

There are many other places in the mountains around, where pretty views may be had. The climate in summer time is mild, the nights being cool. The sulphurous vapors caused by the Devil's Kitchen and Boiling Lake, settle down over the valley at night.

On the mountains, the difference in plant life is noticeable, the hardier varieties taking the places of the plants unused to cold. The red fir, a variety of the sugar pine, and the tamarack take the place of the cedar, pine, oak and other trees, and the mountains are covered with chaparral. Here is the haunt of the deer, bear, grouse and other game.

The country is covered with lava, which was thrown out by Lassen's Peak and other volcanoes, to such a depth as to make gold mining impracticable.

Warner Valley, five miles below Drake's, is a long, narrow valley owned by Guiscetti & Jori who have a large stock ranch and dairy there. Warner creek, a branch of the North Fork, runs through it and there is good fishing in it.

Big Meadows, well known as a fine summer resort, is a place where boating, fishing and hunting may be had. There are two hotels to accommodate the pleasure seekers, one at Prattville, owned by T. E. Pratt, and another at the Bunnell Bridge, owned by L. W. Bunnell. Many campers are already in that valley, and by the middle of August it will be overrun by them.

DERBY.

THE GENTLEMAN'S CODE.

Accustomed as we are to regard women as more conventional and law-abiding than men it may be thought impertinent and unscientific to assert of women that they, rather than men, are the social anarchists, and by their very lawlessness evidence the stronger character of the two sexes. We are told, for instance, that the male represents the radical, and the female the conservative force in the human couple; that masculine energy is centrifugal and feminine centripetal; that man is forever experimenting, seeking the exceptional and erratic, while woman prefers discreetly the bird in the hand, adheres to the rule and prefers the normal.

However this may be in the greater activities of life and in intellectual pursuits, men in many of their social relations and in their emotional experience often evidence a curious, a formal allegiance to codified prejudice. In their manifestations of dress, of social honor, and even of the love instinct itself, men far more than women seem to conform to conventional rules of deportment. They fear the authority of the public sentiment of their caste; they eschew originality. In many things such as these they are the slaves of custom.

The prescribed dress for men is fixed to definite limits of individuality to which no woman would be subject. They are at the mercy of their tailors, their hosiers and their boot-makers, whose models must be accurate to within a quarter of an inch of the regnant mode. Their choice in color is sharply defined, the number of buttons on their coats is provided for by a mathematical formula. Their style and cut is foreordained, leaving no latitude for esthetic free-will. But a woman's fancy may fly

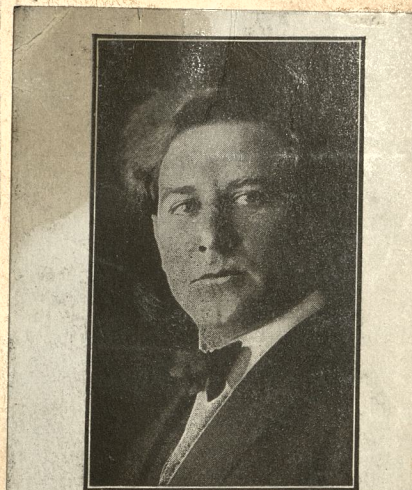
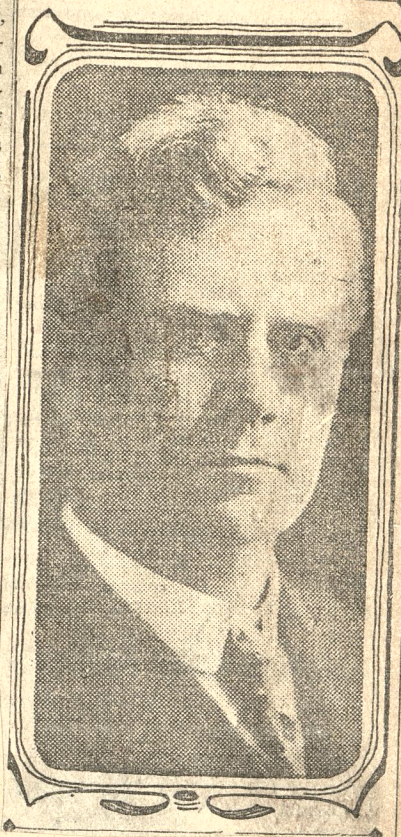
free; she has the choice of centuries—her evening gown may, with trivial adaptations, follow the lines of Empire, Restoration, Florentine extravagance, or Puritan sobriety. A woman of fashion is a general commanding an army of sartorial legions. To her councils-of-war, she calls artists and dressmakers, tailors and milliners, but if she is successful the initiative must come from her. She must strike with originality and crafty finesse. On the subject of her raiment, every normal woman is not only serious, but, as far as possible, inventive. To be dressed in a style means only that she has a hundred patterns to choose from while a man has but four.

The gentleman's code of honor is as definite as the regulations of his dress. It is, in fact, so dominant that its power and influence often raises and keeps a man to an ethical standard higher than that set by his own conscience. There are certain things a gentleman may not do; it is understood and accepted by all who claim that status. One does not, for instance, write anonymous letters, one does not use a lady's name in club-gossip, one does not speak ill of an opponent or rival, one is always loyal to a confidence, after a quarrel as well as before. But many a man is obedient to etiquette, not through any masculine superiority of honor, but merely because of this recognized code.

Women, on the contrary, have no such specific, crystallized sentiment in this regard. To be a lady indeed implies a high-minded delicacy on such subjects, but when a woman breathes neither malice nor scandal, when she shows her sense of noblesse oblige, when she can quarrel without revealing secrets, it is because of the inherent nobility of her own character and not on account of allegiance to any code. Most women have all other women as adversaries—most men have all other men as allies. Women know little of this "esprit de corps," this mutual shielding of sex by sex, for the reason that they are not ordinarily so accustomed to law.

A man, in almost all his relations, is bound by regulations and sustained by well-recognized rules of conduct with which he is thoroughly familiar. His business practice teaches him continually the necessity for discretion in talk, his club life affiliates him with a class to whom he owes specific loyalty and consideration, his political career constrains him with countless motives of policy and expediency. Thus his social ideals are communistic, while a woman, though she seems to bow to the yoke of society,

ATTORNEY GENERAL U. S. WEBB, who will address the convention of the District Attorneys of California at Napa next week.



RE-ELECT
SUPERIOR JUDGE
MARCEL E.
CERF
[INCUMBENT]

Endorsed by BAR ASSOCIATION OF SAN FRANCISCO
NAME ON ALL PARTY TICKETS



Left to right—Dr. F. B. Whiting, Miss Bertha McCoy, Lloyd W. McDowell, Miss Isabel Milne.

MISS ISABEL MILNE and Miss Bertha McCoy, two trained nurses who accompanied Dr. F. B. Whiting to the scene of the Valencia wreck on the steamer City of Topeka, worked unceasingly over the exhausted eighteen survivors of the terrible disaster after they were rescued by the Topeka's crew.

Their very presence in the dining room of the ship, where the men were received, seemed to cheer the poor fellows up, and as the two nurses went from one to the other removing water-soaked clothing and working over the

limp forms to bring about a circulation, with the skill known only to persons following that profession, the men would open their eyes and it seemed, from the expression on their faces, that they were carried back to their childhood days when a loving mother or fond sister would care for them in sickness, or stroke their foreheads in time of a severe fever.

Late Wednesday night and all day Thursday the two nurses visited the staterooms where the survivors were recovering from the shock of exposure and carried food and drink to the grateful fellows. Several of those rescued were bruised about the arms and legs and the injured members were

carefully bandaged and the survivors given as much care as if they had been in a local hospital.

Dr. Whiting was in charge of the work, and his towering form could be seen above all the rest as he directed the task of bringing the men back to life and health. There was little rest for any of those making the trip on the Topeka from the time the vessel left until her return to port Friday morning, and it was a tired and worn-out lot of passengers that stepped ashore from the vessel when she tied up at her dock. They were thankful they had been given the opportunity to save at least eighteen precious souls out of the large number on the doomed ship.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DR. F. B. WHITING.

Dr. Whiting, who is generally conceded to be one of the best surgeons in the city, is an enthusiastic horseman.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX REVISED.

Knock and the world knocks with you;
Boost and you boost alone.
When you roast good and loud,
You will find that the crowd
Has a hammer as big as your own.
Buy and the gang is with you;
Renig and the game is off;
For the lad with the thirst-
Will see you first,
If you don't proceed to cough.
Be rich and the gang will praise you;
Be poor and they pass you the ice;
You're a warm young boy
When you start to buy;
You're a slob when you haven't the
price.
Be flush and your friends are many,
Go broke and they say "ta-ta;"
When your bank account burns
You'll get great returns;
When it's out you'll get the ha-ha.
Be gay and the mob will cheer you;
They'll shout while your wealth en-
dures;
Show a tearful lamp
And you'll see them all tramp,
And it's back to the woods for yours.
There is always a bunch to boost you
While at your money they glance,
But you'll find them all gone
On the cold gra dawn,
When the fringe shows up on your
pants. —Unidentified.

LEAVES.

Leaves have their lessons: leaves are
beauteous things
In which we see unfurled to human
eyes
In countless pennons, quivering like
the wings
Of myriad insects 'twixt us and the
skies.
The skill, the wisdom and the power
Divine
Of Him in whom perfections all com-
bine.

Leaves have their lessons: leaves are
fragile forms
Whose grace and beauty charm the
gladsome May,
And the warm summer; but when
Autumn's storms
Sweep o'er the earth they sink in
quick decay.
Like fragile leaves so human life is
brief:
"The race of man is as the fading
leaf."

Leaves have their lessons: well they
love the sun.
And joyously disporting in his rays
Catch tints of crimson, green, and
gold, and dun,
Which set the autumn forests in a
blaze,
So should we love the truth and court
the light.
And shew the tints of heaven in lives
all bright.

Leaves have their lessons: cling they
to the tree,
And while they gambol in the sun
and air,
And drink the dew, in every motion
free,
Yet is their life drawn from a foun-
tain rare;
Not in themselves, nor yet beneath
the sod;
Their life and ours is "hid with Christ
in God!"

Leaves have their lessons: e'en in
their decay,
When frost and wintry winds have
worked their will,
Falling they write their record on
the clay,
And give fresh verdure to both vale
and hill:
So may the record of our lives well
spent
Help other lives when falls our earth-
ly tent.

All leaves have lessons: days are
leaves of time
From which we read, yea and on which
we write:
Then let us read and learn all truths
sublime,
And on times leaves write words of
living light,
And deeds of love and true self-sac-
rifice,
That those who read in reading may
grow wise.

ROSS JOHNSTON.

Whitby, Ont.

THREE NOW IN THE GRAVEYARD SLUMBER!

Death Calls W. J. Edwards, and a Host of Friends Gather to Pay Tribute to His Memory.

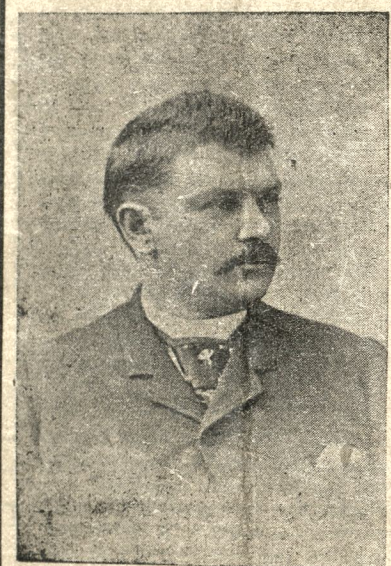
AGAIN has our community been called to mourn the death of one of her prominent and most highly respected citizens. W. J. Edwards is no more! Though to many of his intimate friends, the seriousness of his condition was known and the result which finally came not by them unexpected, yet the shock was apparent on every side, Friday afternoon, when, in subdued and sorrowful tones, the news rapidly spread that "Edwards is dead!" Deep was the impression the announcement made. It could be read in every face—it was expressed in every voice. Daily and hourly, hopeful news from the sick room had been eagerly sought. From visiting friends and attendants, the coveted news sometimes came, but in the word and countenances of the physicians, little encouragement could be drawn. Only too well did they know that the end was near. To avert it, all that could be done by medical science, by the constant and consoling aid of a devoted wife, and by the kindly ministrations of relatives and friends, was done, but without avail.

Last April, Mr. Edwards attended the Grand Parlor of the Native Sons. He had not been feeling well, and he hoped the trip would be a benefit. It was not. On his return to Quincy, he was in a poor state of health. From that time on his decline was perceptible. Liver and heart trouble suddenly developed, making him at last an easy prey to pneumonia, the immediate cause of his death.

William James Edwards was born on December 16, 1860, and died September 8, 1905, and, therefore, was aged 44 years, 8 months and 22 days. He was of English parentage. His father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Edwards, were pioneers of Plumas, having come here in 1855. From the cradle to the grave, Quincy was the home of the deceased. Most of his education was received in her public schools; and in this community his business career has been an open book.

On February 22, 1883, he was united in marriage to Miss Della R. Wilson, then a popular teacher in the county. She, his ever devoted companion and counselor, is left to mourn the death of an affectionate husband. His kindly sympathy and gentle care were to her a sustaining influence during years of ill health. Besides the widow, two cousins, E. Huskinson and Mrs. B. Schneider, and an uncle, W. A. Z. Edwards of San Jose, are left behind.

Deceased had long occupied a prominent place in the affairs of Quincy and Plumas county. As proprietor of the "Plumas House," he was widely known, and such was his kindly, jovial manner and his generosity that to know him was to be his friend. Like his parents, he was ever ready to do a kindness. No hungry person was ever denied a meal, and many a miner was furnished the means with which to "prospect." He would take a chance in business ventures calculated to develop the resources of the county and bring more prosperous conditions.



W. J. EDWARDS.

W. J. Edwards was public-spirited and his aid and influence always were used for the upbuilding and progress of Quincy and Plumas county. He was a good friend and neighbor, and possessed a strong sympathy for the struggling old men whose lives had been spent in delving in our mines. He always bore a kindly spirit toward mankind. Indeed, kindness to humanity was the cornerstone in his broadly generous and goodly nature.

The funeral services were held at 2:30 Sunday afternoon under the auspices of Quincy Parlor No. 131, Native Sons of the Golden West, of which he was a charter member. Plumas Lodge No. 88, I. O. O. F., acted as an escort.

In the parlor of the Plumas House, the casket was covered and banked with beautiful floral offerings, the most prominent of which was a vacant chair inscribed "Brother." It was made in Sacramento and contributed by Quincy

Parlor, N. S. G. W. As the beautiful and touching ceremonial of the Native Sons was performed, there were few dry eyes among the great number present. The procession to the cemetery was a very long one, the Odd Fellows being in the lead, next the Native Sons, followed by the hearse and pall-bearers, the widow and other relatives and friends. The pall-bearers were C. J. Lee, H. S. Lee, C. D. Hazzard, F. G. Hail, W. J. Miller and H. P. Wormley.

At the cemetery, the ceremonies were beautiful. Fulfilling a promise long previously made, Senator Kellogg delivered the following touching address:

"Friends: Nearly fifteen years ago, and standing upon this hallowed spot, I recited the same words at the opening and close of my remarks that I shall repeat to-day. On the 19th day of November, 1890, a vast assemblage was gathered here. It was a sad occasion. We had met to pay our last tribute of regard and respect to a loved and esteemed neighbor and friend. It was the funeral service of Mrs. Jane Edwards. See, this grass-covered mound! See, this marble stone, chiseled upon it the one word 'Mother,' and here close by you see another mound, another marble stone, and lettered thereon the one word 'Father.' To-day we are here to place in

this open grave, the only son, the only child of that Father and Mother—Father, and Mother and Son, side by side—this is their last resting place on earth!

"The opening words I refer to were:

"They are gathering home from every land

One by one.

As their weary feet touch the shining sands,

One by one,

Their brows are bound with a golden crown.

Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,

And clothed with white raiment they rest on the mead,

Where the Lamb loveth his children to lead,

One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife

One by one;

Through the waters of death, they enter life,

One by one;

To some are the floods of the river still,

As they ford their way to the heavenly hill;

To others the waves run fearfully wild,

One by one.

"This, too, is a day of sadness, a day of sorrow and a day of mourning here in Quincy, and throughout Plumas county.

"Will Edwards is dead! His spirit immortal has passed the broad portals and is now within the resplendent circle

of those most blessed who have gone before.

"Never on Earth shall we meet him again, never again grasp his hand in fellowship and in friendship; never again hear his kind and gentle voice; never again will we hear the friendly words of greeting he was so accustomed to use; never again listen to his buoyant words of encouragement and good cheer; never again hear from his lips kind words of sympathy, love and affection.

To bid a long, last farewell to our dear ones is always a sad, a painful and sorrowful occasion. But, friends, and especially to you sorrowing ones who were so near and dear to him whose mortal body we are here to consign to its last resting place, I would say: Each and all of us have our burdens to bear; we each have felt the pangs of grief and of sorrow. There are but few, very few, of our immediate neighbors who have not been called upon to mourn and who have not seen laid to rest some loved one in this, our own village cemetery—a beautiful spot—and made sacred because of the green, grass-covered mounds you see all around you, and under which those loved and lost ones are quietly sleeping. Yes,

"You may wander where you will, Through the city and through the town, Through valley and over the hill,

Over the sea, with its thousand isles, Over the rivers go.

In quest of a single soul That never hath known a woe.

"You may enter the palace where kings doth dwell,

Or the poor man's humble cot.

The place where great wealth beautifies, And where it blesteth not;

But should you travel through golden lands

Till centuries have flown,

If you sought for a heart all sorrow proof,

You would come to the end alone."

"William James Edwards—the only son of James E. and Mrs. Jane Edwards—was born in Quincy on the 16th day of December, 1860, and died at Quincy on the 8th day of September, 1905—nearly forty-five years of age.

"But a few months ago, he was in the very prime of his life, in the full vigor of his mental and physical manhood, the age at which every man should be at his very best, after he had passed the heyday of youth and before the sunset of age cast its shadows upon the future.

"He had lived here in Quincy during his whole life. We all knew him, and to know him was but to love him, and a truer friend never lived! I but repeat the words of others when I say: I do not think the man or woman is living to-day who can truthfully say that W. J. Edwards ever intentionally did them a wrong. He had a clear, well-balanced mind, and his advice and counsel were always sought. He has always, since reaching his majority, taken an active and prominent part in all questions of public and private improvement.

"He was liberal, aye, generous, free and open-hearted to the very limit. Many, very many, in this vast assemblage, have had practical proof of those characteristics.

Last fall he planned many important improvements upon his properties. He lived to see but a portion of them completed.

"He loved Quincy and her people. He was proud of the place of his nativity, and was always willing, aye, anxious, to assist in forwarding every interest that was intended to be of benefit to the town and its citizens.

"He was never a seeker after political preferment—never was a candidate for official position; at the same time, he took an active interest in and a promi-

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"Sleep then in peace, thou hast finished
Life's battle;
Bravely and nobly, thou hast fought
it right well.
Friend, true and steadfast, in sorrow we
mourn thee;
Sadly, Oh, how sadly, we bid thee a
last, fond, farewell."

Judge Goodwin then stepped forward
and delivered the following consoling
remarks:

"My Friends:—I cannot hope to add
to the beautiful, most eloquent address
to which you have just listened. but, as
one who has followed the career of the
deceased from the cradle to this grave,
I beg to say a word.

"These flowers are emblematic of the
love which prompted their giving; that
love which caused each and all of us to
pay this magnificent tribute of respect
to the deceased; that love which should
be the inspiration of every human heart,
the mainspring to all human action, and
that love which, in the language of the
ceremony just read, 'never, never, never
dies!'

"In the trend of this beautiful thought,
I ask you for a moment to turn from
your sorrows and with me contemplate
the fact that an unseen, angelic host
is in attendance upon this impressive
scene. As they rest upon silver wings,
clothed in the glory of eternal light, we
can almost hear their rustle and feel
their spirit breath upon our cheeks.

"As we scan this angelic host, memory
brings to our view faces whose images
are indelibly impressed upon our human
hearts. These faces appear to us here
in obedience to that undying love which
had its foundation in the associations
with us in their earth life.

"We have not the time, nor is it
necessary to our purpose here, to indi-
vidualize generally the faces thus
brought to our view and constituting
this heavenly host. Each and all are
brightly beaming with the joys of eter-
nal life, the sweets of eternal love. Not

a shade of sorrow mars this picture.

"Among this angelic host shine promi-
nently forth the faces of that 'Mother'

and of this 'Father,' all radiant with the
joy of that undying love as they clasp
to their bosoms their angelic son. As
that son is thus nestled, he whispers to
each sorrowing, grieving heart present,
'Dear ones, mourn not for me, for I am
not dead, but liveth. I am in the realms
of everlasting bliss, clasped in the arms
of dear loved ones who came before!'

"Now, as this angelic host is about to
waft our loved one to that celestial
abode, to that 'home not made with
hands, eternal in the heavens,' we hear
them give forth the glad acclaim, 'O,
Death, where is thy sting! O, Grave,
where is thy victory!'

The funeral ceremonial of the Native
Sons was concluded, and thus ended
one of the highest tributes of respect
ever paid by this community to one of
its citizens.

Resolutions Of Respect.

To the worthy President, Officers, and
Members of Quincy Parlor No. 131, N. S.
G. W.

We, your committee, appointed to draft
and present suitable resolutions on the
death of our late brother, William J. Ed-
wards beg leave to submit the following
report.

Whereas.—It has pleased our God and
Father to call from us unto Himself our
well beloved brother William J. Edwards,
by whose untimely death there is left an
aching void in the hearts of those who
knew him and who are thus brought to
realize what they have lost.

He whose death we mourn to-day was
a friend in every sense of the word, loyal,
steadfast, true and unassuming. When
we look back upon the many manly
virtues of our departed friend and brother,
hot, scalding tears come unbidden to the
eyes, and our utterance is choked with
emotion, the heart throbs with grief, and
words die on our lips. We who have
often pressed his warm friendly hand, and
reposed secure in his kind, generous and
manly affections, sob from our hearts
depths at the final words, "Farewell, dear
friend, forever. May God grant you
rest and peace eternal." Therefore be it,

Resolved.—That in the death of our la-
mented brother his wife has lost a loving
and affectionate husband, society an
honored useful and energetic and respect-
ed member, one who was ready to perform
his duties when called upon, and let it be
further, Resolved. That we extend to his
sorrowing wife, who of all the world knew
and loved him best, our heartfelt sym-
pathy, and in this hour of saddest and deep-
est affliction we would ask her to say
with us, "Nay, nay, not lost, fond mourn-
ing one, is he for whom you weep, 'Tis
but his dust, the mortal clay, that in yon
grave doth sleep. His soul immortal,
changeless, born to endless bliss on high,
but waits your coming to the Masters
house, for 'tis but Life to die.

Resolved.—That while we bow in sub-
mission to the decree of the Supreme Rul-
er, we deeply deplore the fact that the
golden chain of our fraternity has had a
link severed, and that our love and sym-
pathy be extended to the stricken wife
and may she be assured of a happy meet-
ing with him whose sorrows are no more

Resolved.—That these resolutions be
spread upon the minutes of this Parlor,
that an engrossed copy thereof be given
to the bereaved wife, and that copies be

furnished to both the National-Bulletin,
Plumas Independent and the Plumas Star
for publication, and that as a mark of re-
spect to our deceased brother the Chart-
er of this Parlor be draped in mourning for
a period of thirty days.

H. C. Flournoy,
H. F. Hail,
J. O. Moncur.
Committee.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Dear, kind friends of Quincy and vicinity:

Gladly would we come at this time in
person to each one of you and offer our
heartfelt thanks and warm appreciation
for the loving kindness you have ex-
pressed and the tender ministrations you
have rendered to us and to our departed
loved one, during the trials of the past
week, culminating in the transition of
our darling from this world of care to a
better, a grander, a happier life. We
would regard it as a pleasure to express
our gratitude to one and all by oral speech
and warm hand-clasp, but as this is im-
possible we come to you in spirit through
this mute form of utterance

A beloved son, a loyal, loving husband
and father, an affectionate brother and
nephew, a true friend has left the several
fire sides of our respective family groups
here and gone to join the greater branch
of our kindred family "Over There."

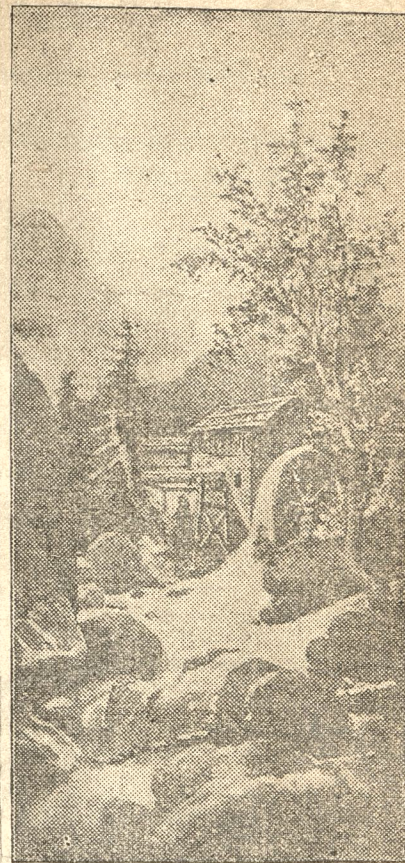
We rejoice that everything was done
that could be done to restore to health
and alleviate the sufferings of our pre-
cious one. We appreciate to the fullest
extent the beauty and dignity of your
burial rites, the loving tenderness of the
choral service, and the wealth, beauty
and sweetness of the floral offerings.

We consign and leave the remains of
our arisen one to your care

In going from you, we most fervently
pray that the inexhaustible blessings of
the invisible spirit world may be show-
ered upon you all in abundance and that
you may experience in your lives, here
and hereafter, the great depth and the
true import of that sweet, helpful utter-
ance made by another and a greater One,
"That inasmuch as ye have done it unto
one of the least of these, even so have ye
done it unto Me."

We shall never, never forget you.
In loving remembrance,
H. C. WILSON.
MRS. H. C. WILSON,
MRS. L. B. WILSON,
MRS. W. J. EDWARDS.
A. W. EDDY.
MRS. H. E. HAWES
DR. ARTHUR T. MCGINTY.
Quincy, Plumas Co., Cal., Sept., 20, 1905.

THE OLD WATER MILL.



On the slope of the hill
Stands the old water mill
With its rafters decadent and rotten.
Now an idle old shed,
The wheel, listless and dead,
And the men who once ran it forgotten.
O, the flowers I knew, how grandly they
grew
By the old water mill
On the slope of the hill!

Here the choiresters sung
As they merrily swung
With the swish and the sway of the
breeze;
And the wind that blew
On the flowers I knew
Shook silvery songs from the boughs of
the trees.
But the songs are all old, the tales are
all told,
There is naught but the mill
On the slope of the hill.

When the death wind blows
On the red flaming rose
Waving here with its petals of gladness,
Flaring here in the sun,
A red emblem of fun,
And the symbol of mirth and its madness,
Put me here by the brook, in a cool shady
nook,
On the slope of the hill
By the old water mill.

Address of W. W. Kellogg at the Grave of L. B. Wilson.

FRIENDS:

We are going down the Valley, one by one,
With our faces towards the setting of the sun,
Down the Valley, where the mournful cypress grows,
Where the stream of death in silence onward flows.

We are going down the Valley, one by one,
When the labors of the dreary day are done,
One by one the cares of earth forever past
We shall stand upon the river brink at last.

We are going down the Valley, one by one,
Human Comrade, you and I, will there have none,
But a tender hand will guide us lest we fall,
Christ is going down the Valley with us all.

We are going down the Valley, down the Valley,
Going towards the setting of the sun,
We are going down the Valley, down the Valley,
We are all going down the Valley, one by one.

It was only a few days ago, and our remembrance is so vivid of that funeral day, it almost seems as if it were but yesterday, we were gathered here on a sad and sorrowful occasion, for at that time we saw entombed in this newly made grave the mortal remains of a husband, relative, friend and neighbor, one who we all loved and respected.

It was the funeral of William James Edwards. We knew at the time that a near and dear friend was detained and prevented from attending the last sad rites of burial on account of sickness.

We could not believe that the illness was so serious, and before one week had passed away the grim reaper would have issued his summons and the spirit of young Lewellen Bert Wilson would answer the final call.

"Surely the swift and silent messenger of death comes to us all. His cold and sapless hand waves over the world and beckons us away. Who shall resist the summons?"

That Death loves a shining mark is most forcibly shown in this instance.

Llewelin Bert Wilson was born in Napa County, Cal., on the 17th day of March 1877 and died at Quincy on the 17th day of September 1905.

A young man—not having reached his 29th birthday. Yet in the morn of his life, so bright, so gifted and his future so brilliant and full of promise.

It seems hard; it is to the human mind and understanding unaccountable and I may say seemingly unkind that we should have to lose such young men, to take them away from their field of action, to take such an one away from a loving father, a devoted mother and a dear sister. Aye, to make the young wife a widow, and to cause her such grief, such heart aches and sorrow, and to orphan those dear, dear little ones, too young to know or to realize the great loss that has come upon them in their innocent, young and tender years.

"Wildly the temples throb, heart chill as snow.

Tears no relief in such sorrow can give,
Oh you who slumber you never can know,
Anguish in dying like ours who still live."

The deceased resided in Quincy for some some time in his boyhood days, and made many friends in the community. He graduated from the public schools in Hanford, and then entered the Leland Stanford Jr. University and after a full course graduated from that university in the year 1900 with high honors. He entered the Hastings Law School and upon the close of his term was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court.

He afterwards resided in San Francisco and from there removed to the city of Los Angeles, where he commenced the practice of his chosen profession—the law.

He was a successful practitioner in that city and two years ago was appointed a Deputy Attorney General of the State of California with his office at the State Capitol in Sacramento. He was in that office when he received the word of the serious illness of his brother-in-law and immediately hastened to his bedside, and to be near to comfort and assist his only sister in the time of her sorrow and distress, his kind devotion and tireless care to those afflicted ones is well known to all who were familiar with the surroundings which existed during these trying hours and days.

He was taken ill on Saturday the day preceeding the day of the funeral, and not withstanding everything that could be done by the attending physicians he gradually failed and spirit passed away at 6 o'clock on the morning of Sunday last.

His condition was considered so serious that his aged father and mother, and his young wife and their baby girl were notified and they arrived in time to be with him during the last few days of his sickness and when his spirit passed from the mortal form to join the guardian angelic hosts in the world beyond they were present at his bedside.

He was a very prominent member of the order of the Native Sons of the Golden West. He assisted in organizing several Parlors. He at one time was a member of the Pacific Parlor in the city of San Francisco, but upon making his home in Sacramento severed his connection with that Parlor and joined Sunset Parlor of Sacramento. Representatives from that Parlor are here to-day, and these most beautiful floral pieces, the most elaborate, appropriate and beautiful ever seen in this cemetery are tributes from that Parlor, from the office of the Attorney General, State officials and other distant friends served to indicate the feelings of fellowship and friendship the donors had for the deceased. That he was held in great esteem by the members of that Parlor as well as by the order generally is fully exemplified.

He has taken a leading part in political affairs. He has been a prominent speaker in two campaigns, and although one of the youngest public speakers in the State he established for himself the reputation of being one of the most eloquent, finished and forcible advocates that took part in either campaign.

The loss of such a young man is deplorable indeed, not only to his relatives but to the whole community.

L. B. Wilson and Ethel Clara Collins of Santa Ana, married at Palo Alto, March 20, 1898. They were classmates at the University. The wife and three lovely children are left to mourn not for a day, but for all time, the loss of husband and father.

It is sad, but remember
"When we leave this world of changes,
When we leave this world of care,
We shall find our missing loved ones
In our Fathers mansion fair."

Grief stricken ones, I have a message to repeat to you for you. It is from a very dear friend, it says:

Dear Friends Lift up your bowed heads. Grieve not for the beloved form, its work is finished—nor for the grand soul who is marching on to greater attainments than you can conceive. His love is yours. Be contented.—D. Parkinson

You who mourn, you with heavy hearts, you each can say in the words of the Poet: "Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who have crossed to the farther side.

The gleam of their snowy robes we see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide,

There is one, Dear Bert, his spirit we could not withhold,

He was our hope, our pride, and ever true,
He crossed in the morning, gray and cold,
And the pale mist held him from mortal view,

We saw not the angels, who met him there,

The gates of the city, we could not see,
But o'er the river, over the river,

My boy, my brother, my husband, my papa stands,
Waiting to welcome me."

THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1916.

ABEL BUNNELL HAS PASSED AWAY

Former Resident of Big Meadows
Died Last Week in Susanville at
Age of 72 Years.

Abel Bunnell, a former resident of Big Meadows, Plumas county, passed away at his home in Susanville on Wednesday of last week at the ripe age of 72 years. His death was due to a physical decline following injuries which he sustained in an accident occurring several months ago.

Deceased was a native of New York state, where he was born January 1, 1844. During the Civil war he served in the ranks of the Union army and played his part in preserving the integrity of our national government. He came to Big Meadows, Plumas county, in the late seventies, where his brother, the late L. W. Bunnell, was then residing, and for some years was engaged in the butchering business. A few years thereafter he was united in marriage with Miss Ella Stockton, eldest daughter of the late Clay Stockton, and after the latter's death he took charge of the Stockton mill and engaged in the lumber business for awhile. He then went to Susanville, following carpentering and lumbering for several years, when he became a member of the Lassen electric company, in the business of which he continued to the time of his death.

Abel Bunnell leaves to mourn his loss a widow and one daughter, Mrs. A. R. Jensen, an older daughter, Miss Florence Bunnell, having been accidentally killed by the overturning of a buggy on the road from the Stockton mill to Susanville many years ago.

Deceased was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and his funeral was held last Friday under the auspices of Lassen Lodge No. 149, F. & A. M.

American Progress.

[Written by Mrs. Laura Whitaker. Read before the Quincy Literary Society, Feb. 12th, by Miss Mattie Goodwin.]

There is perhaps no subject which awakens such universal interest among true American hearts as that of our common country. Although the youngest of the nations of the globe, it shows a marked rapid advancement to be found in the history of no other nation.

But four hundred years ago, the United States, as found by European adventurers, was a wilderness unknown to the civilized man, and inhabited only by numerous tribes of Indians. Here they lived in peace, in a land of their own, unmolested heretofore by the people of Eastern continents. This new and undeveloped land, as pictured in the imaginations of Europeans by whom it had not yet been seen, was, as it were, a fairy land, where the poor might walk thorough cities built of gold and jewels; where lovers of nature might wander among the never-fading flowers; and where the aged might plunge in the fountain of perpetual youth and regain the health and vigor of former years. Though by no means a fairy-land, there was certainly a bright and glorious future awaiting it. Through every step of its history we can see the hand of God leading us onward and upward to the platform which we now occupy.

To the thoughtful mind this question may present itself, namely: how can you account for this rapid growth, and why has the United States been superior to all other nations in this respect? Let us see.

In first considering this question let us think of our country for a moment as fresh from the hands of a Divine Creator, and what portion of the globe will we find upon which God has bestowed so many natural advantages and so much natural beauty? Where will we find such a diversity of climate, ranging from the long severe winters of New England to the almost perpetual summer of Florida; where so many natural wonders, such as Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Valley and Big Trees; and where such a wide strip of fertile land as that contained in the

Mississippi Valley? The great Mississippi River, stretching its long arms to the right and left, affords unlimited advantages for navigation and irrigation, while the short and more rapid streams of New England supply water-power for manufacturing purposes.

To this highly-favored country, in sixteen hundred and twenty, came the God-fearing and liberty-loving Pilgrims. These colonists, before going ashore, combined themselves into a "civil body politic to enact such just and equal laws" as should be found "convenient for the general good," thus embodying the American idea of to-day that "governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed." Their first winter in their new home had many hardships in store for them. Half of the small company was swept away by sickness and it was with considerable difficulty that the remainder escaped starvation.

Were not those who remained glad to return to England the following spring? By no means. Here indeed were hardships, but here also, was liberty. To re-

turn to England meant to give up that which was dear to their hearts. They came not, as some had come, for the purpose of making a fortune and returning, but to make for themselves a home, away from the persecutions of their native land; here they hoped to worship God as they saw fit, and breathe at last the atmosphere of freedom. Into the hearts of their children a love for their adopted country was instilled; a love which has increased with succeeding generations.

But the liberty and peace which we so dearly love and greatly enjoy to-day, have not been attained without a struggle. Brave men gladly gave up their lives that we might become free and independent. The severe yoke of Great Britain had yet to be thrown off, which meant inevitable war. Nor was this all; the War of 1812 and the Civil War followed, and it was not until eighteen hundred and sixty-five that the dawn of peace was ushered in. It was then the duty of generations to come to maintain the union, and well they have succeeded.

Development, a thing which had hitherto been almost impossible, at once began. Railroads have multiplied, and within the last sixty years the number of miles has increased from twenty-three to one hundred and forty-five thousand six hundred and six. Three transcontinental railroads (including the Canadian Pacific) connect the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and a journey which it once took months to make, can now be accomplished in a few days. Telegraph lines, used for the first time in eighteen hundred and forty-four, now measure over one hundred and fifty thousand miles. Manufacturing has prospered so that the cotton manufacture alone employs one hundred thousand persons. Foreign commerce has increased until now our ships penetrate the remotest seas. Our territory has extended from the thirteen scattered colonies on the Atlantic coast to a country bordering two oceans and containing more than three and one half millions of square miles.

By Americans, numerous inventions have been made, among which are the sewing-machine, plow, mower, reaper, fire-engine, steam-boat and the type-revolving press upon which the great London newspapers of to-day are printed.

The street of our cities which half a century ago could be lighted only by whale-oil lamps now blaze with gas and electricity.

The great desire for knowledge has resulted in the establishment of numerous institutions of learning, so instead of the seven colleges of Revolutionary days, we now have three hundred and sixty-six colleges and universities. Our system of public schools affords free education for rich and poor alike. Besides these there are institutions for the training of teachers, scientific and professional schools and special schools for the instruction of the blind, mute and feeble-minded. America has produced brilliant lights in science and literature, and to-day she is a country of which every son and daughter may well be proud.

In closing I wish to relate an incident which may perhaps not be entirely out of

place here and one which I know will be appreciated by you all; it is recorded as follows:

Benjamin Franklin was once dining with an English ambassador and a French functionary in Paris. The Englishman rising, expressed the following sentiment. "England the bright sun whose rays illuminate the world! The French gentleman, trying to be polite as well as patriotic said, "France! the moon whose mild beams dispell the shades of night." Dr. Franklin, rising in turn, said, "General George Washington, the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

MRS. R. H. F. VARIEL GIVES LUNCHEON IN LOS ANGELES.

N-B Mar 19, '06
According to one of our Los Angeles exchanges, Mrs. R. H. F. Variel of No. 2237 Michigan Avenue, was hostess last Thursday at a charmingly-appointed luncheon given in honor of Mrs. T. J. Birmingham and Miss Virginia Bedell, of Strawberry Valley, Yuba county. The Variels formerly resided in Northern California and the affair was a sort of reunion of old mountain friends of the North. Mrs. Variel was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Roger Sherman Page. Mrs. Edward North, Mrs. Mary Young, Mrs. A. J. Stevens, Mrs. Elizabeth Beckham, Mrs. Klosterman and Mrs. Variel were once residents of Strawberry Valley, in the heart of the Sierra Nevadas. Other guests were the Misses Weston, who formerly lived in a neighboring town, La Porte, and Mrs. C. H. Kahrs, of Quincy, Plumas county.

VISITING IN REDLANDS.

Mrs. C. H. Kahrs of Quincy is visiting Mrs. Henry VanLeuven at Redlands, in the southern part of the State. Previously, Mrs. Kahrs spent considerable time in Los Angeles, as a guest of Mrs. R. H. F. Variel, a former resident of Quincy. During the stay of Mrs. Kahrs in the southern part of the State, the condition of her health has greatly improved.



THANKSGIVING SERMON



DELIVERED AT THE M. E. CHURCH, QUINCY, AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M., THIS MORNING, BY. REVEREND P. H. WILLIS, PASTOR.

TEXT: James I-17: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

All over America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, in every village and hamlet, church bells are ringing this morning; factories, mills and workshops are at rest, and the busy toilers of yesterday are, by force of time-honored custom no less than by Executive proclamation, laying aside the implements of commerce and trade, and engaging each in his chosen way, in the festivities of this Thanksgiving day. Some will make this day an occasion for drunkenness and "riotous eating of flesh"; others will gather once more under the paternal roof, and around the old family board; many will observe the letter of the Day and throng the houses of worship, drawn hither by this, that or the other attraction; while still others, observing both letter and spirit, are devoutly grateful, and can truly say:

"To Thee, O, God, we lift our eyes,
To Thee our grateful voices raise;
And, kneeling at Thy gracious throne,
Devoutly join in hymns of praise."

This is a national day; a day peculiarly American. God has wonderfully blest his children everywhere and at all times, and yet, like the cleansed lepers, the nine have gone their way, forgetting the source of their cleansing. How seldom have nations recognized Him from whom all blessings flow! The Hebrew children remembered Him first in the feast of Tabernacles. England remembered Him when delivered from the "Invincible Armada," and but few times since. The old Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Colony found occasion to remember Him, though rudely domiciled "upon that stern and rock-bound coast." The first American Congress, in declaring themselves "free and independent States," relied on the protection of Divine Providence, and when crowned with success, did not forget to call upon the Nation to thank that Divine Providence. Those early fathers, who wrought so wisely and so well under "Divine guidance," deemed it proper to place their motto upon the very coins we use, "lest we forget, lest we forget."

In 1863, A. D., when the American Republic was being cemented together by the blood of brother arrayed against brother, and it began to be evident that American institutions were not to "per-

ish from the earth," we again remembered the Author of "every good gift and every perfect gift" by a day of National Thanksgiving. From that day to this, no President of these United States has dared ignore the precedent, and the celebration seems to have become fixed.

We review with pride the history of our land—its marvelous growth, its wonderful achievements—political, industrial, commercial and intellectual—but as we recall the Giver we are humble and thankful; not as the Pharisee, thankful that we are "not as other men are," neither as other nations are. We deplore the vain idea (sometimes apparent) of an Anglo-Saxon God. The Hebrew had some reason for believing himself a chosen one; but under the Gospel dispensation there is "neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free. * * * for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

In considering the history of America we can neither eliminate or ignore the part enacted by the Christian religion. Christian enthusiasm discovered America, and gave to the world its "Grandest lesson: On, and on."

Christian zeal pushed its way through the savage wilderness in exploration, and mapped out the highways over which the future millions were to march in the westward "course of empire." Christian devotion peopled America with the most heroic souls of all Europe—Puritan and Huguenot—who, because of the unchristian bigotry and intolerance of a "zeal which was not according to knowledge," voluntarily exchanged the comforts of Europe for the freedom of America, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Sometimes we forget God and become pessimistic. The Hebrew children forgot the Red Sea highway, forgot the heavenly manna, forgot their garments which "waxed not old," forgot the bondage of Egypt, and in rebellion against God and their greatest human benefactor, remembered only the "leeks and garlic." Such is our groveling tendency. The man with the "muck-rake" sees not the glorious crown so graciously extended. This pessimism; this ingratitude; this lack of faith may, in charity at least, be explained by our narrowness of vision. How closely circumscribed! "Now we know in part; now we see through a glass, darkly." How lamentably true has this spirit of ingratitude been manifested in America! The first century of

American independence witnessed some of the most determined attacks upon the integrity of the Bible. Voltaire in Europe, Paine and Ingersoll in America, and many others of less prominence, marshalled all the forces of fallacy and ridicule; the coldly scientific minds of Germany have thundered their scientific artillery; Spencer, without positively

repudiating the teachings of Holy Writ, spent all the energy of his ponderous intellect in a vain attempt to arrange a system of philosophy which should supersede the teachings of the " Carpenter's Son." The writings of Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll and Spencer are seldom seen and still more seldom read. Within recent years, P. O. Wagoner, one of the most learned of the Agnostic school, was converted to Christianity through the instrumentality of one of Mr. Edison's marvelous inventions, and celebrated his conversion upon one of the public squares of Toledo, Ohio, by publicly consigning to the flames one of the most complete and expensive collection of Agnostic literature anywhere to be found.

Fifty years ago or more, eminent men of the Atheistic propaganda, declared that in ten years the Bible would be out of print, except for copies kept as reminders of the days of darkness. What of their prophecies? Statistics show an increasing number of Bibles published with each succeeding decade; and to-day, in all the world there is left not one of note to openly espouse



REV. P. H. WILLIS.

the cause of Infidelity. "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure having this seal: 'The Lord knoweth them that are His.'"

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word."

We believe the profoundest minds of the world to-day recognize the truth of the Apostolic statement: "Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father."

Theodore Roosevelt (perhaps the most prominent and most widely quoted man of our day), you will please take the stand. Hear him! "No people on earth have more cause to be thankful than ours." This is said reverently, in no spirit of boastfulness in our own strength, but with gratitude to the Giver of all Good. * * * Much has been given to us, and much will be required of us. We have duties to others and duties to ourselves" (Roosevelt, A. D., 1905). That is it, exactly. Duties! Duties! Here is the keynote of success and happiness. Duties recognized; duties honestly discharged. God always requires something of us. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, * * * and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." This was the e- b which the fidelity of God was to reward and prove the fidelity of Israel. Why should he not require the same of us? Our tithes have not ALL been brought into the Father's storehouse; and yet, as if by special dispensation of Divine grace, He has dealt with us as "He hath not so dealt with any nation." His unfailing compassion and mercies "are new every morning." There need be nothing stereotyped in a Thanksgiving service.

"New time, new favors and new joys,
Do a new song require."

The early colonists were especially thankful for bountiful harvests; for had these failed, famine would have reigned. Our nation has, during the past year, reaped most bountifully. Barns and storehouses are filled to overflowing; "cattle are upon the thousand hills." We have enough and to spare. We have in past years, been enabled to contribute of our surplus to famishing India. To-day, a movement led by American Jews, but sanctioned and aided by Americans, regardless of creed, will convey material aid to suffering Russia. Our laboring class are employed and are well paid. Complaints are sometimes heard, to be sure. We judge everything by comparison. Our happiness depends as much upon the condition of our neighbors as upon our own, and that not because of our concern for his welfare. We are rich or poor accordingly as our neighbor has less or more. Time was when the possessor of \$10,000 was rich and happy because none, or but few, had more. One hundred years ago the laborer worked twelve or fifteen hours

and did not complain. To-day, he works eight hours and demands as necessities what were luxuries in other days. But there are greater blessings than abundant harvests and well paid labor; and upon which the latter in a measure depend, and by which the happiness and rights of all are largely preserved. Of these we would especially mention

OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

It may seem hardly proper on this day of rejoicing to call to our minds the present harrowing conditions existing in Russia; and yet, by the rule of comparison, of which we have already spoken, we may be made more thankful and appreciative by briefly contemplating the scene. All Russia in revolt. Torch and sword in the hands of an indiscriminate mob. Rapine, slaughter and panic in various parts of the empire. An absolute monarch yielding everything for the sake of peace, and still no peace. An oppressed people knowing not how to intelligently redress themselves. We have not far to look for the cause. More than a hundred million illiterates in Russia. No standing army, however large, can cope with such conditions. Note the comparison: America, a land of schools. More than a quarter of a million schools. Schools for nearly 18,000,000 pupils. More than the armies of all Europe combined. Public schools, private schools; professional schools, business schools; day schools, night schools; industrial schools, schools of art; government schools, schools for the deaf and schools for the blind; schools, schools, schools! God said "Let there be light." Some rays have penetrated Russia, and her people will not rest till they shall enjoy the full-orbed day of enlightenment. This is applied Christianity. Christ came into the world that we "might have life more abundantly." The complete life, intellectual and spiritual; neither is complete without the other. We are thankful for such replete provision for intellectual training; yet we would emphasize the greater need of spiritual training. Only yesterday, President Wheeler of our State University expressed the opinion that the development of the religious sense (spiritual nature) is of greater importance to the child than the study of mathematics. True! The mind will never become wholly atrophied while reason is enthroned; the spiritual life may. The most important product of any nation is its manhood.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

America has not only produced manhood, but this has been done notwithstanding the unprecedented task of assimilation. We have received them from every land and every tongue, and in one generation have assimilated all. And as we view the bright galaxy of souls that have built our faith in man, and lit the ages as they

We are thankful.

We are thankful for the rapidly adjusting relations between capital and labor. A growing recognition of mutual rights, by which some very threatening differences have been amicably settled. We are gradually coming to appreciate the universal brotherhood.

We, of California, have a special reason for thanksgiving. Our richness is proverbial, our landscapes poetic, our climate Edenic. Truly a land of fruits and flowers, our tables are richly laden with fresh supply from garden, orchard and farm all the year round. Let us to-day, like Boaz of old, let some of our plenty fall into the hand of the gleaner, and verify the divine teaching that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." The man who lives for what the world gives him, is not to be envied. How much more happy is the one who is thankful for the opportunity of giving something to the world. "He that soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully." Our Father is a bountiful Father, and "giveth us richly all things to enjoy." "He will withhold no good things from us." True, we cannot always understand his ways.

"Full many a blessing wears the guise

Of worry or of trouble;
Far-seeing is the soul, and wise,
Who knows the mask is double.
But he who has the faith and strength
To thank his God for sorrow,
Has found a joy without alloy,
To gladden every morrow."

There may be some here to-day who can see but slight cause for thanksgiving. Your fondest, most cherished hope, may have been forever blasted. The silent messenger may have called your loved one hence. That is not the worst. How many to-day would gladly yield that loved one to the grave rather than have him where he is. God's loving purpose is in every sorrow.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply.
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

Too prone we are to gauge our cause for thankfulness by our measure of worldly success. That word Success, so dazzling, so alluring, is, after all, of comparative, even uncertain, meaning. Our vaunted successes are so often the worst of failures, because we cannot recognize failures nor profit by them. Our failures, likewise, may prove our greatest successes.

Jesus of Nazareth failed. Maligned, persecuted, deserted, crucified! But, O what a glorious failure! The dark night of Gethsemane, and the dark day of

IN MEMORY OF HON. G. G. CLOUGH

Expressions of Respect Adopted by the
Bar of Plumas
County.

In Superior Court Monday, the following was presented to the Court, adopted and ordered spread upon the minutes:

"In the Superior Court of the County of Plumas, State of California.

"In the matter of drafting resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Hon. G. G. Clough, deceased.

"To the Honorable J. D. Goodwin, Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Plumas, State of California:

"We, your committee appointed to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of our late professional brother, Hon. G. G. Clough, submit the following and ask that the same be approved and ordered spread upon the minutes of this Court:

"Greenleaf Greely Clough was born at Mt. Vernon, Kennebec county, Maine, October 9, 1835, having passed his 70th year at the time of his death which occurred at Loyaltown on October 24, 1905. While a young man Judge Clough left his native state and went to Minnesota. In 1859 he crossed the plains to California and settled in Gibsonville, Sierra county, where he engaged in mercantile and mining business, and at the same time devoted his spare moments to the study of law. He soon became an active member of the Sierra and Plumas county bars and in 1876 moved to Quincy and practiced his profession until 1877, when he was elected Judge of the 21st Judicial District, composed of Plumas, Lassen and Modoc counties. In 1879 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court of Plumas county, which position he held for seventeen years.

"With the exception of your Honor, he was the oldest, both in years and record, of the members of this bar.

"During his long term on the bench he tried many important cases, and was often called upon to preside in the courts of other counties, where he was held in the highest esteem.

He was a close student and was noted for giving to the cases submitted to him for decision, thorough and careful consideration, and in public and private affairs he was a fearless advocate of what he deemed to be right.

"He loved Quincy, and although tempting offers had been made to induce him to locate elsewhere he often said that he had rather live in Quincy on a small income than go elsewhere and secure a fortune from his practice.

"He was a great student of the mineral resources of Plumas and Sierra counties and invested largely in mining ventures, with varied success.

"As an additional political preferment, Judge Clough was elected to the Legislature of this State as Assemblyman from this district, in 1899, and served one term with great credit to himself and with honor and profit to his district and his constituents.

He was of a generous disposition and has performed without compensation much legal work for old timers who were poor, and often went to the extent of advancing them funds when necessary to protect their rights.

"In his death this bar has lost one of its ablest and most distinguished members, and the county one of her most prominent and useful citizens, and it is with sorrow and regret that we are compelled to record his death and part with him forever in our personal and professional associations.

To his family we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement in the loss of one who to them was ever thoughtful, generous and true.

Respectfully submitted,

W. W. KELLOGG,

L. N. PETER,

J. O. MONCUR,

Committee.

M. S. LIGHT PASSES AWAY.

The people of Quincy and Plumas county generally, were shocked and saddened by the intelligence that Marcus Light had died this morning, Thursday, Dec., 13, 1906.

Mr. and Mrs. Light had just returned from an extended visit to the lower country, where during their absence, Mr. Light had seemingly much improved in health. Scarcely had the people of this vicinity learned that they were home, when the news came that he had passed away—it was a shock to all.

Mr. Light came to this county when but a boy, with his parents, who settled in Indian Valley.

In the year 1863, he returned to his former home, Pennsylvania, to attend school, but instead, entered the Union Army, becoming a member of the Third Regiment of that State. At the close of the war he returned to Plumas, and residing in Indian Valley until taking up his residence in Quincy which was in the year 1877, where he engaged in the blacksmithing business. As a machinist, he had, but few equals.

He leaves to mourn his death, his wife and one son, William B., and three step children, Mrs. Kate Braden, Mrs. L. O. Garner, and Roy Garland all of Quincy, two brothers, Ephraim of Calistoga and Eugene Light of San Francisco.

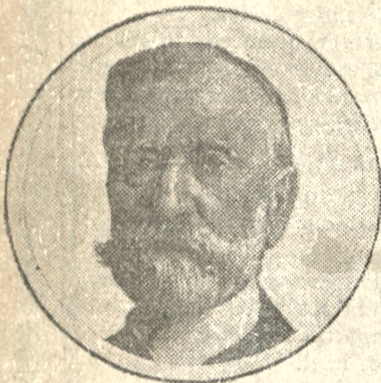
The funeral was held from the residence Monday, at 2 p. m., a large number of friends, including the members of the Hose Co., and several veterans of the Civil War, followed the remains to their last resting place.

General Chipman Tells of Lincoln and His Time

The address of General N. P. Chipman at last night's banquet was a masterly effort.

General Chipman said in part:

I am asked to portray the character of the man who was not only the central figure in that Titanic struggle, but whose memory is, and will ever be, enshrined in the hearts of all liberty-loving people throughout the habitable globe. May I not hope that you will bear with me if I shall attempt more than a brief passing tribute to the character of this remarkable man?



JUSTICE N. P. CHIPMAN.
Who Spoke of Lincoln.

able man? May I not be indulged in an endeavor to quicken in your minds the meaning of that great epoch in our history, while bringing to your attention some of the conspicuous characteristics of the man about whom I am to speak, and some of the events connected with which he will always be the one prominent personality?

In devotion to his country; in breadth of statesmanship; in exalted character; in blameless private life, the name of Abraham Lincoln will grow brighter with the ages—the synonym of true greatness—the harbinger of that period to which we all look, of peace on earth, good will to man. "In his early days he struck his roots deep down into the common soil of the earth, and in his latest years his head towered among the stars."

Some one has said that the American people are peculiarly fortunate in the coincidence that they may celebrate the birthday, in the same month, of two of the most illustrious men in all the world. It was eminently appropriate, therefore, that in assembling to honor the memory of George Washington your thoughts should also turn to the man who preserved to us the Nation so nobly established by the fathers of the Revolution.

Prior to his famous debate with Stephen A. Douglas, Mr. Lincoln's reputation was scarcely more than local, but that intellectual combat focalized the Nation's thought upon him, and his nomination at Chicago was both logical as well as a natural expression of his party's wisdom and foresight. I was a spectator of that splendid and inspiring scene, when it seemed as if the pent-up protests and accumulated remonstrances of long years against Southern aggression and arrogance broke forth in unrestrained and unbridled manifestations, and rang out in one great burst of defiance—at once a clarion note prophetic of war, and the death knell of human slavery in America. It was a scene of wild rejoicing and unfaltering consecration to an exalted purpose. The announcement of the Nation's savior was proclaimed at that hour. The solid South repudiated the messiah, but the loyal North made him President and crowned him with immortality.

I cannot hope that your indulgence will permit me to even sketch all the strenuous and crowded years through which he passed and the relation he bore to the momentous events that filled the pages of our Civil War. I shall only here and there notice them and then only to convey some idea of the man Lincoln, through some of the more striking features of his Administration. With characteristic magnanimity, and against the advice of many friends, he called to his Cabinet four men—Seward, Chase, Bates and Cameron—who had been candidates for the Presidency when Lincoln was chosen. He refused to believe at such a time that men worthy to serve as his advisers would be unfaithful to their trust and seek self-aggrandizement. He said to his friends: "Let us forget ourselves and join hands, like brothers, to save the Republic. If we succeed there will be glory enough for all."

Lincoln was inaugurated March 4, 1861, and on March 9th the rebel Congress, having previously assembled at Montgomery, Ala., passed a bill for the organization of an army. Commissioners were sent to Washington to negotiate a treaty with the Government. The President would not see them but sent them a copy of his inaugural address. They remained until in April, Mr. Lincoln meanwhile giving no sign, and were then informed by Mr. Seward that they could have no recognition from the Government of the United States. Mr. Lincoln was determined that the overt act for which everybody was waiting, and about which everybody was talking, should come from the rebels. It came when the resolve was taken to provision Major Anderson's gallant company at Fort Sumter. General Beauregard opened fire on April 12th, and war was declared by the South, and, on April 15th, the President called for 75,000 troops. The North was aflame. Party ties for the time disappeared—but one sentiment prevailed—that for the preservation of the Union. Congress was called to assemble at the capital on July 4, 1861. As showing the spirit of the North, Ohio, whose quota was 13,000, within one week after the call was issued offered the services of 70,000 patriots to Governor Dennison; and to the call generally more than 500,000 had sprung to arms.

In the following November occurred the affair of the British packet ship Trent. Mason and Slidell, two rebel envoys, took passage—one for England and the other for France, on the Trent, their purpose being to induce those great Powers to recognize the Confederacy as a Nation. Captain Wilkes, of the man-of-war San Jacinto, overhauled the Trent, brought her to by a shot across her bow and took off the two envoys and carried them to Boston, where they were lodged in Fort Warren.

This event created pronounced approving enthusiasm throughout the North; it was looked upon as a defiant reply to the attitude of the English and the French Governments toward our Government. The demand of the British Government that the envoys should be surrendered because they had been taken from under the British flag and against the protests

of the commander of the Trent, only inflamed popular indignation. Confronted with the danger of war with England at this critical moment; that recognition of the Confederacy might follow, resulting possibly in the permanent division of the States and dissolution of the Union, the people, nevertheless, stood firm, and declared that the envoys should never be given up. Congress passed a vote of thanks to Captain Wilkes; the Secretaries of War and Navy approved his act. Secretary Seward at first also opposed any concessions to the British Government. And now shone out one of Mr. Lincoln's strong traits of character. From the first he doubted the lawfulness of the seizure, and the more he reflected the stronger became his conviction that these emissaries must be given up. Amid the popular clamor for their retention he stood thoughtful, anxious, but with calm determination to act with due regard for international law, and for the highest in-

terests of our country. A weak man would have drifted with the strong current of opinion, though it might lead to war with England. But Mr. Lincoln was not a weak man. His reply to his Cabinet and to the people was: "Once we fought Great Britain for doing just what Captain Wilkes has done. If Great Britain protests against this act and demands their release, we must adhere to our principles of 1812. We must give up these prisoners. Besides, one war at a time." It is difficult at this distance from the war period to realize what courage and steadfastness were required to stem the popular tide at this important juncture. Some idea of the strain put upon Mr. Lincoln's character may come to you when I repeat the declaration of Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire. "If," said he, "this Administration will not listen to the voice of the people, they will find themselves engulfed in a fire that will consume them like stubble; they will be helpless before a power that will hurl them from their places." The sober judgment of time has fully vindicated the wisdom of Lincoln's action at this perilous crisis.

No phase of the Civil War like that of the slavery question brought out more clearly the strength of Mr. Lincoln's character or showed in stronger light the dominant thought in his mind, which was the preservation of the Union.

It was decreed that from the day of the second inauguration Mr. Lincoln was to be given less than five weeks to live. But he was to have the satisfaction of witnessing the crowning glory of his Administration—the overthrow of rebellion, the re-establishment of the Union, and the extirpation of slavery forever from our fair land. His last days were filled with anxious thoughts and with a full comprehension that the termination of the war would bring with it new and profoundly complex and difficult problems of Government. He was now about to enter upon the great work he foresaw in closing his second inaugural address: "To finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all Nations."

He was now about to realize the prophecy of his first inaugural address, when he said: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our natures."

God be praised! Although Mr. Lincoln did not live to see it, the day has come when the better angels of the natures of all the American people have led them to swell the chorus of the Union.

Mr. Lincoln, throughout all the rebellion, seemed to bear upon his own shoulders and in his own heart, all the woes of his people. I was on duty in the War Department from the Winter of 1862-3, and passed and repassed the Executive Mansion almost daily to the close of the war. It was my privilege to perform some services directly under his eye, and by his personal instruction; I saw him many, many times after victories and after defeats; when important legislation was passing the crucible of opposition in Congress; when political cabals were forming to defeat his re-election; when passionate patriots were urging him to push the war with greater vigor; when conservative, half-hearted Republicans were begging him to desist; when well-meaning but erratic friends were urging him to compromise on any terms; when a great opposition party in the North was resolving in National Convention that the war was a failure; when riots and revolts threatened to stop further enlistments; when the Knights of the Golden Circle and other secret treasonable organizations were seeking to undermine loyal sentiment and intimidate loyal men in loyal States; when a policy of reprisal

was inaugurated in rebel prisons to starve Union soldiers to death; when the long list of the dead and the dying and the wounded Union soldiers was laid before him from a hundred battlefields—and yet, amid it all, he stood the one, determined, hopeful, courageous figure; never doubting, never flinching, never hesitating, but suffering as no man can know how it is to suffer.

I stood by his side at Gettysburg when he delivered that marvelously beautiful tribute to the noble dead who lay at his feet. I saw him when with clear and almost angelic voice he turned his care-furrowed face towards the sky and uttered those immortal lines, speaking as one inspired, and as though in the very presence of the throne of God.

Here, everywhere, and always, he seemed to me to be personifying the intense and awful strain of one standing for a Nation and vicariously bearing its burdens.

I saw him, too, when the Rebel hosts had laid down their arms; when the glad tidings of peace were upon every tongue; and all the land was filled with rejoicings; but even yet, peace had not come to him.

The great problems of reconstruction, the labor of building up a stricken and devastated country, of bringing two great warring regions into harmonious relations of peace and unity; of restoring the Union in the hearts of all the people; all these questions, this labor, were before him. For the moment he was overjoyed, for the moment his mind and soul relaxed, but only for the moment.

Unlike him in almost every other respect, in this one characteristic of unbending and unceasing devotion to the restoration of the Union—absorbed and possessed by the awful reality of war and its consequences, I never knew but two men like him; one was his faithful and greatest lieutenant, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War; and the other was Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate-General of the Army.

It was a dreadful hour when the assassin struck down this hero of heroes. The blow was given in the name of the Rebellion, but it was a blow that even Rebellion disowned and repudiated, for it was a blow portentous of evil to the South.

I am endeavoring, my friends, to bring before you something like an adequate picture of the man Lincoln as I saw him and knew him. I cannot go further into incidents in his life, so full of dramatic interests; with these indeed you are familiar, for our histories are filled with them.

Southern Pacific Tunnel Project Dropped

BECKWITH PASS AND NORTH FORK ROUTE OFFER BETTER OPPORTUNITY FOR LOW GRADES.

A correspondent of the Sacramento Bee, writing from Boca, says:

"There is every reason to believe that the Southern Pacific will never tunnel the Sierras to obtain a better grade than it now has over the mountains and to escape the snowsheds. Before E. H. Harriman assumed control of the road and kindred lines, the tunnel project was talked of and the newspapers printed columns on the subject, but it is safe to say in the light of recent developments that nothing will come of it.

"It is true that the matter was given, at different times, serious consideration, and it is very probable that the railroad's management was inclined to make the great bore until it was convinced that the difficulties it sought to avoid could be not only avoided by the adoption of another plan, but money saved by the change and in maintenance charges afterwards.

"And the other plan is the Beckwith Pass route. Through this depression there is room for several railway lines at different grades, and there is every reason to believe, judging from the views entertained by practical railroad men, that hereafter all transcontinental lines seeking entry into California across its upper eastern boundary will use the Pass. It offers 10 per cent. curves to 17 on the Southern Pacific's mountain route, and has a grade of 1 per cent. to 2½ on the latter. Its altitude is 5300 feet, while that of the Sierras now traversed by the Southern Pacific is 7200 feet. Take the two routes as they now exist and the advantages are with the Beckwith Pass very decidedly, say railroad men and engineers who have made a study of the situation.

All the Southern Pacific could hope from a tunnel, it can find ready at hand in the Pass—better curves and grades, lower altitudes and lighter snows. Not only would the cost of boring through the Sierras be enormous, but so, too, would be the expense of maintenance. The proposed tunnel would be from seven to nine miles in length and it would be a fearful task to undertake. Once completed, it is doubtful if steam engines could be used for the transportation of trains through it; certainly they would not fill the bill as well as would electric engines. And if the latter were used, the cost of purchasing them would have to be figured in with that of the tunnel. The Southern Pacific wants a better grade over the mountains than it now has, to cut down operating expenses, and this it probably would not secure even with a tunnel if it should be found necessary to put in electric engines, in addition to maintaining the tunnel and running its regular trains.

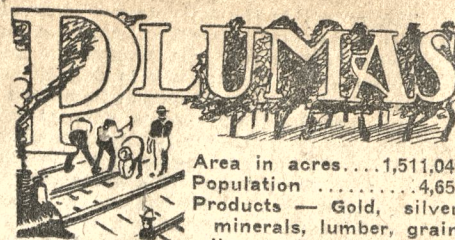
"All these matters have been very carefully considered by railroad men of standing, and it is their judgment that the Beckwith Pass offers the best solution of the problem of mountain transportation. This will be the first time that the view in such detail has been given out to the public, but that it will be sustained by future developments seems certain."

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

On another page appears a very interesting correspondence to the Sacramento Bee from Boca to the effect that the Southern Pacific Company have dropped the idea of building a tunnel through the Sierras and are now considering the construction of a line through Beckwith Pass. Evidently the article is written by some one possessed of considerable information concerning the comparative value of the two routes as factors in the future transportation through northern California. It is a most forcible suggestion for the Southern Pacific people to look this way for a better route than they now have. With the Western Pacific completed, its low grades, freedom from troublesome snow, and other advantages, will make its operating expenses so cheap, compared with those of the Southern Pacific, that the latter road will be at a great disadvantage. Though the Boca article may have no basis in fact, it should not be a matter of wonder if the Southern Pacific were to make an effort to get through Beckwith Pass and down the North Fork rather than make the long and expensive tunnel referred to.

But the Southern Pacific has lost its golden opportunity. Heretofore it has apparently considered the Beckwith pass route not worthy of consideration. Now it realizes its grave danger, a fact manifested by its efforts to throw obstacles in the way of the construction of the Western Pacific—the railroad crossing bills in the Legislature being an example. The Western Pacific has the North Fork route located. It is not practicable—scarcely possible—for another road to be built down the canyon.

The Southern Pacific is blocked in another quarter. It may be taken for granted that the Boca & Loyalton road is now controlled by the Western Pacific; also the timber holdings of the Roberts Lumber Company. This fact makes it very improbable that the Southern Pacific will ever run a branch line north-westerly through Plumas to reach the great timber belts of this and Lassen county. The only recourse of the Southern Pacific is to purchase the Western Pacific and construct a road on the line owned by the latter. This it is thought will be impracticable, for Mr. Gould and the allied interests now see their advantage. An outlet to the Pacific Coast they desire and will have.



Area in acres....1,511,040
Population4,657
Products — Gold, silver, minerals, lumber, grain, live stock, asbestos, dairy produce.

Since the early fifties mining has been the leading factor in the business life of Plumas county, but of late years, farming, horticulture, dairying and stock-raising have entered largely into the wealth of the county. Apples and pears thrive, and the yield is heavy; Plumas apples are noted in the markets. Plums, prunes, nectarines, peaches and cherries do well in many localities, and berries and small fruits are particularly adapted to the climate. All kinds of garden vegetables grow to perfection. Thousands of cattle roam over the ranges of Plumas, and the "beef and butter" product of the county is large.

Although gravel mining is still being carried on successfully, one of the greatest and most valuable resources of Plumas county is her gold-quartz mines. Thus far only those of higher grade have received much attention, and few of them have been mined deeply, owing to the cost of mining, milling and transportation. However, with cheap electric power, generated by the mountain streams, and the advent of the Western Pacific Road, the mines will be worked deeper and more attention paid to the vast bodies of low-grade ore that can be worked at good profit.



WITH the construction of the Western Pacific, Plumas county is entering upon a new era. This line will traverse the county from one end to the other, and some of the heaviest work on the whole system has been done within its borders. It is in this county that the famous Beckwith tunnel is being driven, and for the past two years thousands of men have been employed here at high wages. With the operation of the road a cheap transportation will be afforded for the products that have hitherto found no market.

Thousands of acres of the most valuable timber in the State are to be found in this county, and the largest saw-mills in the world will be built on the Feather river, where abundant electrical power will render their operation inexpensive. Among the largest power projects in the country are those along this river, whose waters will soon supply the power for mills and electric roads in the Sacramento valley and as far as San Francisco.

Deciduous fruits and berries, as well as the cereals, grow well here, but there is much of the county that could be brought under cultivation that has never been tilled.



LASSEN'S PEAK.

*Thou grand old primal monument
Reared by a hand omnipotent,
Built in the ages long since past,
'Mid earth storms and volcanic blast;
The birth-marks on thy wrinkled brow,
If we could read them, might tell how
In flood and flame you reared your crest,
A land-mark of the Golden West.*

*The tears you shed from melting snow
Leap down to valleys far below—
Go down in streamlet and ravine
To clothe them in a garb of green;
And rustling grain, if it could speak,
Would utter songs to Lassen's Peak;
While flowering shrubs around thy base
Lend sweetest fragrance to the place.*

*O, mighty pile, we stand and gaze
On thy tall crest with strange amaze;
Thou art a temple to the God
Who glorifies the floral sod!
Triumphant, thou shalt ever stand—
A land-mark in the sundown land;
Adown whose sides vast flocks have slid,
We hail thee as our pyramid.*

—By Pres. Longley.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

O golden rod, thy stately form
Wherever found is stately still;
In sheltered nook unscathed by storm,
Or, wind-tossed on the rugged hill,
Thy golden plume, thy leaf of green,
A joy to many a heart has been.

Thou art a thing of beauty rare,
A thing of grace, a floral gem,
A golden wreath for maiden's hair,
A feathery plume on slender stem;
And, when the day-God gilds thy gold,
It glows, as did "the bush" of old.

Be still, we stand on holy ground!
The voice of God is in the air,
Speaking to us in thoughts profound,
O' skill divine, through symbols fair.
The hand which formed the golden-
rod
Must surely be the hand of God.

Wide is thy Empire, golden-rod;
Far reaching is thy Royal sway;
Far as the foot of man has trod
From glowing East to setting day:
O'er a whole continent thy reign
Extends, a very wide domain.

Alike to thee the lowly dell
Or the steep bank beside the lake,
Or the high cliff where wild winds
swell,
Or mossy lane, or marshy brake:
In each thy charms of green and gold
In rich array thou dost unfold.

The Humming-bird on jaunty wing,
And the swift bee know well thy
charms;
And school-girls in thy presence fling
Their toys aside, to fill their arms
With the rich treasures thou dost
yield
From sedgy nook, or sunny field.

Hast thou a lesson golden-rod,
To teach young pilgrims on life's way?
To guide their upward steps to God,
And make them "children of the
day"?
O yes, thy message comes to me,
"Walk thou in meek humility."

And yet again thy voice I hear:—
"Beside all waters sow the seed;
Stand up for truth in every sphere;
Be kind in every word and deed;
Some weary child of care beguile
With the bright radiance of thy
smile."

Thanks, golden-rod, for lessons true:
Like lessons taught thy Lord and
ours.

May heavenly wisdom come as dew,
And bless the lessons of the flowers:
And may we here taste joys above
Through meek humility and love.

ROSS JOHNSTON.
Whitby, Ont., Canada.

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS

By Eugene Field.

Father calls me William, sister calls me
Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but fellers call me
Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—rather be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's
worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swim-
min' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor ile they give for
bellyache!
Most all the time, the whole year round,
there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I
kin be!

Got a yellor dog named Sport, sick him on
the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't know
where she's at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out
to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, 'an we all
hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is
worried an' cross
He reaches at us with his whip an' larrups
up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh ye never
teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I
kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to
be a man
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother
Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in
Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospect pleases, an' only man
is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a
wild west show,
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else
I guess she'd know
That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good
enough for me!
Excep' jest' fore Christmas, when I'm good
as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so
solemn like an' still.
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the
matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an'
wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to
make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' tend so earnestly to
biz,
That mother says to father: "How im-
proved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, sus-
picious me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as
I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of can-
dies, cakes an' toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an'
not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' brush yer hair, an'
mind your p's an' q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't
wear out yer shoes;
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur"
to the men,
An' when they's company don't pass yer
plate fer pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see
upon the tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin
be!

A CHRISTMAS LIMERICK.

There is a man lives in Toronto,
His name you will finally get onto,
Who wishes that you,
And all of your crew,
May enjoy all the good things you're fond o'.

Then again let me have a short say,
And that is to wish that you may,
Find your riches increase,
And your troubles to cease,
For ever, a year, and a day.

Yours truly,

(Sunny)

Jim Barnes

WRECK OF CITY BUILDINGS WAS AWFUL

GRAPHIC PEN PICTURE OF THE EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO—PIT-
TABLE CONDITION OF FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—SCENE
AT CITY HALL WHEN SHOCK OCCURRED.

(Fred H. Jewett, in San Francisco Examiner.)

No story will ever be written that will tell the awfulness of the thirty-six hours following the terrible earthquake. No pen of the most powerful description the world ever saw could ever place on paper the impressions of any one of the hundreds of thousands who felt the mighty tremble. No pen can ever record the sufferings of those who were crushed to death or buried in the ruins that encompassed them in an instant after 5:13 o'clock Wednesday morning.

It is just possible that the most dramatic point in San Francisco when that terrible rumble began was in the immediate vicinity of that imposing pile, the San Francisco City Hall, that structure that cost millions upon millions to erect and years of labor to accomplish.

I was within a stone's throw of that City Hall when the hand of an avenging God fell upon San Francisco. The ground rose and fell like an ocean at ebb tide. Then came the crash. Tons upon tons of that mighty pile slid away from the steel framework, and the destructiveness of that effort was terrific.

I had just reached Golden Gate avenue and Larkin street, and had tarried a moment to converse with a couple of policemen. With me were two local newspaper men. We had just bid good-by to the officers, who proceeded down Larkin street to the City Hall Station. They had gotten midway when the crash came.

I saw those policemen enveloped in a shower of falling stone. Their lives must have been blotted out in an instant.

"Keep the middle of the street, Mac!" I shouted to one of my friends.

"That is the only avenue of escape," returned he.

We staggered over the bitumen.

It is impossible to judge the length of that shock. To me it seemed an eternity. I was thrown prone on my back and the pavement pulsated like a living thing. Around me the huge buildings, looming up more terribly because of the queer dance they were performing, wobbled and veered. Crash followed crash and resounded on all sides. Screeches rent the air as terrified humanity streamed out into the open in an agony of despair. Affrightened horses dashed headlong into ruin as they raced away in their abject fear.

Then there was a lull.

The most terrible was yet to come. The first portion of the shock was just a mild forerunner of what was to follow. The pause in the action of the earth's surface couldn't have been more than a fraction of a second. It was sufficient, however, to allow me to collect myself. In the center of two streets I arose to my feet. Then came the second and more terrific crash.

The street beds heaved in frightful fashion. The earth rocked and then came the blow that wrecked San Francisco from bay shore to ocean beach and from the Golden Gate to the end of the peninsula.

As if in sympathy for its immediate neighbor, the old Supreme Court building danced a frivolous frolic and then tumbled into the street. Beneath that ruin of stone and brick were buried the bluecoated guardians of the people to whom I had been talking a few minutes before. That few minutes, however, seemed to me a century.

That second upheaval was heartrending. It made me think of loved ones in different portions of the country. It turned my stomach, gave me a headache that I will never forget, and caused me to sink upon my knees and pray to the Almighty God that me and mine should escape the awful fate I knew was coming to so many thousands.

Down Golden Gate avenue the houses commenced again their fantastic, ogreish dancing. One long line of frame buildings tottered a moment and then, just as a score or more of terror-stricken, white-shirted humanity tried to reach the open, it laid flat. The cries of those who must have perished reached my ears, and I hope that never again this side of the grave will I hear such signals of agony.

I turned about from that point of view to shut out the terrible sight, but what went on on all sides seemed to be just a repetition of what I had already witnessed. Looking up Golden Gate avenue I saw tons and tons of brick and stone coping poise for a fraction of a second on beam end and then plunge into the street below. Then it was that the idea flashed through my mind that God is merciful. What would have been the loss of life had the Almighty allowed that earthquake to occur in midday?

Suddenly, as sharply and abruptly as it had begun, the end of the temblor came. Ruin endeavored, it seemed, to outdo ruin. A world of structural work found resting place on mother earth. Bent steel girders and huge blocks of decorative stones made their sleeping place beside all this.

A cloud of deep dust hung tenaciously about the City Hall. I realized that there something dreadful had happened. I peered into the cloud, but I could not see even a mark of that building. And as I waited the dust began to settle. First showed the steel shaft on which had for so long floated the country's flag. Imbedded in a ton of steel block, the entire mass had shifted many feet, but still maintained its upright position atop that pile of structural steel. As the wind carried the dust away and uncovered the ruins, there stood a mountain sheared of all its crowning glory. It could be fittingly compared with a mountain that had passed through a forest fire.

The dome appeared like a huge bird-cage against the morning dawn. The upper works of the entire building laid peaceably—if that term can be used—in the street below. I thought of those guardians of law and order whose headquarters are in the basement of the hall on the McAllister and Larkin streets corner, and wondered if the sergeants and office men on duty had escaped. I thought of those angels of mercy nursing their patients in the Central Emergency Hospital and the physicians there, all of whom I knew from personal contact, and whom I had learned to respect and revere, not so much for their ability and cleverness, but because of their usefulness to me in my capacity as a newsgetter. I wondered if they had escaped death as they stood by to help the injured that might have been brought to them.

After I had drawn myself together, I found my way to my home, where, thank God, the wreck had not been as complete as many others I had witnessed. Then it was that I realized the condition of an excitement crazed populace. Herds of huddled creatures, attired in next to nothing, occupied the center of the streets, not knowing what would happen next or which way they should turn for safety. Each and every person I saw was temporarily insane. Laughing idiots commented on the fun they were having. Terror marked their faces, and yet their voices indicated a certain enjoyment that maniacs have when they kill and gloat over their prey. Women, hysterical to an extreme point, cried and raved for those they loved when they were standing at their elbow. Mothers searched madly for their children who had strayed, while little ones wailed for their protectors. It was bedlam.

Strong men belowered like babies in their terror. All humanity within eyesight was suffering from palsy. No one knew which way to turn, when on all sides of them destruction stared them in the very eye. A number of slight tremors followed the first seven series of shocks. As each came in turn fearful agony spread over the countenances of the afflicted ones. Terror stamped its mark on every brow.

Then an unnatural light dimmed the rising sun and the word went forth from every throat:

"The city is ablaze! We will be burned! This is the end of the wicked world!"

From down south of Market street the glare grew and grew. The flames shot heavenward and licked the sky. It looked as if the end of the world was surely at hand.

For an hour or more after that terrible shock which shook the buildings of all San Francisco to the very foundations people wandered about in an inane fashion. There was no attempt at concerted action to hold the sufferers. People were stupefied. And meanwhile the fire burned and burned."

LOS ANGELES MAN TELLS A THRILLING STORY.

Dr. Ernest W. Fleming, of Los Angeles, who was a guest at the Palace Hotel, tells the following thrilling story of his experiences:

"I was sleeping in a room on the third floor of the hotel when the shock occurred. An earthquake in San Francisco was no new sensation to me. I was there in 1868, when a boy 10 years old, when the first great earthquake came. But that was as the gentle rocking of a cradle to the one of Wednesday.

"I awoke to the groaning of timbers, a grinding, cracking sound; then came the roar from the plastering and wall decorations fell. The sensation was as if the building was stretching and writhing like a snake. The darkness was intense. Shrieks of women, higher, shriller than that of the creaking timbers, cut the air. I tumbled from the bed and crawled toward the door. The twisting and writhing appeared to increase.

"The air was oppressive. I seemed to be saying to myself, 'will it never, never stop?' The door of the room swung back against my shoulder. Just then the building seemed to stagger and right itself.

"But I fled from that building as from a falling wall. I could not believe that it could endure such a shock and still stand.

"The next I remember I was standing in the street laughing at the unholy appearance of half a hundred men clad in pajamas—and less.

"The women were in their night-robes. They made a better appearance than the men. The street was a rainbow of color in the early morning light. There was every stripe and hue of raiment never intended to be seen outside of the boudoir.

I looked at the man by my side; he was laughing at me. Then for the first time I became aware that I was in pajamas myself. I turned and fled back to my room. There I dressed, packed my grip and hastened back to the street. All the big buildings on Market street toward the ferry were standing; but I marked four square fires. The fronts of the small buildings had fallen out into the streets and at some places the debris had broken the sidewalk into cellars.

"I noticed two women near me. They were apparently without escort. One said to the other: 'What wouldn't I give to be back in Los Angeles again.' That awakened a kindred feeling, and I proffered my assistance. I put my overcoat on the stone steps of a building and told them to sit there. In less than two minutes those steps appeared to pitch right forward, to be flying at me. The groaning and writhing started afresh.

"But I was just stunned. It seemed the natural thing there in the street with debris falling, for the tops of buildings to career over and for fronts to fall of it all.

"The street gave a convulsive shudder and the buildings somehow righted themselves again. I thought they had crashed together above my head. The two women rose and started to walk. I followed in a kind of aimless sort of way. The streets were filled with moving things again. But the rainbow raiment had disappeared; all were clad in street clothes. Everyone was walking; but there

was no confusion. We did not even seem in a hurry. Down Market street the flames were growing brighter. After we had walked three or four blocks I remembered that I left my overcoat on the steps. I spoke to the ladies and they waited while I went back for it.

Then I met young Posey. He went back with me to the women. We walked with our luggage to the St. Francis. Fires were burning down toward the ferry, but the fire department had turned out. We had faith in the fire department.

"Soon I became aware that squads of soldiers were patrolling the streets. It appeared perfectly natural; I do not think I wondered why they were there. Men and women were all about us. We looked at each other and talked, even tried to joke. But every few minutes a convulsive quiver swept through the city. The earth seemed to be shivering.

"I noticed that the eyes of the men were rolling restlessly. Their tones were pitched high. It seemed to grate on my nerves. Then I fell to wondering whether I was talking shrilly, too.

"I went to a grocery without a front and bought a few supplies, things that would make a cold lunch. The grocer did not even overcharge me. He was particular to give me the right change.

"The soldiers came and told us to move on. It seemed the natural thing to do. By this time the fire was creeping dangerously close. We would have walked to the ferry. We tried it on a score of streets. But that wall of fire was always there. It seemed to creep across in front of us.

"And in front of the fire always walked the soldiers. A number of times I hired express wagons. We would ride for a few blocks and get out on the sidewalk. In not a single instance were we charged more than a reasonable price for the ride.

"Once we loitered until the soldiers came up. A rough fellow who had been standing by my side tried to dart through the line. He looked like a hard character. A young lieutenant caught him by the coat. 'Here,' he called to his men, 'shoot that man.' I hurried on without looking back. I do not remember that I heard a shot fired. But at the time it seemed too trivial a thing to pay much attention to. The air was filled with the roar of explosions. They were dynamiting great blocks. The sailors were training guns to rake rows of residences.

"All the while we were moving onward with the crowd. At times our clothing caught fire, just little embers that smoked once and went out. The sting burned our faces and we used handkerchiefs for veils. Everybody around us was using some kind of cloth to shield their eyes. It looked ludicrous to see expression wearing those veils. I thought I would laugh about it, only it was not worth the effort.

"Quite naturally we seemed to come to Golden Gate park. It seemed as though we had started for there. By this time the darkness was settling. But it was a weird twilight. The glare from the burning city threw a kind of red flame and shadow about us. It seemed uncanny; the figures about us moved like ghosts.

"The fog and wind blew chill from the ocean and we walked about to keep warm. Thousands were walking about, too; but there was no disturbance. It was like a Quaker picnic.

"Families trudged along together. There was no hurry. All appeared to have time to spare. The streets, walks and lawns were wriggling with little parties, one or two families in each. The men had brought bedding and blankets and they made impromptu shelter.

"I walked over to the fire made by one squad of soldiers and picked up a tin bucket. They looked at me but made no movement. I went to a faucet and turned it. Water was there. Not much, but a trickling little stream. There was water in the park faucets all night.

"I boiled some eggs and we four ate our breakfast.

"Then we concluded to try to make our way back to the waterfront. We did this because the soldiers were driving us from that part of the hills. The flames were still after us. We walked toward the waterfront for hours. Part of the time it was through the burned district. The streets were rough, the sidewalks jagged and broken.

"The women suffered severely. Jagged stones and wires cut their thin shoes from their feet. Bandages did little good.

"The walk back through the ruins was the worst of all. Do not ask me much about that. I wish I could blot it out. We walked past automobiles standing useless; the supply of gasoline had given out. Dead horses lay along our path. Some were burned to a crisp; it would have been well of all could have been.

"On Howard street near Market lay the charred, half-burned bodies of two men. Those were the only dead we saw in the streets. One was apparently pinned under debris, but the other lay half burned in the open roadway. The dumb horror of it seemed to eat right into one's heart. Walking and resting we reached the ferry near sunset. We had come back through a burned district seemingly for miles. I do not understand how the women stood it.

"Other parties staggered past us. They were reeling, but not from wine. It was here that the pangs of thirst caught us. But the end came at last. We reached the ferry and the boats were running. The soldiers were there, too. They seemed to be everywhere. They were offering milk to the women and children.

"All were permitted to take the boat. Notices were posted to the effect that those without money could get tickets by applying to the office.

"The real terror of what they had seen and endured was stamped on every face on the boat. There were no class distinctions. Through that day and night all had been equal.

"But we are in Los Angeles now. It hardly seems real. If it were not for the sting of the cinders that still stick to my face and eyes, I might think it was all a nightmare."

The Stricken City

I am swept across the desert by the sorrow of my soul
To the glowing golden city, where waves of anguish roll;
I can see the sheen and shimmer that enveloped sky and street,
I can see the smiling faces of the friends I used to meet;
I can feel the subtle essence that, throughout a world-wide quest,
Thrills heart and brain and pulses nowhere as in that West.

Supreme Pacific wonder, fair goddess of the Gate,
The world has paid you homage, the world bemoans your fate.
We loved you in your beauty, as you reigned beside the seas;
We love you, scorched and stricken, as you plead upon your knees.
In days of pride and glory you were generous and broad;
You were like an earth-expression of the opulence of God.

And it took the cosmic forces and the awful grip of Space
To rob you of your courage and drive radiance from your face
You offered us your sunshine when native skies grew cold,
And when our purse was empty you offered us your gold.
Oft when our own unseeing, gazed on some work of art,
You looked with larger vision, and offered us your heart.

Oh! stricken friend and hostess, you kneel among the dead;
And all that moves or stirs us were best in actions said,
Shake out your golden tresses; our hands shall bind them up;
And lift the empty goblet, our gourd shall fill its cup.
Behind the smoke and horror let your prophetic eyes
Perceive God's chosen city from your own ashes rise.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York American.

The Breed of the Pioneer.

I
WHEN the water ran up to Montgomery street
And the sand dunes were chilly and bare,
Some were weary and broke, but the jest and the joke
Were the principal parts of their fare.

II
IT WAS bacon and beans
And they ate it in jeans,
Did our fathers, who jested with fear.
They were dare-devil men,
And the toast they gave then
Was, "Here's how for a happy new year."

III
WHEN the ashes were thick on the Market-street track
And we waded knee deep through debris—
Well, it didn't look bright on the old-year night,
But we thought of our dads, you and me.

IV
IT WAS shack and shebeen
And the menu was mean;
And, ye gods, but the ruins were drear.
But we still had a glass
And we let the toast pass,
"Here's how for a happy new year."

V
BUT to-night we can sit in a decent cafe
As another year passes along.
All our faces are bright and our spirits are light,
For the '49 spirit's still strong.

VI
WE ARE back to our own,
We have builded and grown;
We're the seed of the pioneer.
Then it's glass raised high—
The worst has gone by,
"Here's how for a happy new year."

W. O. M'GEEHAN, December 31, 1907.

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-THE FALL OF AN IDOL.-

(With Apologies to R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.)

A hermit there was, and he made his fame,
As you and I might do,
Beginning by silence to win a name,
A name to be foreign to any blame,
A name that would put other fames to shame
When held in the limelight view.

Oh, the days he spent and the thoughts he sent
Into this reputation,
But a girl he met (He's not through with her yet,
And if she'd let him he'd call her pet,)
That spoiled the combination.

This Engineer was a railroad man,
As you or I might be,
A cynical, cold-blooded railroad man,
Built on a so-straight -he-bent-backward plan,
Put smoking and drinking under the ban,
Few, few so good as he.

But the fateful Fourth (for this man from the north)
That started his dissipation
When the girl he met (he's not through with her yet,
Do you think she'll take him in out of the wet?)
Succumbing to her temptation.

He attended the dance as a chaperon,
As you or I might do,
Then discovered that he was the "only one"
This high-toned straight-edged railroad gun,
This fellow who never squandered his "mon"
On drinks or gum to chew.

The excuses he lodged as he deftly dodged
That plausible invitation,
Never availed. She had him nailed,
Nailed so hard that he never quailed,
Good bye, good reputation.

He danced with that girl by the light of the moon
As you or I would have done,
He kicked that the music stopped so soon,
Considered dancing a wonderful boon,
Equal to sitting with one to spoon,
This abandoned railroad son.

And it isn't loss of fame or the blame
That makes him feel like a fraud,
It's the knowledge that down the line it goes,
The story of Engineering woes,
And the further it travels the bigger it grows,
That Jamieson danced with Maude. (McLear)

THE WESTERN PACIFIC AND THE GOULD SYSTEM

Commerce has been tritely defined as taking things from where they're plentiful to where they're needed. Railroading is merely doing marketing on a mammoth scale.

Tracks link city to city. The science of the game is to connect important towns by the shortest route, and at the same time to tap the most productive intervening country.

Railroads are built for two purposes—to get a share of the freight and passenger business that is already there, and to promote the growth and development of districts, communities, natural resources, industries and enterprises that will make for yet more freight and more passengers in the future.

Each road in reaching out from its original center must eventually meet others. In time they become connected and consolidated. They pass to the control of a corporation that then operates the various lines with one set of executive officers. It is cheaper to maintain one set than several.

With groups of consolidated lines scattered over the country, great financiers begin to figure how to unite a whole series and bring them under the control of a single directing power.

Making a Railway System.

Connecting lines merged into a unified organization make what is known as a railroad system.

Public curiosity was aroused more than two years ago by the report that surveyors were seeking a new railway route through the Sierras into California. After a while it became known that the newcomer was to be called the Western Pacific. Of itself, a western slope road reaching over to San Francisco had no great significance. Where was its other end to be? How could it become a formidable competitor of the Southern Pacific and of the Santa Fe unless it developed transcontinental connections. The promoters were non-communicative. They were quietly seeking rights of way at reasonable prices.

Gradually surmise reached conviction. This new road between Salt Lake and the Golden Gate was to be another arm of the great Gould system.

Now, just what is the Gould system?

In the East the Gould system operates to the iron and steel industries of Pennsylvania. In the South it goes through the cotton and the rice fields of Texas. To the northward it skirts Lake Erie on the Canadian side and has for one of its terminals Chicago, with her extensive packing houses and grain markets. In the Middle West it touches the manufacturing cities, where furniture and farming implements and many other things are made, and it connects those factories with the splendid hardwood timber region of Arkansas. On the Mississippi and the Missouri it reaches the great packing houses at St. Louis and Kansas City and links these marts with the corn belt of Kansas. In Colorado and Utah it taps rich mining and agricultural districts. And now, with its final western extension, it is to put all these diversified industries into direct rail connection with California and her enormous supplies of fresh, dried and canned fruits, of vegetables and wine and lumber, all of which will find a ready market somewhere along the lines of the Gould system.

Consolidation of Eight Railroads.

Counting an Eastern extension now being built to close a fifty-mile gap between Pittsburg and Baltimore, and

counting this western reach of 740 miles now being made from Salt Lake City to San Francisco the Gould system will total approximately 20,000 miles of track.

The eight big roads comprising the completed part of the Gould system are the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, the Missouri Pacific Railway, the Texas and Pacific Railway, the International and Great Northern Railroad, the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway, the Wabash Railroad, the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railway, Western Maryland, West Virginia Central and the Wabash-Pittsburg Terminal Railway.

The Rio Grande system, with its branches, extends from Ogden, Utah on the west, to Pueblo, Colorado, on the east and to Santa Fe, New Mexico, on the south. Like a gridiron, its tracks comprehensively cover the western and southern parts of Colorado with three north-and-south and three east-and-west lines. The main parts are the Rio Grande Western, the Denver and Rio Grande and the Rio Grande Southern. These lines also pass through Grand Junction, Glenwood Springs and Denver.

Markets for California Fruits.

Utah and Colorado are mineral States. They produce gold, silver, lead, copper and coal. The mining communities are or can be made large consumers of California dried and canned fruits, and of California timber. In Utah, alone, during the year 1905, the gold, silver, lead, copper and coal mines yielded \$29,808,000. And the principal mining districts—Bingham first, Park City, and then Tintic, are reached by the Gould lines. The Salt Lake Valley is rapidly becoming the greatest smelting center in the world. At Garfield, Utah, on the shore of the Great Salt Lake, the American Smelting and Refining Company has a plant with a capacity of 6,000 tons of ore a day, and the Utah Copper Company and the Bingham Consolidated Mining Company are each erecting smelters that will have a combined capacity of 12,000 tons of ore a day. These three huge smelting concerns, with their aggregate daily capacity of 18,000 tons of ore, are reaching out for more than a Utah business. They will take ore from the Nevada mining towns and from the other inter-mountain districts, and they will come into direct competition with the smelters of the Pacific Coast.

Coal is found in large quantities all over Utah. The possibilities of her coal mining have been only partially developed. In many parts of Utah the farmers get their fuel by going to the adjacent mountains and digging out the coal necessary for domestic use. The coal mines of Carbon and Emery counties alone produced 1,811,000 tons in 1905, valued at nearly \$11,000,000. A great area of 14,500 acres in the northern part of Utah is now growing sugar beets. There are beet sugar factories at Lehi, Garland, Springfield, Provo, and Bingham Junction. They produced 45,000,000 pounds of sugar in 1905, valued at \$2,000,000. The main plant is at Lehi. There all the refining is done. At the other factories the juice is merely crushed out of the beets and then it is pumped through great iron pipes a distance of more than twenty miles to the refinery at Lehi. At the beginning of the year 1906 there were 500,000 head of cattle and 3,265,000 head of sheep in the State of Utah. Dairying is a very profitable business, and creameries are in constant operation in all the well settled counties.

Colorado has latterly gained the distinction, even over California, of being the foremost mineral producing State in the Union. During the forty-six years from 1859 to the beginning of 1905, Colorado's mines produced in gold, silver, lead, copper and zinc an aggregate of \$889,203,000, and during 1905 this yield was increased by \$47,750,000, which was a gain of \$7,000,000 over the preceding year. More than \$25,000,000 of the product of 1905 was treated in the smelters of Pueblo, Denver, Leadville, Durango, Salida and Argo. Colorado also possesses an inexhaustible coal supply. Geological reports show that the coal-bearing strata cover 40,000 square miles, or one-third of the area of the State. Today Colorado ranks fifth among the coal-producing States of the country. More than a million tons of Colorado coal are shipped each year into Utah, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Texas, Montana and California. In 1873, the yield was 70,000 tons. In 1905, it had grown to 8,805,000 tons. And that is but the beginning. How the beet sugar industry stands to-day in Colorado may be inferred from the figures in 1899 (first year's yield), \$100,000 worth; in 1905 (sixth year), \$7,435,000 worth of sugar.

"Scenic Line of the World."

But there is something of greater interest to the average traveler. That Rocky Mountain region is wild and grand and awful in its picturesque passes. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is known everywhere as "the scenic line of the world." The Canyon of the Arkansas, with its Royal Gorge, the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, the Canyon of the Rio de los Animas, the Canyon of the Rio Grande, all are as grand and inspiring as anything of their kind in Switzerland and far more varied in character. The walls of these American canyons traversed by the Gould system scale 2,000 feet in perpendicular height. In Europe the highest inhabited spot is the Hospice of St. Bernard, in Switzerland, 8,200 feet. In Colorado, the mining town of Leadville, with 15,000 inhabitants, is 10,200 feet above sea-level, and there are lesser mining camps still higher, some of the gold and silver being taken out at towns more than 13,000 feet above the level of the ocean. The highest thoroughfare for wagons in all Europe is said to be the Stelvio road in Switzerland, 9,170 feet. But in Colorado the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad goes through three Rock Mountain passes that make the Switzerland wagon road seem nothing to boast of. At Fremont pass the rails are at an altitude of 11,328 feet, at Marshall pass at an altitude of 10,856 feet, and at Tennessee pass at an altitude of 10,240 feet. And a terminal of one of the Rio Grande's branches up to a mine attains an altitude of 11,522 feet, which is the record as the highest traction railroad in the world.

Not only is there grandeur of scenery along this link in the Gould system and sublimity of view, but the traveler over the Gould transcontinental lines finds in Colorado mineral springs that, by scientific comparison and analyses, equal in many cases and surpass in others some of the famous mineral springs of France, Germany, Austria and Switzerland. It is only a matter of education and time before the American public will thoroughly understand these attractions of the home country. And as the flow of summer travel turns more abundantly to the mountains and scenery and resorts

of the only partly appreciated west, that tide will bear its settlers, and California will begin to come more and more into its own.

Links in the System.

From San Francisco to Salt Lake City the Gould system will bear the name Western Pacific. From Salt Lake City to Pueblo, Col., it is the Rio Grande system, with its network of supplementary lines and branches. From Pueblo to St. Louis, it is the Missouri Pacific. From St. Louis through Arkansas to Texarkana in Texas, it is the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern. From Texarkana westward to El Paso it is the Texas and Pacific. From Fort Worth on the Texas and Pacific to Galveston on the Gulf, it is the International and Great Northern. From Texarkana southward to New Orleans, at the mouth of the Mississippi, it is yet another line. From Kansas City, Omaha and St. Louis eastward by two routes, with reaching branches, it is the Wabash system. The rib extending from Kansas City eastward through Fort Wayne, Toledo and Cleveland ends temporarily at Pittsburg, but it is very soon to have for its Atlantic terminal the city of Baltimore, on Chesapeake bay. The other great rib from Omaha and St. Louis northward and eastward, with many feeders, runs through Des Moines, Chicago, Detroit and a strip of Canadian country to a terminal at Buffalo. Combined, these two long ribs radiating from the Missouri river eastward consist of the Wabash Railroad, the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad, the Wabash-Pittsburg Terminal and the West Side Belt Railroad.

Resources They Reach.

And what do all these parts of the system east of Pueblo feed upon for traffic? The Missouri Pacific, with its numerous branches, covers the corn, wheat and live stock producing sections of the State of Kansas. It goes into the gas and oil belts which are rapidly developing their own manufacturing districts, and it also taps the comparatively new zinc and lead mining country in the southeastern part of Missouri, now declared to have the most extensive supplies of these metals to be found in the United States.

The St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern runs diagonally across the State of Arkansas, dividing it into two almost equal parts. This line skirts the picturesque Ozark mountain range and sends out feeders to Columbus, Ky.; Memphis, Tenn.; Arkansas City, Ark., and other places of commercial importance along the Mississippi river. Arkansas has the greatest variety of timber for commercial purposes of any State in the Union. There are 30,000 square miles of heavily timbered country in Arkansas, growing 129 species of timber, including yellow pine, oak of many varieties, maple, elm, ash, cypress, walnut and every variety of hickory that grows in North America. There are 10,000,000 acres of pine land alone. In addition to the heavy shipments of furniture woods to the manufacturing cities of the central region, vast quantities of hardwood lumber and practically all of the cooperage stock used in the manufacture of wine barrels are annually shipped from Arkansas to California. Rich as she is in forests, Arkansas has mineral resources of almost incalculable value.

Fight for a Terminal.

How determinedly the Gould system goes at what it plans is evidenced by its final entrance into Pittsburg. For years the coming of the Wabash into that great manufacturing city was fought by rival roads. It was the most stubborn and sensational contest in the history of railroad building. Every step of the way was opposed. Almost insurmountable obstacles were met and pushed aside. But the Gould system came on and on right into Pittsburg just the same, and to-day the Wabash has in Pittsburg as

a triumphant monument of its successful entry the finest terminal station in the United States. It is right in the heart of the city adjacent to the wholesale district. Twenty million dollars were spent for those terminal facilities right in Pittsburg alone. Is there a hint in this of how the Western Pacific means to get into San Francisco and have commanding terminal facilities.

Why It Comes to California.

So the Gould system is coming into California. First it will have its main transcontinental extension through Beckwourth Pass, Oroville, Marysville, Sacramento, Stockton and Niles to Oakland and San Jose. Then it will go on reaching out over the rich parts of California the way it has spread over Colorado, Arkansas and Texas. Where there are prospects of traffic and greater future development and greater population, thither the Western Pacific will be projected, down into the San Joaquin, through the Santa Clara Valley, seeking its share of the traffic of the future. Ultimately it may penetrate to southern California, and some day, perhaps, close the gap from the Pacific to El Paso by curving down through some of that rich mining country of growing Arizona and New Mexico.

What has tempted the Gould system to come to California is known to the world. But what the Western Pacific is doing and planning to do is not well known. The Western Pacific has laid its plans carefully, with two primary considerations in view—one is a direct, low-grade route through to San Francisco, and the other is the attainment of extensive and advantageous terminal facilities on the edges of San Francisco bay, where connection can be had with ware houses and factories and with the steamers of the Pacific without waste of labor and money in rehandling freight.

The work being done is a gigantic task. Between Niles and Altamont three tunnels are being cut, aggregating 4,800 feet in length. Between Oroville and the Nevada State line thirty-six tunnels are being bored, a total of 30,771 feet. One of these Sierra-slope tunnels is more than 7,000 feet long. The object of these expensive cuts through the rock-ribbed ridges of the Sierra is to get as straight a route as possible and one crossing the mountains at the lowest available altitude. And the object is being attained by traversing Beckwourth pass, at an altitude of about 2,000 feet less than the summit route chosen for the Central Pacific; by producing a road so nearly free from grades that large passenger trains will be able to maintain a regular speed of sixty miles an hour and a single freight locomotive will be able to pass over the mountains at normal speed, hauling a long train of loaded cars. There will be no snow-sheds, no double-headed trains, no slow and puffing and tedious climbs to the summit.

Wonderful Picture Route.

But in attaining these practical results the Western Pacific has also sought and secured a wonderful scenic route that makes a fit western extension for the Gould system's Rio Grande scenic line through Colorado. The Western Pacific connected with the Denver and Rio Grande will make the grandest mountain railroad route, the most picturesque of all transcontinental lines.

It will skirt thirty mountain-top lakes in the Mohawk valley region of California, beautiful bodies of tree-skirted water three and a half miles by one and a half down to mirroring lakelets a half mile square. These lakes and their tributary mountain streams are the angler's paradise. Along through this wild, rugged country the tracks will cleave through dense primeval forests of some of the finest white pine and sugar pine in the United States. The road is coming down Sierra slopes where are almost forgotten camps of the gold miners of

49, down the Middle Fork of the Feather river, down Spring Garden Creek, Spanish creek, Indian creek, East branch and North Fork of the Feather, skirting gushing mountain streams, and traversing beautiful meadow lands, each with its little nestling group of old settlers' houses and each with its tiny orchard. It goes through a region rich in California romance, dotted with half-forgotten cabins and peopled by quaint characters who have dwelt there since the picturesque mining days. It threads through such historic places as Bidwell's Bar, Rich Bar and Big Bend. One of these old camps produced its \$14,000,000 in virgin placer gold, and within a radius of two miles of Rich Bar the pioneers took out \$30,000,000 of yellow nuggets and dust.

In preparing for the actual work of railroad building the Western Pacific has constructed a preliminary system of wagon roads paralleling the future track, in order to haul heavy machinery into the various sections. These wagon roads winding up through the Sierras to convey steam shovels, little traction engines, tools, tons of blasting powder, and other necessities to the quaint railroad camps, will remain permanent im-

provements for the future use of settlers and visitors to this beautiful section of California that is again to be brought to the attention of the world. Nowhere is money being spared upon this gigantic ceremony of wedding the Gould system, linking the Atlantic to the Pacific with a transcontinental line that will make San Francisco the western terminal for a system of 16,000 miles of track.

The Western Pacific Railroad

By John Eaton Baines—

—In the Railway Critic.

A notable epoch in the history of railroading in the United States will be marked by the opening to travel and commerce of the Western Pacific Railroad, by which the Gould system will have an ocean to ocean line, through an interesting and rich country, with principal termini at Baltimore and San Francisco. This undertaking of the Gould interests is now well advanced toward completion. Unless some unforeseen difficulties intervene, which does not seem probable at the present time, the Gould roads will be running transcontinental trains within two years.

The Gould lines at the present time have two great eastern termini, one at Buffalo, N. Y., running thence to Pittsburgh; the other at Baltimore, running thence to Cumberland, Maryland. The main line of the Gould transatlantic road, when the Western Pacific carries it to the Pacific ocean, will be between Baltimore and Oakland, by a remarkably direct route. The first section of this road is now built and being operated between Baltimore and Cumberland, Md. From Cumberland, a link is being built to Wheeling, West Virginia, whence the line will run, via the Wheeling & Lake Erie, the Wabash and Missouri Pacific roads, to Pueblo. From Pueblo the road will be over the tracks of the Denver & Rio Grande to Salt Lake City. From Salt Lake City the Western Pacific Railroad, now under construction, will complete the whole line to Oakland and the Pacific ocean.

The Western Pacific road will traverse a peculiarly attractive country. From Salt Lake City the tracks will skirt around the southern shores of the Great Salt Lake, of which excellent views may be had from the car windows. The path followed here will just miss the prominent mountain region, advantage being taken of passes and of every other natural feature that tends to lessen grades. In fact, emphasis must be laid upon the fact that the grades throughout the whole extent of the Western Pacific road do not exceed one per cent., which is a unique condition in transcontinental roads.

After leaving the southern shore of Great Salt Lake, the road enters and crosses the wonderful mud desert, one of the most interesting geologic sights of the country. This remarkable desert is 100 miles long and 10 miles wide. From the mud desert the line goes into the Goshute Valley, crossing the tracks of the Nevada Northern Railroad, which is now being built from Cobre, Nev., to the old mining town of Ely, where there are important copper deposits. After leaving the Goshute valley, the line passes across the Poquob range, where in all probability, unless present plans are changed, there will be a tunnel 12,000 feet long—over two miles of tunnel, through a region calling for the exhibition of the highest engineering skill. From this tunnel, the road goes to Wells, on the Humboldt river, after which it follows the river banks for a distance of 183 miles, paralleling the Southern Pacific road, to Winnemucca, Nev. From Winnemucca, the Western Pacific runs nearly due west to the Black Rock desert, where it turns south, striking the north-

west corner of Pyramid Lake, and entering the State of California in the Honey Lake Valley.

Then the road climbs the mountains to Beckwourth Pass, named after the famous old guide of pioneer days, Jim Beckwourth. This is the summit of the Sierras reached by the Western Pacific, the elevation being 5,019 feet, which is 2,999 feet less than the greatest elevation of the Central Pacific at Donner lake. The greatest elevation anywhere on the Western Pacific is 5,905 feet, at the summit of the Toane range, on the rim of the Salt Lake basin, close to the Utah line. At Beckwourth Pass there will be a tunnel 6,500 feet long, which carries the line to the extreme head of the Feather river, which it follows for a distance of 135 miles to Oroville. In the course of this distance of 135 miles there is a tunnel at Spring Garden Creek 7,300 feet long. There is likewise a loop just to the westward, where the track crosses itself, the curve containing no less than 400 degrees of curvature. The descent from the Sierra Nevada range is at a one per cent. grade—52.8 feet to the mile.

From Oroville the road goes to Marysville, thence to Sacramento, and from Sacramento to Stockton. Between these points the road is nearly an air-line. From Stockton the road will make use of the eighteen miles of the Alameda & San Joaquin Railroad, which was purchased by the Western Pacific road. The road follows the route of Alameda Creek to Niles, where there is a tunnel 4,100 feet long. From Niles the road runs directly to Oakland by way of Hayward and San Leandro.

The Western Pacific Railroad, in addition to following the route having the lightest grades across the mountains, will follow one of the most picturesque regions of the continent. In addition to the variety of mountain, lake, valley, desert and river bank scenery ever present, there will be places of historic interest traversed by the road, which will be equipped with the latest devices and inventions of railroad engineering. The entire length of the Western Pacific, from Salt Lake City to the Ferry Building in San Francisco, will be 924 miles.

Work is being prosecuted vigorously on the Western Pacific. The engineering corps have carefully surveyed the entire route and are now engaged in laying out the path of the road across the tract which it will pass. The construction gangs are in the field and every effort is being made to prosecute the work with both speed and thoroughness.

The completion of this route across the continent will mark an important epoch in the development of railroading in the United States. The tremendous growth of commerce in the far West during the past few years has made the demand for this new route greater than ever, and the steady increase of transcontinental travel and transportation of freight promises that the road will have plenty of business before it. With all the latest improvements in the fittings and outfits of its cars, the Western Pacific, with its allied lines, will offer to both traveler and shipper advantages of peculiar value.

HAD OPPORTUNITY TO CONTRAST ROUTES

Division Engineer Oliver, of the Western Pacific Passes Over Both Routes Across the Sierras.

BECKWITH ROUTE FAR SUPERIOR

Mr. Emery Oliver, Division Engineer of the Western Pacific, who has charge of that portion of the route between Quincy and Oroville, his office being at the latter place, arrived Saturday, having come over the mountains by way of the Central Pacific to Boca, thence to Beckwith and Quincy. His train was in the snow blockade near Summit, and he therefore had an excellent opportunity to gain a correct idea of the heavy snowfall in that section. He reports seventeen feet of solid snow. It was also his first opportunity to view the snowsheds through which the Central Pacific line passes for a distance of nearly forty miles.

Arriving at Chilcoot and Beckwith last Friday, he found about a couple of inches of snow at each of the two places.

The conditions along the Beckwith Pass route over the Sierras, immediately after the heavy storm, were in striking contrast with those existing on the Central Pacific route, and serve to emphasize the superiority of the former over the latter as a route for winter travel, both in point of convenience and economy of operation.

The difference between the two routes mentioned cannot be obliterated by the construction of the proposed long tunnel under the Sierras from Donner Lake to the American river side. At most, the tunnel, if completed, would lower the altitude of the line at that point not over 850 feet, leaving to the advantage of the Western Pacific a difference in altitude of considerably more than 1,000 feet.

After spending Sunday in Quincy, Mr. Oliver started down the North Fork on horseback to inspect the construction work now going on along the river.



WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is the LIFE-BLOOD of the Universe,
Pulsating ever from the heart of God—
Thrilling creation with ecstatic joy!
The LIGHT, which, like thick darkness, may be felt,
Making night luminous with myriad stars:—
The FRAGRANT INCENSE from a soul aflame,
Rising in worship to its kindling orb:—
The PRECIOUS OINTMENT, poured (of costly price)
Perchance by hand of wayward child of sin,
Redeemed to ways of virtue and of peace:—
The BALM which soothes the heart-wounds of our race,
And turns to nectar many a worm-wood draught:—
Willing SELF-SACRIFICE for other's weal,
E'en should such sacrifice bring ill requite:—
The HONEY'D BLISS which sweetly fills the mind
At consciousness of others being blest—
A bliss untouched by envy's bitter sting:—
The SPELL which blinds the eyes to ought of ill,
And clothes the object loved in robes of white,
All fair and pure, e'en though those robes appear
To other eyes as soiled and worthless rags:—
The INSIGHT keen, which sees in common clay
The kindling sapphire, and the topaz flame,
Or, the bright diamond in the grimy coal—
Such vision comes to love-enamored eyes:—
The MAGIC, born of sunbeam and of dew

Which ope the swelling rose-buds of the heart
In life's young morn, filling the ambient air
With rarest odors Eden ever knew:—
The LEVER that can raise a sunken world
From the deep mire of sordid selfishness
And the low depths of ignorance and vice
To the pure heights of true self-sacrifice,
Where stars shine out, and sunlight gilds the hills
And perfumed dew drops gem the paths of life
THE OIL, which dropping from the practised hand
On the machinery of human life
By skilful engineer, makes all its wheels
Rotate with easy motion and true grace,
Preventing friction and promoting power.
The ALCHEMY which purifies the soul
From its dull dross, and makes the latent good
Shine out, as sunlight shines from burnished ore:—
The FABLED STONE of the Philosopher
Which, touching, turneth everything to gold,
And makes the heart laugh in the face of want:—
The Law and Gospel sweetly merged in one:
The grand ideal of the mind Divine;
The INCARNATION of the CHRIST in man:
The MYSTIC CHAIN, which, linking heart to heart
Unites us all, and binds us all to God:—
'Tis GOD with us, in us, and o'er us all:—
'Tis Heaven's, and Earth's, and nature's loud AMEN!
ROSS JOHNSTON.
Whitby, Ont., Canada.

SUCCESSFUL FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT QUINCY

A LARGE CROWD IN ATTENDANCE AND A GOOD PROGRAM RENDERED.

The celebration of the Fourth of July in Quincy last Thursday was attended by a very large crowd of people, and as a whole they seemed to enjoy themselves as well as could be expected on such occasions. Distant portions of the county were represented, especially Indian Valley, Sierra Valley, Spanish Ranch and other points. During the early morning numerous national salutes served to awaken our people and announce the 132nd anniversary of American independence. At 10 o'clock the Quincy Band, consisting of nearly twenty pieces, assembled in the Courthouse square and favored the people with preliminary music. At the appointed hour M. C. Kerr, President of the Day, called the assemblage to order in a few well-chosen remarks. He announced the first order of exercises to be music by the Band, which was followed by an earnest and patriotic invocation delivered by Rev. P. H. Willis. The next number on the program was a vocal selection by the glee club, consisting of twelve members—Messrs. Graham Stephenson, L. A. Barrett, A. Barrett, — Laughlin, L. L. Clough, Rev. P. H. Willis, W. P. Boyden, J. E. Wilson, Gilbert Palmer, W. P. McHagar, A. R. Powers and Miss Leora Hail (pianist). This number was followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence by A. W. Keddie. Mr. Keddie's rendition of the historic document was an able elocutionary effort, and was highly applauded. After music by the Band and another vocal selection by the glee club, President Kerr, in a few complimentary remarks, introduced Judge C. E. McLaughlin as orator of the day. The Judge's appearance was greeted with applause.

The Oration.

The oration delivered by Judge McLaughlin was an able and eloquent effort, many expressing the opinion that it was the best to which it had ever been their privilege to listen. In opening his oration the Judge congratulated the people of Plumas upon the bright prospects now before the county. Briefly and without dwelling on historical incidents in detail, he reviewed the history and progress of our country, dwelt at some length on the importance of realizing and appreciating the great sacrifices made by the unselfish patriotic men devoted to high ideals and principles, in order to found and preserve this republic. He sketched the characteristics of the men and women whose steady, unswerving adherence to duty and right impressed upon our national character those elements which led to past and present greatness. He said that our obligations to the actors of the mighty past demand that we cultivate the highest type of patriotism.

The speaker next analyzed patriotism and argued that love of country alone would not satisfy the demands of patriotic citizens. He said that the greatness of this, our country, rested in small part upon the achievements of our warriors, but was based mainly on the efforts of those who pushed westward, blazing a pathway for progress, civilization and our country's flag from ocean to ocean.

During the progress of his oration, which was punctuated by frequent applause, Judge McLaughlin said:

JUDGE McLAUGHLIN DELIVERED AN ABLE ORATION TO APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.

"One of the greatest dangers", he said, "menacing republican institutions is the tendency of the young man and young woman to look down upon labor and to regard toil, manual toil, as degrading. Against such fallacious and harmful ideas it is time for every patriotic citizen to raise his voice in protest. If the men and women born on the soil are unwilling to perform the tasks essential to industrial prosperity, the necessity arises to import aliens tutored to nothing else, from other climes, to do so. The result has been and will be to cause a constantly increasing number of yellow men and Hindoos and other peoples of unassimilable blood to come to our shore and take the places and perform the tasks of our boys and girls. This, in itself, would not be so dangerous if in its train did not follow the absorption of our land by people of nonassimilable blood. Much of this blood is nonassimilable. It cannot blend or mix with ours. A homogeneous people are always a strong people, making a great nation. Homogeneity is impossible where all races mingle on the same soil. The lowest type of immigrant of Caucasian blood will, through his descendants, in one generation or more, become part of us—his children will marry our children and the result will be that homogeneity so essential to national strength. Not so, however, with the people where assimilation is impossible by reason of the irrevocable natural laws which have the force and power of a mandate from the Creator. We have had a sad experience in one of the fairest portions of the United States in a war which cost five hundred thousand lives and untold millions in money to partially settle one race question, and we should not make the hazardous mistake of inviting another conflict on the western shores of this continent. We need not fear Japanese guns, we can do without her commerce, but if American boys permit them to absorb our land, everything else in our civilization and our form of government will speedily follow it. The Indian survives only on land we have permitted him to retain. And even our proud people may have their pride subdued if these people are permitted to occupy, own and till our orchards and farms. God placed the nation it embraces separately on the face of the earth and nothing but friction and disaster has followed an attempt to violate this natural law and intermingle them.

"The home is the basis of the State. A nation of homes can never lack defenders. Our boys will fight to the death in defense of their homes, but I seriously question whether many of them would sacrifice their lives for a nation of boarding houses. We cannot place too much stress upon the importance of the home. Temptation and degradation beset the loiterer by the wayside, but never show their hideous faces in the light of a well-ordered home. I plead for the perpetuation and multiplication of American homes. I plead for them because I would reduce the constantly increasing

INDIAN VALLEY BASEBALL TEAMS WIN FIRST AND SECOND PRIZES.

numbers in our penitentiaries, poor houses and insane asylums and because many social and economic problems would thereby find solution. I plead for them because I would call American boys back from the roadsides where too many of them are tramping, from the slums where too many of them are rioting, from the downward paths too many of them are descending, back, back to old time aspirations for the sacred light of home, where they would have something to live for, something to hope for, something to fight for, something to die for. I plead for them because I would direct

the footsteps of American maidens toward the holy, sheltering light of home, away from the temples of mistaken independence and ease, where disregard of woman's duty to country, God and race is high priest, where altars are blazing to lure but to destroy.

"I hold that our girls should ignore false social distinctions based on wealth alone, and should help the man of their choice to build and furnish a cottage where the incense of love is all pervading, where a thrifty, tidy housewife met a healthy-minded husband with a kiss at eventide, where the fragrance of the jasmine hung about the door. The pioneer women of this nation who stood by the sides of their husbands in the little clearings of the wilds of Kentucky, on the banks of the Mississippi, and in the miners' cabins on the slopes of the Sierras, were in reality the builders of not only a mighty State, but of a virile,



JUDGE C. E. McLAUGHLIN.

strong, courageous people. No State can be built without labor and I have little patience with the idea either that men alone must do such labor, or that any form of manual toil is other than ennobling. I have seen the strong, healthy, plainly-clad farmer shrink as he heard the whispered name of 'Reuben.' On such occasions my mind reverted to the Reubens of 1776 who left their Massachusetts farms to supply the holy

blood of baptism for this nation at Lexington. I thought of the Reubens whose draining veins in large measure supplied the sacrificial blood flowing throughout the Civil War for the preservation of this nation and that flag. I have seen, on streetcars and in other places, foppish gather its coat-tails and vanity its skirts when the dusty and smoke begrimed laborer, artisan and mechanic sank into seats hardly where false superiority was resting. And I thought of the men who have builded and are building magnificent cities with hammer and chisel and trowel and nod; Of the men who linked the States together with parallel bands of steel and builded engines to pulse and throb like the handiwork of God. I thought of the men who drove the rivets in the Oregon to their places, who laid the keel and adjusted the machinery and guns with nice precision that she might thunder the message of a nation's power as the ships of Spain disappeared beneath the waves of the Caribbean Sea. Ah, American boys, do not be foolish. See in the sweat which crown the brow of labor the badge of achievement, instead of a token of degradation. If Reuben ever sulks in his plow handles or allows his pruning hooks and scythes to rust, if Reuben turns over his farms to tillers not of our Caucasian blood, a nation with all its wise and its foolish, its exalted and humble, will kneel imploringly at his feet, as they point to the rapidly descending flag of their country. If the hammer should cease to ring and the forges to glow in American workshops, if steady hands no longer hold the throttles controlling innumerable trains and whirling machinery; if the chisel no longer traces lines of progress on the stones which form the temple, what then will become of American greatness, American progress and American institutions? But industry alone will not suffice without integrity and honor. It is time to teach our young men lessons of honor when several United States Senators and State Senators have been branded with dishonor very recently; when trained financiers entrusted with millions by their fellows have proven recreant to their trust; when a great many men openly assert that the heinousness of wrongdoing consists not in the commission of the sin, but in its detection. It is high time to talk of honor when in the stricken metropolis of our State, at a time when she was claiming and receiving the sympathy and help of the civilized world, was betrayed in her hour of direst need by trusted public officials, many of whom were born and reared and honored in San Francisco. It is time to say to American boys that the accumulation of wealth by shrewdly dishonest speculation, by the arts of secret knavery, is dishonored—that wealth or place or distinction won through sacrifice of honor and self respect is abject, utter failure—that even though the inward monitor of conscience stands as sole accuser there can be no happiness, there cannot be true and lasting success, they cannot be satisfied with themselves unless they can stand before a mirror and look themselves squarely in the eye, and the man who can meet his own gaze without flinching can look every other man in the eye fearlessly.

"All citizens should have profound respect for law which protects the personal and property rights of every man, no matter how humble or exalted his station or how much or little of this world's goods he may possess. The man who has most, recognizing the protection afforded his property, which protection is commensurate with the volume of his wealth, should be foremost in this. Anarchy is the sworn foe of all law, and

anything which tends to undermine, overthrow or foster disrespect for law is anarchy. The long-haired, wily individual who roars and rants in advocacy of the destruction of all government is undoubtedly dangerous and should be suppressed by the government and laws against which he plots destruction. He has no place or mission in this country where every wrong may be righted through the exercise of the privileges of citizenship, where every man may speak in voice of thunder at the polls. But he is infinitely less dangerous than the man who invokes the aid of law when it suits his purpose or advances his selfish and perhaps unallowed interest and flouts and disregards it when it offers obstacles to his desires or plans; infinitely less dangerous than the man who sneers at the process of courts, laughs at the mandates of properly constituted committees and punishes subordinates who dare to relate unwelcome truths under oath; less dangerous by far than the man who corrupts or attempts to corrupt public officials holding the public safety, public interests and public welfare in their keeping; infinitely less dangerous than the public servants who stand ready to barter their honor and the welfare of the public for gold or for place, content for that small meed to take their places beside a Benedict Arnold who attempted to betray his country, beside a despised and execrated Judas who, with a kiss of feigned affection, sealed the doom of the Benefactor of Mankind, and led the gentle Nazarene to Calvary's sacrifice and cross.

"No country is so dependent upon intelligence properly trained than this republic, for upon that intelligence the safety of our institutions depends. It is necessary in order that the citizen may properly perform his duties as such and be able to successfully perform his duties in everyday business, industrial and commercial life. The necessity for properly guarding and conserving the interests of our boys particularly, demands a recognition of the fact that changes in our system must be made to meet changed conditions. The field for unskilled labor is constantly contracting, and through a law of compensation the field for skilled labor is constantly enlarging. To illustrate: The men who are displaced in our fields by the combined harvester may find employment in manufacturing the machines which lost them their employment. Hence, the time has arrived when we must educate the hands as well as the heads of the young people. Not all the boys who are tramping the roadsides are responsible for their unfortunate plight. We must have manual training and polytechnic schools if within the reach of every boy in this and other States. We should perform this duty speedily. God pity the boy born to-day who faces the world twenty years from now without such training. He will be doomed to failure ere he starts in life.

The oration was followed by the singing of "America" by the glee club, and a closing selection by the Quincy Band. The crowd then dispersed for luncheon.

Athletic Sports.

The program of athletic sports pulled off in the afternoon, prior to the baseball game, was rather short, but proved quite interesting to a large crowd of spectators. The first was a seventy-five-yard dash for boys under 15 years of age. Ervine Thomas won the first prize and Lee Maurer the second.

There were three entries for the three-legged race, which was won by Thos. Baker and L. P. McIntyre of Greenville.

In the 100-yard dash, M. Benedict came out ahead, with W. H. Draney second.

In the 50-yard dash for girls, Cecil White took the first prize and Irma Stivers the second.

The next was a relay race four times around the Courthouse square, won by a Greenville team.

In the running high jump, M. Benedict took the first prize and H. F. Hail the second. The standing broad jump was won by H. F. Hail, with — Berlinger second.

This closed the athletic sports prior to the interesting events of the afternoon, the baseball contests. For the prizes offered in these contests, \$100 to the best team and \$50 for the second, there were four entries, the clubs from Beckwith, Taylorsville, Greenville and Spanish Ranch. The first two to meet on the diamond were the Beckwith and Taylorsville teams.

The contest between the two nines was sharp and interesting. It resulted in a victory for the Taylorsville team by a score of 14 to 11.

The next contest was between the Greenville and Spanish Ranch teams, resulting in an easy victory for the Greenville boys by a score of 19 to 6. The second game was finished late in the afternoon, making it necessary to play the deciding game Friday morning.

At about 7 o'clock in the evening, a match footrace was run between the celebrated sprinter Tom Loveless and Mr. Chappel, an amateur athlete recently from New London, Conn. The contest proved a great surprise, Mr. Chappel easily defeating the local man, making the 100 yards in about 11 seconds. Following this, was a tug-of-war between six Swedes on the one side and a mixed crew on the other. The battle for superiority was stubbornly fought and worked up a great deal of excitement among the spectators.

This closed the athletic sports of the day.

The Grand Ball.

The next important event was the grand ball given at the Plumas House. This was attended by the largest crowd ever witnessed in a ball-room in Quincy. The large ball-room, 33x65 feet was brilliantly lighted for the occasion. By some oversight, however, it had not been provided with seats when the large crowd began to fill it. It required some little time to adjust this matter, and then the merry dance began. The hall was veritably packed with dancers and it soon became so crowded that the committee in charge was forced to open up the Town Hall and provide it with a band of music. With the crowd thus divided, dancing was conducted with a greater degree of comfort until the early morning hours. At midnight, an excellent supper was served at the Plumas House. Although extraordinary preparations had been made by Mr. and Mrs. Harding for this event, it required the setting of three tables to accommodate the guests. The music furnished by the two string bands appeared quite acceptable to the dancers.

Concluding Ball Game.

The deciding ball game was played early Friday morning between the Taylorsville and Greenville nines, both of whom had been successful the previous day. The contest between the two nines was very sharp, the game being one of the best contested ever played in Quincy. It resulted in favor of Greenville by a score of 9 to 8.

HERE'S HYMN OF HATE WHICH WON RED EAGLE

*Kaiser Confers Decoration on Ernest Lissauer, Who
Wrote Diatribe Against England—"We Have One
Foe and One Alone," Says Poet.*

The Kaiser has conferred upon Ernest Lissauer, author of "The Hymn of Hate," the order of the Red Eagle of the Fourth Class, with the Royal Crown, according to a recent cable.

Lissauer's poem, a diatribe against England, printed in *Jugend*, attracted a great deal of comment here, favorable and otherwise. An English version by Barbara Henderson follows:

French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot;

We love them not, we hate them not,
We hold the Welchesel and Vosges-

gate,
We have but one and only hate.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone.

He is known to you all; he is known
to you all;
He crouches behind the dark gray
flood,

Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall.
Cut off by waves that are thicker
than blood.

Come, let us stand at the judgment
place,

An oath to swear to, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons
to take.

Come, hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the Fatherland make it
heard:

We will never forego our hate,
We have all but a single hate,

We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

In the Captain's mess, in the banquet
hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all,
Like a saber blow, like the swing of
a sail,

One seized his glass held high to hail:
Sharp snapped like the stroke of a
rudder's play,
Spoke three words only: "To the
Day!"

Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate.
Who was thus known?
They had one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

Take you the folk of the Earth in
pay,
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,
Redeck the ocean with a bow on bow,
Ye reckon well, but not well enough
now.

French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot!
We fight the battle with bronze and
steel,

And the time that is coming Peace
will seal.

YOU will we hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forego our hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the
hand,

Hate of the hammer and hate of the
crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking
down.

We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

Verses For the Big Day

CLYDE C. WESTOVER, a San Francisco newspaper man, who was selected by the Citizens' Committee for the Exposition's opening day to compose an ode in celebration of the event has submitted the following lines to the committee. The poem, which is vividly expressive of the conception of the Exposition, will be inscribed on the opening day program.

The spirits of the padrons old, whose sandaled feet have trod
The lane of Time that led them to the mighty throne of God,
In some dark crypt kneel down and voice their meed of praise
To iron wills and burgeoned hopes that wrought this day of days.

The seeds of faith by their hands sown and ripened into grain
Have peopled our old, golden land with stocks of sturdy strain.
And Argonauts who braved the wilds to reach our fabled shore
Left heritage of dauntless souls to ope Achievement's door.

The prow of progress cleft the wave and dared the sea-born gale;
The caravel of Romans rode the tide with billowed sail;
The Titan Gods of Labor reared the City at the Gate—
Reared it again on embers' glow when razed by hand of Fate.

This City's shield up-rears its towers upon the bay-kissed strand,
Colossal, cries its welcome to the folk of every land;
And each proud dome and minaret, with oriflammes aflame,
To sunset shores invites the World, in California's name.

The Exposition City marks an epoch in our age,
Indited by the hand of Man on History's brightest page;
The Muses, in its lofty hills, their mural frivols take,
And Art and Science, on its walls, a close communion make.

The gray-green hills, the wind-swept wave, the rose-tints of the sky
Are blended in the color-scheme by Art's unerring eye;
And sculptured groups, in lithic pose, a-top each colonnade
Flaunt back the blazon of the sun, immense and unafraid.

Each massive arch, each palm-lined drive, each silver-fountained court,
With subtle, elfin lure extends a friendly hand to sport.
Let's lift the burden of drear earth, of joy to harvest toll,
While we attune our praiseful throats to music of the soul.

The Panama Canal has turned the commerce of the world,
Toward our gates; let's celebrate, with every flag unfurled,
And, as a fitting nuptial gift, present the City's keys
To all, while we commemorate the Wedding of the Seas.

YOUNG LOVE

By Richard Le Gallienne.

Young love, all rainbows in the lane,
Brushed by the honeysuckle vines,
Scattered the wild rose in a dream:
A sweeter thing his arm entwines.

Ah, redder lips than any rose!
Ah, sweeter breath than any bee
Sucks from the heart of any flower!
Ah, bosom like the Summer sea!

A fairy creature made of dew
And moonrise and the songs of birds,
And laughter like the running brook,
And little soft, heart-broken words.

Haunted as marble in the moon,
Her whiteness lies on young love's
breast,
And living frankincense and myrrh
Her lips that on his lips are pressed.

Her eyes are lost within his eyes,
His eyes in hers are fathoms deep;
Death is not stiller than these twain
That smile as in a magic sleep.

I heard him say as they went by,
Two human flowers in the dew;
"Darling, ah, God, if you should die,
You know, that moment I die, too."

I heard her say: "I could not live
An hour without you"; heard her say:
"My life is in your hands to keep,
To keep or just to throw away."

I heard him say: "For just us two
The world was made, the stars above
Move in their orbits, to this end:
That you and I should meet and love."

I heard her say: "And God himself
Has us in keeping, heart to heart;
In his great book our names are writ—
The Book of Those that Never Part."

"How strange it is!" I heard him say;
"How strange!" and yet again, "How
strange!
To meet at last, and know this love
Of ours can never fade or change."

"How strange to think that you are mine,
Each little hair of your dear head,
And no one else's in the world—
How strange it is!" the woman said.
* * *

I stand aside to let them pass;
My Autumn face they never see;
Their eyes are on the rising sun,
But 'tis the setting sun for me.

For me no wild rose in the lane,
But only sad autumnal flowers,
And falling shadows and old sighs,
And melancholy drift of hours!
—Town Topics.



MR. AND MRS. ROSS JOHNSTON, WHITBY, ONT.

Mr. Johnston ranks among the leading Canadian poets. His verse is human and optimistic. Two of Mr. Johnston's poems are given elsewhere in this issue.

The Girl Who Smiles.

The wind was east, and the chimney
smoked,
And the old brown house seemed
dreary,
For nobody smiled and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old folks
croaked,
They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door and a girl came in;
Oh, she was homely—very;
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was
thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold or damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her,
But she mended the fire and lighted the
lamp,
And she put on the place a different
stamp
From that it had without her.

They forgot that the house was a dull
old place
And smoky from base to rafter,
And gloom departed from every face
As they felt the charm of her mirthful
grace
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl that will smile and
sing,
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing,
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.
—Woman's Life.

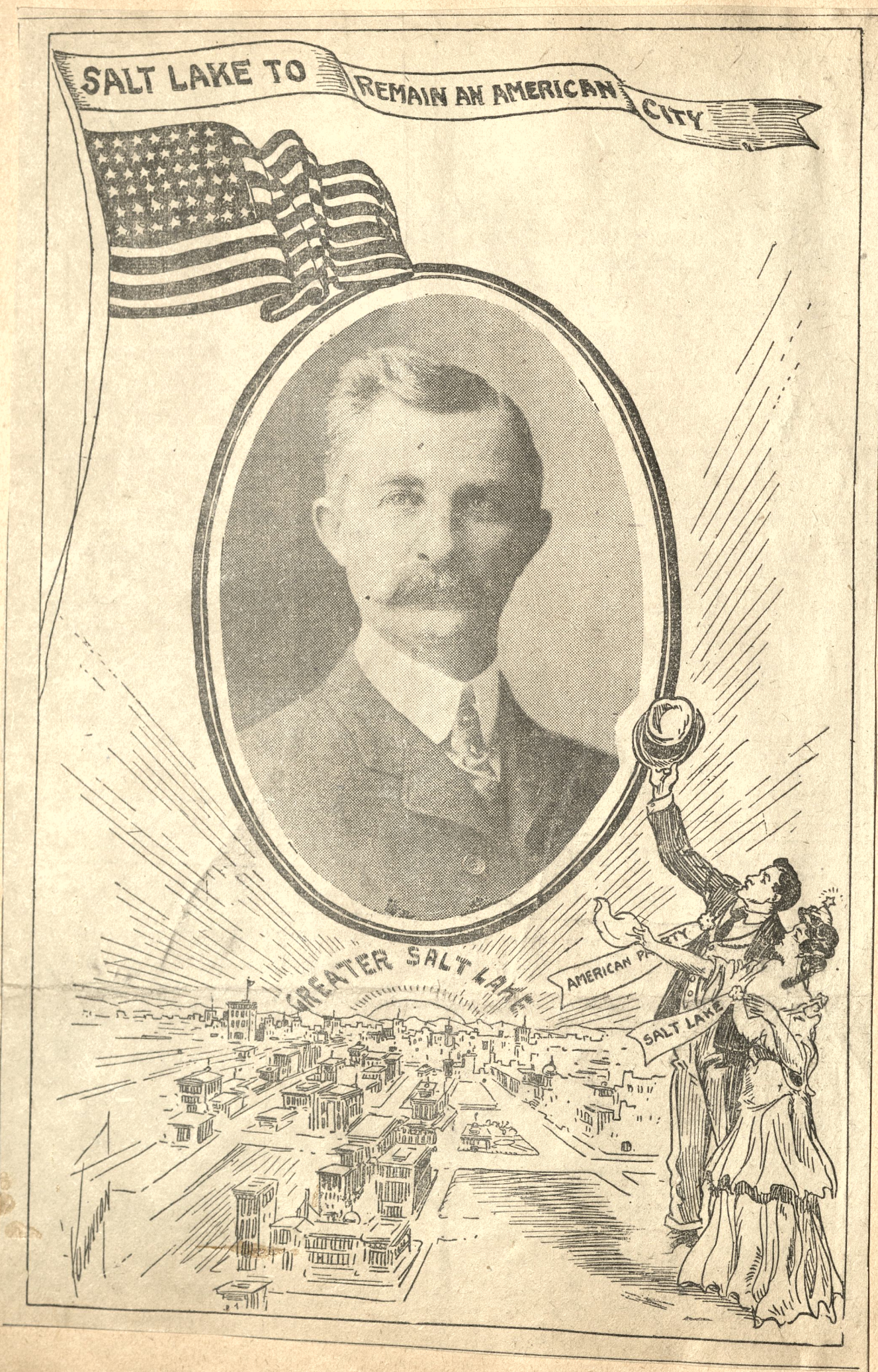
Breezes

Have you ever heard the voices of the
breezes in the woodlands?
They are like the cooings sweet of
babes, to mother-ears most dear,
Or the chuckling of the innocents at
jokes they heard in heaven,
Unforgotten in the little time they
have been with us here.

Have you ever seen the footprints of
the breezes on the waters?
They are fleeting, crinkled ripples
o'er the river and the lake,
Like unto the quick impressions that
the babies by their stepping
So unsteadily with dainty feet, on
hearts of parents make.

Have you ever felt the touches of the
breezes on your forehead?
They are like the soft caresses of a
baby's dimpled hand,
That can smooth away our wrinkles
and can soothe us in our worries
By a magic in its gentleness we do
not understand.

In your meetings with the breezes, did
there come to you the knowledge
They are like our tiny toddlers and
are children of the air?
And that like our happy, careless,
playful, fond and cherished babies,
By their mystery and subtle charm
they make the earth more fair?
—George Owen Koch, in New York
Press.



Mayor Bransford Expresses His Thanks to Voters of Salt Lake City

WILL WORK TO ADVANCE PROSPERITY OF CITY

Commits the Party to a Duty in Improvements and Progress.

I wish to thank, heartily, my many friends for the successful outcome of their efforts in my behalf and in behalf of the American ticket.

It shall be my constant endeavor throughout the ensuing two years, by a faithful and conscientious discharge of my duties as Mayor of this **GREAT, GROWING and PROGRESSIVE** city, to do all possible to merit the confidence reposed in me by my fellow-citizens.

A great campaign has been waged; a great victory won. The mandate of the people has laid upon us the duty of administering the affairs of the city for the next two years, and this demands that we shall give to the people the very best that lies within our power.

To the end that this shall be, I will use by best efforts to continue to carry forward the improvements that have already been commenced and to suggest other much-needed improvements for the benefit of the whole people; to promote, by a rigid enforcement of the law as it pertains to our

icipal life, the elimination of crime, and by thus doing secure for capital many channels of investment, give a stimulus to our mercantile and commercial enterprises.

I trust that at all times I shall have the co-operation of all good citizens who have the interest of the city at heart.

I desire to express to Dr. Plummer and Mr. Morris my sincere appreciation of their method of conducting the campaign; they have at all times shown themselves to be gentlemen and citizens of high standing and have conducted a clean campaign.

Let us unite for a "**GREATER SALT LAKE**," 200,000 in 1910.

JOHN S. BRANSFORD.

How Billy Saved the Guns.

An incident of the Battle of Winchester, Sept. 9, 1864, under Sheridan.

Do you want to hear the story
Of the boy who bore Old Glory,
When the battle was a-raging fierce and hot?

Well, just draw your camp stools nigher
To this cozy little fire,
And I'll tell it to you, comrades, on the spot.

It was over in the valley,
Just before the final rally,
Which sent Early's forty thousand reeling back!

Oh, the fighting was tremendous!
While all around stupendous!
Was heard the trusty musket's deadly crack!

We'd withdrawn from our position
Just to get more ammunition,
And were listening to the music of the shell

As it rose in lofty chorus,
All around, behind, before us,
And on our ears in tones of thunder fell.

When, through the rush and rattle,
Of the deafening, deadly battle,
Rode the dashing, fighting, fearless Sheridan!

And, to our waiting colonel,
In language not supernal,
Gave his famous, forceful, resolute command:

"Move your regiment to the right, sir!
And again renew the fight, sir!
By retaking those two guns we lost this morn;

The loss is felt severely,
Their value held most dearly,
And God help you, while you face the leaden storm!"

"Right about!" the colonel shouted,
And not a man then doubted
That soon again he'd meet the blinding shell;

For, moving with precision,
To the right of the division,
We rushed into the very jaws of hell!

On and on we went a-whooping,
While the Johnnies kept a-shooting,
And the cannon simply shaking up the ground;

The muskets kept a-cracking,
As the boys kept up their whacking,
With the dead and dying scattered all around.

But just then their cannonading
Got in its enfilading,
And raked our thinning ranks from left to right;

When back we went to shelter,
In a kind of helter-skelter,
But Billy stood a-cheering all his might.

"Come back!" the colonel shouted,
"Don't you see the boys are routed?
Bring the colors back, or captured they will be!"

"Nary back!" cried Billy loudly,
And he waved Old Glory proudly,
"Bring the regiment back and form a line on me!"

Then again, through fire blinding,
Rushed the regiment, only finding
Dead and dying in its pathway as before;
But the guns, for which we'd battled,
From whose throats the shots had rattled,
Were retaken, and the fearful fight was o'er.

So you've heard my little story
Of the boy who bore Old Glory—
Of our color-bearer brave, who never runs—

The one who, never fearing,
Stood his ground and kept a-cheering—
The boy whose splendid courage saved the guns!

—N. G. Sparks, in Western Christian Advocate.



Judge Goodwin Presented With A Beautiful Masonic Jewel

THE MEMBERS OF PLUMAS LODGE, NO. 60, F. & A. M., INFORMALLY
CALLED AT HIS HOME LAST EVENING AND COM-
PLETELY SURPRISED HIM.



JUDGE J. D. GOODWIN.

At the residence of Judge Goodwin last evening, a very happy event took place. A special meeting of Plumas Lodge No. 60, F. & A. M., was called and an adjournment was taken, the members repairing to the residence of Judge Goodwin on Jackson street to bid him good-bye and wish him a pleasant trip and safe return to Quincy.

Judge Goodwin knew nothing whatever of what was to take place. The members were cordially received by Mrs. Goodwin and her daughter, Miss Mattie, in their cosy parlors. After a social chat lasting perhaps ten minutes, F. G. Hail arose and on behalf of the members extended to Judge Goodwin their good wishes and high esteem of him as a Mason, a neighbor, a man and a citizen. He also called attention to the fact that Judge Goodwin had been a faithful and

prominent member of the Order since 1854, and of Plumas Lodge since 1857, and said, among other things, that in recognition of his devotion to the cause and of his worth as a man, the membership had given him the pleasant task of presenting a Past Master's jewel.

Judge Goodwin, during the progress of the remarks, was visibly affected by the kindly sentiment thus conveyed by the brethren of his lodge, and on receiving the jewel, was so overcome that he could hardly reply. Regaining control of himself, however, he made a talk most appropriate to the occasion, and feelingly expressed his gratitude to the brethren for the high compliment thus paid him. He said that he could not express his full appreciation of their act.

After this incident, all of the members bade Judge Goodwin good-bye and expressed the hope that he would return to Quincy much benefited by his trip to San Francisco and the southern part of the State.

The Past Master's jewel presented to Judge Goodwin is one of the most beautiful that could be purchased.

FREEMASONRY IS A NON- POLITICAL ORGANIZATION

The rocks upon which all societies and organizations have split have been either church or State. An excursion into the field of either religion or politics has paralyzed the principles of their origin and their members have fled from warring companionship. By heredity, tradition, education and affection men have anchored to the faith of their fathers. No lodge can survive the introduction of a dispute as to creeds or the attempt to enforce one dogma as against another.

The stake no longer exists for those who had rather be burned than recant, but the candidates for martyrdom, for conscious sake, are as numerous in one age as another. Notwithstanding all that is said in regard to the loose tendencies of our times, each year is more securely religious than the past. Despite all the tributes which are paid to the liberalizing tendencies of our age, there is no loosening of faith upon the essentials of truth and doctrine. While a few societies might attempt the hazard of religious discussion and differences the venture into politics is always attractive. The ambitious aspirant for political favors is proverbially reckless of consequences in the use of methods by which he climbs to place and power. He will use his pastor, and hazard a schism in the church, he will cultivate his lodge and risk its disruption. But broader than the ambition of the individual is the allure-ment which power offers to an organization composed of great numbers of citizens to make themselves felt as an organization in public affairs. They may secure the doubtful laurels of a first of second election, they may exist for a few years as a disturbing element in political calculations, but they will dissolve and disappear as the Populist party did, for what it proposed to do. The Populist party was a political organization, but in attempting to stand between the upper and nether millstones of the two great parties, which must always separate the American people, it was ground to powder in the whirl and the crash of a Presidential election.

Masonry has been satisfied in all ages of the world to be loyal to all governments under which it might be, no matter what might be their form, but has offered to each member the fullest liberty as citizen or subject, to carry out and live up to his own ideas. It is only within the walls of his own temple that, regardless of of autocracy, monarchy or republicanism without, the Mason stands upon the plane and square of a pure democracy. Masonry could live under Judaism, and upon the completion of Solomon's temple, carry its faith and teachings unto every part of the civilized world. Masonry

could thrive under a Roman Empire without exciting the hostility or the jealousy of the Caesars. During the Middle ages violence and bigotry had divided the world into masters and slaves. Voiceless humanity, denied a hearing before any tribunal, and groaning under untold wrongs, injustice and outrages, could only mutely appeal to Heaven for help. The prayer to God for succor, for life, for liberty, must be made through temples builded in his honor. The serf, the vassal or the slave could neither design nor erect them, but the brethren of the Mystic tie, by the strength of their organization, had preserved their manhood and independence. They were Masons—they designed, erected, carved and beautified those superb cathedrals which were the religion of other centuries and are the wonder of ours.

A little over a hundred year ago, in Newberg in New York—where the revolution had succeeded and the Continental army was disbanded—Washington and all of his generals were standing within the precincts of a Masonic lodge, of which they were all members—could rejoice in the fact that the Masonic principles of the equality of all men before the law, had at last, after unnumbered centuries, become the corner stone of their Republic. More than a century of the successful operation of this principle enables us today to contemplate a government of eighty million people possessing more power, enjoying more happiness, delighting in more liberties and richer and more prosperous than any other nation upon the earth. The Freemasonry of the past is superb and serene. The Freemasonry of the present is peace and prosperity. The Freemasonry of the future will open up with increasing years new avenues of charity and fresh reservoirs of benevolence.—S. Frederick Calhoun, A. M., M. D.

Our Masonic Duty.

[Robert Turney.]

F. to F., that we should go
When sickness brings a brother woe,
To cheer him on his bed of pain,
And nurse him back to health again.

K. to K., when e'er we pray,
At early morn, or close of day,
A brother's name should claim a share
In every thought and every prayer.

B. to B., thee still to keep
A brother's secrets hidden deep,
To all the world but us unknown,
And hold them sacred as our own.

H. to B., with firmest grasp,
Encircling arms and friendly clasp,
We should be found at duty's call,
To stay a brother's tottering fall.

M. to E., when e'er we find
To err a brother is inclined,
We'll counsel give in gentlest tone
And breathe it to his ear alone.

Then F. to F. and K. to K.,
True brothers we should ever be;
With H. to B. and B. to B.,
Each striving still to do his best,
We'll whisper words of hope and cheer
With C. to C. and M. to E.

MASONS INSTALL OFFICERS FOLLOWED BY BANQUET

NEW OFFICERS OF PLUMAS LODGE
INDUCTED INTO STATIONS IN
PRESENCE OF MEMBERS
AND GUESTS

BEAUTIFUL JEWEL PRESENTED TO RETIRING MASTER, GEO. WILSON

A pleasant fraternal and social event was the installation of the new officers of Plumas Lodge, No. 60, F. & A. M., in Quincy, last Saturday evening. The installation ceremonies were held at Masonic Hall, and were followed by a banquet in the dining room of the Plumas House. Invitations had been issued to all members of the Lodge, to the members of the local Eastern Star, to the local Masonic ladies and to sojourning brethren and their ladies. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity. Past Master A. W. Keddle acted as installing officer and Past Master A. W. Gray as Master of Ceremonies. The following were installed:

L. L. Clough, W. M.; H. P. McBeth, S. W.; J. F. Spooner, J. W.; H. G. Dorsch, Treasurer; H. F. Hail, Secretary; C. S. Myers, S. D.; H. J. Hoffman, J. D.; D. J. Robertson, S. S.; A. C. Berg, J. S.; A. W. Gray, Marshal; George Wilson, Tyler.

The other members of the Lodge present were:

A. W. Keddle, Ed. Garner, W. J. Ford, John Gifford, S. D. Goodwin, Geo. H. Stephan, M. McIntosh, F. D. Robertson, W. D. MacNair, Dr. R. Stewart.

The following Masonic ladies attended the exercises at the Hall and the banquet which followed: Mrs. Mettie Clough, Miss Lois Clough, Mrs. H. P. McBeth, Mrs. J. F. Spooner, Mrs. H. G. Dorsch, Mrs. F. G. Hail, Mrs. H. J. Hoffman, Mrs. D. Robertson, Mrs. A. V. Berg, Mrs. A. W. Gray, Mrs. M. K. Kahrs, Mrs. E. Garner, Mrs. W. J. Ford, Mrs. John Gifford, Mrs. J. D. Goodwin, Mrs. Geo. H. Stephan, Mrs. J. Stephan, Mrs. M. McIntosh, Mrs. H. S. Lee, Miss Ida Berg, Mrs. Dr. R. Stewart, Miss Mattie L. Goodwin, Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Mrs. W. C. Reynolds, Mrs. C. L. Halterman, Mrs. C. F. Stover, Mrs. H. J. Langhorst, Mrs. A. E. Young, Mrs. F. A. Goebel and daughter, Mrs. M. K. Leavitt, Mrs. J. O. Moncur.

The following sojourning brethren were present: Wm. F. Werner, A. A. Hall, H. N. Goodwin, J. E. Wilson, W. C. Reynolds, J. B. Sommers, W. S. Arms, Rev. C. L. Halterman, Chas. F. Stover.

At the conclusion of the installation ceremonies, retiring Master George Wilson was called to the front. On behalf of the members, Past Master Keddle, in a brief but feeling address, presented him with a beautiful Past Master's jewel.

On the obverse side was inscribed "Plumas Lodge No. 60, F. & A. M.," and ornamented with two beautiful stones, one a sapphire and the other a topaz. On the reverse side was the inscription: "Presented to Past Master George Wilson by his brethren of Plumas Lodge No. 60, F. & A. M."

The ceremonies at the hall concluded, all repaired to the dining room of the Plumas House, to partake of the elegant spread prepared by the management. The new management deserve credit for the manner in which this banquet was prepared for. At the end of the repast, Toastmaster Gray called for responses to toasts and they were responded to as follows:

"California" Rev. Halterman.
"Some of the Good Points of Masonry" M. C. Kerr.
"Masonic History" J. F. Spooner.
"Eastern Star" Miss Mattie L. Goodwin.
"Whiskers" H. F. Hail.
"Practical Masonry" A. W. Keddle.

The responses to the toasts were interesting, some of them witty, and a well received. The gathering broke up about midnight.

MRS. ANN B. LORING IS CALLED HOME

Respected Quincy Lady Passes Away
at Ripe Old Age of Eighty-Eight
Years.

Mrs. Ann B. Loring, widow of the late J. H. Loring, and mother of Mrs. Hannah A. Cate and Mrs. Mary K. Leavitt, passed away at the home of the last-named daughter this afternoon at the ripe old age of 88 years. During the past several years, Mrs. Loring has been afflicted with the ills incident to advanced age. The end came peacefully and without pain.

Deceased was born in Norridgewock Maine, April 15, 1826. She came to California in 1862, arriving on November 15th. Out of a family of twelve children she was the only surviving member.

Mrs. Loring was the mother of five children, only two of whom, Mrs. Hannah A. Cate and Mrs. Mary K. Leavitt of Quincy, survive. She was a loving mother, a faithful wife and a kind-hearted Christian neighbor. Hosts of old friends of the family will learn with regret of the demise of this noble lady, and will join in offering words of sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

A Journey to One of California's Most Notable Peaks, a Region Rich in Nature's Interesting Wonders

Garrison Costar in Chico Alta Californiar.

Situated in the southeastern part of Shasta county and rising to a height of 10,437 feet above the level of the sea, is Mount Lassen, one of Northern California's most notable peaks. It is the highest of the group known as the Lassen Buttes, and is of volcanic origin, its ancient lava flow extending for many miles.

Geologists have advanced the theory that the Lassen Buttes were once a part of a single mountain which had an altitude of about 25,000 feet, and that during some great volcanic upheaval ages ago this great mountain was blown to pieces and only the present mountains left.

The surrounding country is very volcanic, and volcanic action is going on in several places within a radius of ten miles of Lassen. Among the most interesting of these is Hot Springs, the Geysers, the Boiling Lake, Bumpas' Hell and the Devil's Kitchen—places, which, if as widely known, would be visited and admired as much as the Yellowstone Park.

Mount Lassen is only accessible on foot or on horseback, and the trip is made in several ways.

By starting early in the morning

Warner to King's Valley, a distance of about seventeen miles was taken leisurely and with full enjoyment of the beauty and wildness of the country through which we were passing.

King's Valley is formed by a chain of three very pretty little meadows, and through it runs King's Creek, one of the tributaries of Warner Creek, which farther down becomes Feather river. It was like the coming of a spring time in the middle of summer in this beautiful valley. All around among the trees snow was still on the ground; the air was clear, cool and bracing, and in the valley were numerous flowers of various shapes and tints. There were blue and white violets, "johnny-jump-ups," calochorti or Mariposa lilies, several varieties of the cyclamen, or the "shooting star," the Alpine heather, which only grows in high altitudes, and numerous other flowers.

We made our camp that night in a sheltering group of firs and as soon as the sun had set we made a roaring fire, as the presence of so much snow has a decidedly chilling effect.

After an early breakfast the next morning we saddled our horses and started for the climb up the mountain.



MOUNT LASSEN—10,437 FEET.

from Drake's Hot Springs (Sifford's place) or Warner Valley, the round trip is made in a day. For those who would rather go a little slower and have time to look at the country, it is advisable to take pack animals and camp at King's Valley at the foot of Lassen. The latter plan allows an early start for the climb and gives more time in which to enjoy the beauties of the trip.

It was just a year ago this August that a party of nine of us made the trip to Lassen, starting from Warner Valley with three pack animals and four saddle horses. The trip from

It was about two miles from camp to where the climb commenced and there we left our horses. Owing to the lateness of the season we were in snow most of the way, and those of us who had had very little experience with the snow enjoyed it immensely.

We tied our horses at the foot of the peak and started up the trail which winds up the southwest side of the mountain. After an hour and fifty minutes of alternate climbing and resting, we reached the summit and gave ourselves over to the enjoyment of the panorama of mountains and valleys spread out before us. Fortunately we had hit upon a beautiful day; the atmosphere was clear and we could see

for many miles in all directions.

About fifty miles to the Shasta reared its snow-capped peak, glittering in the morning sun, some huge precious stone. To the west and south fertile reaches of the Sacramento Valley stretched for many miles down through the center, the sinuous course of the Sacramento river being delineated by the dark green of the foliage along its banks. Between us and the valley, the mountains and foothills tapered off gradually into the plain. To the east and south the varied undulations of the Sierras rolled away into the distance like the waves of some storm-tossed sea. The monotony of the mountain ranges was broken by a number of valleys, meadows and lakes. From our lofty position we counted no less than twenty-seven lakes of varied size and contour. About twenty-five miles to the east lay the Big Meadows, and with a glass the buildings around Prattville could be plainly seen.

From the top of Lassen, several extinct volcanoes are to be seen, chief among which is Cinder Cone. Several miles from Cinder Cone is another cone shaped mountain, Hat Mountain by

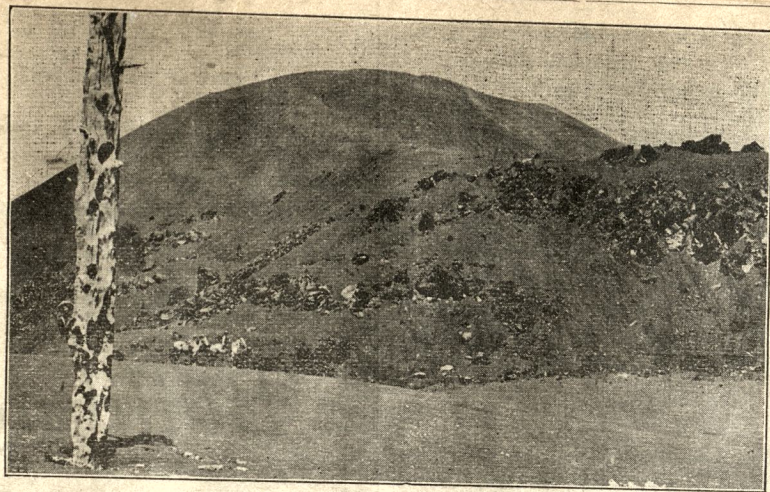
name, which has a crater very much like Cinder Cone, but which is very much older than Cinder Cone. This is shown by the growth of trees and brush which covers the mountain, the trees having a growth of great size.

After admiring the view for about an hour and picking out the points with which we were familiar, we started the descent. It is needless to say that this was accomplished in much less time than the ascent. The quickest though hardly the safest manner of coming down, is to sit on the snow and slide. This mode of locomotion closely resembles falling and is productive of thrills, to say the least. We arrived in camp in less than an hour after we started the descent, and in two more hours were starting on the return to Warner.

Cinder Cone, to which we next turned our attention, is situated in Lassen county, near the western boundary line. As its name implies, it is a symmetrical cone-shaped mountain of cinders, and was formed during the last great volcanic disturbance in that region. In fact, it is the latest extinct volcano in the United States, it being little more than eighty years since its last eruption. This is shown by the trees in the immediate vicinity of the cone. Young pines are beginning to take root in the dry parched wastes of the lava flow, while the state of preservation of the charred and twisted trunks of trees which were killed during the eruption bear mute evidence as to the recent

date of this last great outbreak of nature in California.

The Indians of that vicinity are very superstitious about the Cinder Cone. They have traditions which tell of the last eruption, and they speak with awe of the time of the last "Great Darkness," when the earth trembled and



CINDER CONE.

In Lava Fields Near Mount Lassen. Most Recent Volcano in United States.

roared, and when fire and smoke came up out of the mountain and blotted out the sunlight, the time when "injun die, deer die, eberthing die." The time is within the memory of some of the older Indians when smoke could be seen issuing from the crater of Cinder Cone. It is small wonder that they believe the mountain to be the abode of some evil spirit which has for its own the neighboring country which is so volcanic.

A party of fourteen of us made the Cinder Cone trip; started early one morning and made the round trip in one day. As with the trip to Lassen, the trip must be made on horseback over trails, though steep and rough in places, are for the most part very easy and run through very beautiful country.

The trail passes by several beautiful lakes, Juniper Lake, Snag Lake and Twin Lakes being the most important. These lakes vary in length from one to three miles, and from a half-mile to a mile in width. For several miles before reaching Snag Lake the character of the soil changes from an ordinary soil to a black cinder, until by the time Snag Lake is reached, the cinders have become quite deep. Skirting the north shore of Snag Lake, the trail extends to the lava flow which walls in the lake at this point, and then runs parallel to the lava for about three miles, approaching the cone.

The cone itself is about 650 feet high and the summit is reached by means of a trail which goes up on the east side. It is possible to ride to the top of the cone on horseback, but the usual way is to leave the horses about a third of the way up, on a shoulder of the mountain, and to proceed the rest of the way on foot. It is a hard climb, thought short, as the loose character of the cinders makes a firm footing almost impossible.

The view from the top is well worth the climb, however. To the east of the cone extends the last lava flow, covering about fifteen square miles of land. It presents a very beautiful appearance on account of the many colors mingled with the black of the cinders—red, orange, yellow and purple, in different shades and combinations. The lava itself is of many different shades and formations. There is a dark colored and also a red lava, very porous and very light in weight; a heavy, dark colored, very close grained and very brittle lava; white lava, closely resembling sugar (in appearance only) and other kinds too numerous to attempt to describe.

Beyond the lava flow can be seen Lake Bidwell and Snag Lake. These two lakes are only separated from each other by the lava flow from Cinder Cone, and the conformation of the land shows that these two lakes were once one.



SNAG LAKE—NEAR MT. LASSEN.

The crater of Cinder Cone is very interesting. It is a conical depression in the top of the mountain, about 450 feet deep, and from this issued the fire and smoke and loose volcanic formations of the last eruption. It is possible to descend into the crater but the trail is very steep and the ashes and cinders very loose, so we did not attempt it.

We were loath to leave this wonderful work of nature, but our journey was long, and we were soon homeward bound. Thus passed two of the most delightful and interesting trips I ever took, and which I hope sometime to take again.

The Call of the Bells.

The city lights—they beckoned from far
an' far away;
The city bells seemed callin' o'er meadows
sweet with May;
The meadows o' the mockin' birds an'
shadowed, singin' streams,—
But the bells thrilled sweeter music
through the gates of golden
dreams.

Ringin'—singin'—"Come away
From your meadows sweet with May,
From the green fields where the corn
waves—
Come away, come away."

The bells—the lights—they lured me
from the violet-scented ways,
From the love that lit the lowlands to
the glitter of great days;
An' sad seemed all the sunlight on
peaceful plains and dells,
For the bells were ringin'—singin'—
an' my heart beat to the bells!

But it's oh to be away
In the meadows loved of May,
In the green fields where the corn
waves—
I'd go singin' all the day.

O city bells an' city lights—how well
ye play your part,
Fame for a name, tears for the year,
gold for a broken heart!
The gold that is but glitterin' gives the
grief that kills;
The heart that loves the lowlands is
lonely on the hills!
An' the reapers sing to-day
Where they're harvestin' the hay,
An' I'm weepin' like a woman
For the home-fields far away!
—Frank L. Stanton in Uncle Remus'
Magazine.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow-
ers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birch,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, O! fell Deaths' untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the
clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'd me dearly!
Bu still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.
—Robert Burns.

PETER, THE GREAT

BY LUKE KEDDIE OF HILLSDALE COLLEGE.

Great tools are required to perform great works. When Cyrus Field laid his transatlantic cable he was obliged to employ the largest steamship in the world, the Great Eastern. Likewise only a very strong man such as President Lincoln could free the negroes from slavery, and it takes a genius such as Mr. James J. Hill to open to the world the resources of the rich Northwest. So it took a most remarkable man to begin the task of raising the huge Russian empire from its primitive darkness to the position of a great world power which it is destined to occupy.

Until the close of the seventeenth century, Russia was in a state of semi-barbarism. Already its territory was several times as extensive as all the rest of Europe. The Great White Czar held sway from Persia northward to the icy shores of the Arctic, and from Sweden eastward five thousand miles to the Pacific his will was the only law. Although part of this territory was in Europe, the whole was strictly Oriental. The sovereign was an absolute lord. No courts could hinder him and there were no legislatures to oppose his whims. He was the richest monarch on the face of the globe and his barbaric court was attended with such pomp and glory as was never accorded to even the greatest of the Cæsars.

But the people of this realm were scarcely more than savages. True to Oriental custom, no foreigners were allowed in the land and foreign commerce was a crime punishable by death. Shut off from civilization, the Muscovites made slow progress and at this time practically the only distinguishing feature between them and their neighbors, the Turks, the Mongols, the Persians and the Chinese, was their Catholic religion. None of the arts nor the learning of the west was known to them. Farming and cattle-raising were the only occupations. The people were poor and found it a heavy burden to support the royal court, the church and the army. The nation was in a state of continual rebellion and turmoil. Such was the state of affairs when the child later known as Peter the Great was born.

Peter was not the heir to the throne. Ivan, an elder brother, was the legal heir but he was an invalid and could not take the reins of government. But before Peter came a sister, Sophia. She was ambitious and cruel-hearted and determined that Peter should never rule over Russia. When he was only ten years of age she devised a scheme whereby he would become unfit for such a position. She placed him along with fifty other boys of his age in a court where they were given every luxury and encouraged toward fast living. No adults were allowed to warn or advise them. It was expected that Peter would soon become a drunkard and possibly die before he would be old enough to claim the throne.

But she little understood the great qualities of the young prince. At this early age he saw the needs of his country, he saw the path of duty plainly and refused to turn his thoughts to idle luxury. It seems incredible that fifty young lads could thus be shut up together for eight years without the decline in morality, strength and spirits of them all. But little Peter of his own accord refused to partake of the rich food set before him and forced his comrades to follow his example. Indeed, he took great pains to preserve his health and devised occupations so that he need not be idle. He realized that some time he would be Czar and accordingly sought to instruct himself in the things which he felt he must know and which he was not permitted to learn from others. The army was very inefficient and he resolved to study the science of warfare in order to be able to remedy the defects. So he formed the boys into a military company and together they learned to march, devised tactics and built earth-works and defenses. All tools were forbidden them so they had to construct their wheelbarrows, shovels and other implements out of such materials as they could find. Such was the energy and persistence of the little lad that after eight years of confinement he had changed this institution into a well organized military academy.

God seemed to watch over him for several other attempts were made upon his life but from all he most miraculously emerged.

When he came to rule his methods were in direct contrast to the customs of his fathers. The bars against foreign commerce were torn down and all means were employed to bring western

civilization into Russia. Foreigners were urged to enter the country. Young Russian nobles were forced to travel and bring home with them enlightening ideas. Even as the Chinese are today, so were the Russians then. The people were insulted at the importation of foreigners whom they regarded as far beneath them. So bitter was the indignation that several revolts were attempted but Peter's military study had resulted in the re-organization of the army and all of these upheavals were quickly subdued.

Russia had no seaport and consequently no navy or merchant marine. Ships of any size were unknown in Russia. Peter resolved that this condition should no longer prevail. So he made his famous visit to Holland and London to study seamanship and ship-building. Here we have the only example in history of an emperor hiring out as a common laborer. For two years at Amsterdam he labored asking no favors other than that he be given every opportunity to perfect himself in the science of naval architecture. So industrious and attentive was he that at the end of this period he was able to introduce ship-building into his own country. In order to obtain a seaport he attacked the Turks and wrested from them Azof upon the Black Sea.

This completed, he attacked the Swedish frontier with the hope of securing an outlet upon the Baltic. Little did he imagine what a demon he was arousing. The mad Charles descended from his forests in the north and with one blow of his small army completely overwhelmed the Russian forces. But here was illustrated one of the distinguishing characteristics of Peter's nature. He expected defeat. He realized that the Russians were unfamiliar with warfare and were no match for the well trained Swedes. But he would watch the enemy in their manœuvres. He would learn from them the way to fight. As he said, "They have beaten us once and they may beat us again but they will teach us in time to conquer them." It took him nine years to learn but finally he triumphed and Russia's commercial prospects were secure.

It would seem that he had done enough for one man. He had opened Russia to the civilizing influence of the west, created foreign commerce, introduced many new industries and reforms and greatly enlarged the boundaries. But one of the greatest things remained. The dismal swamps at the mouth of the Neva became alive with busy workers clearing the dense forests, draining the marshes and building the first rude dwellings of a city that was to become the third largest of the continent. The difficulties which attended this are scarcely to be imagined. Fire, famine, pestilence and Swedish war ships all combined to hinder the undertaking but finally, in spite of these, St. Petersburg was ready for occupation.

After this was completed and peace was made with Sweden all Peter's energies were devoted to the internal improvement of his dominion. For the first time streets were paved, many new factories were built and trade was greatly stimulated. The people began to accept the new order of things and to perceive its superiority. After the veil was once lifted they would not go back to their former savagery.

As we gaze back upon Peter's history we can not but feel that he was a prodigy—an almost supernatural being created for the task of awaking his slumbering people. Emerging from the very depths of barbarism, he toiled upward, lifting his ignorant subjects with him. The spirit of the Infinite was in him leading him forth to be a guide to his fellow men groping in darkness.

He was the most democratic ruler the world has ever seen. Not even America has possessed one so willing to accept a humble position as he. In his wars he enlisted as a private and served with the rank and file. His position as a royal ship-carpenter was entirely unique. At the same time he could be authoritative when it was necessary. Some of his reforms were accomplished by sheer force.

Russia has not advanced so rapidly since his reign. The nation is now in very trying circumstances. But some day help will come and we shall see a new nation bursting forth into the glory of liberty, prosperity and light, and until that day comes, Russia will be waiting and watching and praying for another Peter the Great.

AGED PIONEER PASSES AWAY

MR. JAMES HARDIN LARISON RAP-
IDLY DECLINES, AFTER BEING
ATTACKED BY GRIPPE.

A PROMINENT CITIZEN

HE CAME TO CALIFORNIA IN 1850,
AND TO PLUMAS COUNTY
IN 1853.

As foreshadowed in our last issue, another of our old pioneer citizens has passed to the Great Beyond. Indeed, the paper had not reached its out-of-town patrons before the fatal summons had come to Mr. James H. Larison. As was known to most of his friends throughout the county, his health had been steadily declining the past year or more. He had grown very feeble. So weakened had his system become that he was an easy prey to the grippe, which attacked the old man about a week ago. After that, his decline was very rapid, and death came to his relief on Tuesday morning, January 7, 1908.

James Hardin Larison was one of the active and prominent pioneer citizens of Plumas county. He was a native of Ohio, born in that State, at Cincinnati, February 22, 1827. He was, therefore, at the time of his death, 80 years, 10 months and 15 days old. He resided in Ohio with his parents a number of years, but when a young man, came West with them to Burlington, Iowa, where he grew to manhood, and was united in marriage to Miss Arminda Reed. Mr. Larison caught the gold fever in 1850, and during that year came to California by way of Panama. He, soon after his arrival, engaged in mining on the American river, this State, but in 1852 returned to Iowa, and next year brought his family with him to the Golden West, coming across the plains and landing in Plumas county in the fall of that year. In order to reach American Valley, it was necessary to come over the "old emigrant trail" by way of Grizzly Valley. In descending the steep mountains east of American Valley, he had to use ropes to let the wagons down one of the steep hills. Mr. Larison and family located on Nelson Creek, at that time

the scene of much mining activity. He engaged in gold mining and followed this vocation most of the time, at Nelson Creek and at points north of Quincy, in 1866, in which year he purchased what was then known as the Boynton ranch, in American Valley, which he afterwards named the "Kentucky Ranch." He greatly improved this property, it becoming one of the most productive vegetable farms in this part of the county. A few years ago, his wife having passed away and his children having married and made homes of their own, he disposed of the ranch. Since then, his life as been a rather lonely one.

Mr. Larison was well known throughout the county, especially during the period of his active business life. He was a forceful and aggressive man, and always took an interest and a prominent part in the public affairs of the community and the county generally. In politics, he was an ardent Democrat, and was usually present in the county conventions. He served Plumas Township for two terms as a Supervisor and made a creditable record.

Deceased was of a rugged, positive nature, usually had decided opinions and a willingness to express them, but was a jovial and courteous gentleman. His kind and generous disposition was best known to his close friends and associates of long standing. Like the rest of humanity, he had his frailties, but these were more than counterbalanced by his many good traits.

Mr. Larison was one of the oldest members of Plumas Lodge No. 60, F. & A. M., and always took much interest in its meetings and in the good work of the Order. The funeral ceremonies were conducted by his old Lodge this afternoon, and they took place from the M. E. Church, where Rev. Willis also conducted brief religious services. His remarks touching the life of the deceased were feelingly delivered and were appreciated by his old friends. The remains were afterwards escorted to the cemetery, and, with Masonic rites, buried beside those of his deceased wife.

To the Memory of Mrs. J. D. Goodwin

Died—In San Francisco, February 9, 1914, Mrs. J. D. Goodwin, a native of Alabama, aged 83 years, 3 months and 10 days.

The subject of this sketch was born in Moringo county, Alabama, November 30, 1831, she was the daughter of Dr. J. P. Craven, a prominent physician of that county; in 1847 Dr. Craven and family moved to Pickens county where the daughter, Martha, and Mr. Goodwin first met. She graduated with honors from the seminary at Aberdeen, Alabama, in 1852, and was united in marriage to Mr. Goodwin at her home in Alabama, Aug. 22, 1853, and on the 14th day of November of the same year bade adieu to their old home and started for their new home at Brown's Valley in Yuba county, arriving there in December. On the 1st day of August, 1856, they moved to Plumas county and settled at Spanish Ranch, where Mr. Goodwin engaged in business as a member of the firm of Harvey, Storey & Co. They moved to Quincy in September 1859, when Mr. Goodwin was elected county clerk of Plumas, where she had since made her home continuously with the exception of two winters, which she spent in San Francisco. Judge Goodwin, her husband, died in 1908. Mrs. Goodwin possessed a lovable character and made many friends who will be pained to learn of her death. She leaves three children, Mattie L. Goodwin of Quincy, W. N. Goodwin of Los Angeles and Mrs. Grace Webb of San Francisco, to mourn the loss of a dutiful and loving mother, and to whom the Independent joins their many friends in tendering sincere sympathy.

JUDGE GOODWIN IS NO MORE

"ALL IS WELL"

Judge Goodwin is dead! Sad tidings will those words convey to the people of Plumas county, and as well to a large number of friends in other parts of the State. The end came in San Francisco on Thursday, March 5th, 1908, at 10:30 p. m., ten and one-half hours following his arrival there and after a most heroic effort—the supreme act of his long and eventful career—to be with his wife and children again and during his passing from this to the life beyond the grave.

He had been steadily and surely declining and it became evident to Judge Goodwin himself, to his physician and to his relatives and friends here, that, for him, the end of this life was near, very near at hand. Realizing the seriousness of his condition, he determined to attempt the journey to San Francisco in order that he might again meet his wife, who had been in the city several months following a dangerous surgical operation. To prevent her from making a hazardous trip to Plumas and the better to promote her recovery, he, as much as possible, kept the knowledge of his own desperate physical condition from her.

He held a brief session of court on Monday. His bodily weakness was apparent to all, but the wonderful will-power was still in command, the business of the court being dispatched promptly and with that clearness of mind so characteristic of Judge Goodwin. It was necessary to assist the aged jurist into and out of the courtroom—the forum in which, as a lawyer, he, during a period of forty years, had been a forceful and able advocate in so many well-contested legal battles. As he passed from the courtroom, his dignified but painful bearing seemed to say: "Farewell! Farewell!"

On Monday night, Judge Goodwin's health assumed a very critical state. Indeed, to his ever faithful daughter, to his nurse, and to himself even, it seemed as if the end were close at hand. However, he rallied before morning, but manifestly was much weakened.

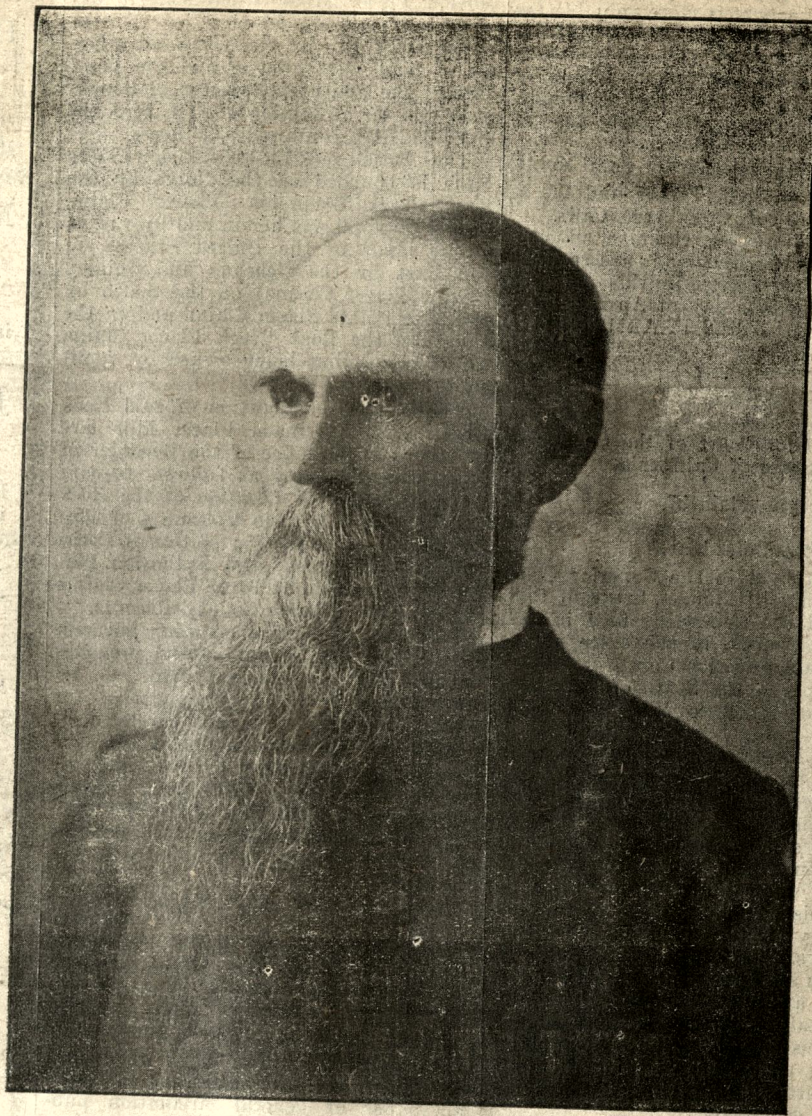
His physician suggested that he not attempt the journey to San Francisco, but nerved by a desire to see his wife and certain that the end was not far off in any event, he was resolute. His determination to go was fixed.

In a specially equipped sleigh, and accompanied by Miss Mattie Goodwin and Mr. Hoffman, he bade goodbye to his friends, to his old home in Quincy, and started at 11 o'clock a. m., reaching and stopping over night at the Denton place in Mohawk Valley. Next morning, he took the train at Clio for Beckwith and there transferred to a special car on the Boca & Loyaltan Railroad. He reached Boca in the evening, having stood the journey well.

To make the remainder of the trip as comfortable as possible, Reno friends induced a prominent railroad official to surrender the drawing-room in a Pullman car of the west-bound Tonopah local.

A telegram sent here by his son-in-law, Attorney-General Webb, on March 5th said: "Judge Goodwin arrived eight o'clock this morning. Stood the trip splendidly."

The Judge's condition inspired his relatives with hopes for his improvement, but he himself knew better than they, for he dictated to the editor of this paper probably his last message—full of significance—just after his arrival in the city. It read:



JOHN DANIEL GOODWIN

"S. F. Cal., March 5, 1908.

"F. G. Hail, Quincy, Cal.

"All is well! Hoffman won out!"

"J. D. GOODWIN."

This meant that the Judge had accomplished his purpose—had reached his wife and children and was ready to obey the summons of God—to pass on to his home eternal in the heavens.

Thus ended the life of a distinguished pioneer, a life whose closing hours were marked by such fortitude, heroism, and devotion to wife and children as to challenge the sympathy and admiration of all his friends.

John Daniel Goodwin was born in Kershaw district, South Carolina, on November 6, 1829. His ancestors were of old Colonial stock, some of them having rendered distinguished service in the Revolutionary War and in the War of 1812. The subject of this sketch was deprived of his father when but four years old. He went with his mother to the State of Alabama when a mere child and made his home with his paternal grandfather on a plantation. At the age of twelve years he worked on a farm for a livelihood. He entered a store when but fourteen years old, but at the age of seventeen, began teaching school. The gold excitement in California attracted young Goodwin's attention, and in February, 1850, he started to California, coming by way of Panama, reaching San Francisco on June 6th of that year. He immediately proceeded to Auburn, Placer county and engaged in gold mining, but not successfully. During most of 1851 he prospected near Nevada City.

In the fall of that year the young man went to Brown's Valley, Yuba county, and in company with others engaged in merchandising and mining till 1855, when he returned to Alabama, where, on August 22nd of that year he was united in marriage to Miss Martha J. Cravens. Our people will remember the brilliant celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of this event in Quincy in 1905. The young couple returned to Browns Valley, where Mr. Goodwin resumed business, but in 1856, he sold out his business there and came to Spanish Ranch, Plumas county, and again entered the mercantile business.

He was made the Democratic candidate for County Clerk in 1859, and was elected. It was while discharging the duties of this position that he found spare hours to devote to the study of law. From boyhood, he had been ambitious to enter the legal profession. He applied himself diligently, and, in 1863, was admitted to practice. He was a hard worker and soon attained prominence as a lawyer.

Judge Goodwin was elected in 1865 to represent Plumas and Lassen counties in the State Assembly. He took a prominent part in the proceedings of that body, and it was during his term that a bill was passed by which the territory including the town of LaPorte was taken from Sierra and attached to Plumas county. It was then that the foundation was laid for the building of the wagon road between American Valley and LaPorte, a highway that has been of great value to both sections of the county.

The reputation of Judge Goodwin as a lawyer of marked ability rapidly grew, and in 1876, when it became necessary to fill a vacancy in the Judgeship of the District including the counties of Plumas, Lassen and Modoc, Governor Irwin appointed him to the office, which he filled creditably for the remainder of the term, and then resumed the practice of law. After Judge McLaughlin resigned, Judge Goodwin was, by Governor Pardee, appointed Superior Judge of this county, and was elected to succeed himself in 1906. His term would have expired next January.

As a lawyer, Judge Goodwin possessed a strong legal mind, and the industry of a tireless worker. He was wedded to his profession and early realized that it was only by hard study and careful preparation that success could be won. Years ago, the writer heard the late Judge Clough pay him the compliment of having "a strong flash-light, the ability to see far ahead in a legal contest." Having remarkable self-control, he had most attorneys pitted against him, at a disadvantage. During his professional career he was connected with most of the important cases adjudicated in this part of the State during the thirty-five years preceding his last appointment as Judge.

Until the breaking out of the Spanish-American war, Judge Goodwin was a Democrat in politics, but not being able to agree with his party on the question of expansion, he supported McKinley and afterwards Roosevelt for the Presidency.

Judge Goodwin was a progressive and public-spirited citizen, and could always be relied upon to do his share in whatever made for the development and betterment of the county and town in which he lived. He made Quincy his home in 1859, and, from that time till death, manifested a commendable pride and interest in the upbuilding and beautifying of the town.

Deceased was of the old school of courtly Southern gentlemen, and possessed a high character. His domestic life was ideal. He was a kind and affectionate husband and father and by his wife and children adored. During the past few months of his rapidly declining health, he was fortunate in having the devoted attention and care of his eldest daughter, who left nothing undone to minister to his welfare and comfort. Judge Goodwin was a good neighbor and he valued such pleasant relations between himself and his friends.

Deceased had been a Mason for the long period of 53 years, having joined the order in Yuba county in 1854. He dimitted to Plumas Lodge No. 60, in 1859, and was an active and prominent member till death. He was Master of the Lodge during 1865 and 1866. He was also a member of Lassen Commandery, Knights Templar. The order has sustained a distinct loss by his death, and Plumas Lodge one of its oldest, most devoted and able members.

To mourn his taking away, deceased leaves an aged widow, one son and two daughters—the children alluded to being Miss Mattie L. Goodwin of Quincy, W. N. Goodwin of Los Angeles, and Mrs. U. S. Webb of San Francisco. He also leaves an only brother, our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Samuel M. Goodwin. In their great bereavement they have the genuine sympathy of their old neighbors and friends.

The funeral took place at 2 o'clock p. m., on Sunday, from the residence of Attorney-General Webb, at 1512 Masonic Ave., San Francisco. According to his wishes the remains were afterwards cremated. The ashes will later be returned to Quincy and buried beside the remains of the children who preceded him to the grave.

At the bar, on the bench, and in business Judge Goodwin was earnest, upright, and conscientious and proved himself a man of great dignity and culture, broad-minded, a staunch and true friend, yet a firm but merciful foe. His influence throughout the State was strong and his friends were legion.

Judge Goodwin was identified with the Masonic fraternity for over fifty years. He became a member of Yuba Lodge, Marysville, in 1854, and after his removal to Plumas county he dimitted from Yuba Lodge and affiliated with Plumas Lodge, No. 60, F. & A. M., of which he was a Past Master, having served Plumas Lodge as Master during 1865 and 1866. He was an enthusiastic Mason and until his death was one of the pillars and mainstays of the Lodge and of the fraternity. He was also a member of the Chapter and Commandry at Susanville and also belonged to the Mystic Shrine.

The union of Judge and Mrs. Goodwin was blessed with six children, namely: Martha L., Ella, Cora, William N., Kittie M., and Grace. There survive him, his aged wife; Martha L., who resides in Quincy; William N., an able and successful lawyer of San Francisco; and Grace, wife of U. S. Webb, Attorney General of California; also a brother, Samuel Goodwin of Quincy. To these bereaved ones a kind and loving husband, father and brother has been lost. In his death the bench and bar of Plumas county and of the State loses an able and worthy lawyer and Judge; this county and State one of its foremost and most devoted citizens and those guilty of crime and wrongdoing one of their firmest opponents.

For several months preceding his death, Judge Goodwin's health has been gradually failing and for several weeks past it became evident that unless a change for the better occurred the end would soon come. Mrs. Goodwin was in San Francisco, having spent the winter there, and it was his desire to be with her. To gratify this desire, in the hope the change would benefit him, he was taken to San Francisco, whither his daughter, Miss Mattie, accompanied him. They left on Tuesday, the 3rd instant, and arrived in San Francisco the following Thursday at about 10 o'clock a. m. He seemed to stand the hardship of the trip better than was anticipated, but after having been with his life partner and their children scarcely twelve hours he passed away, but he was granted the supreme gratification of crossing the bar to face his Supreme Grand Master surrounded by his loved ones. Full of years, secure in the consciousness of having fought the good fight, and having the respect and esteem of all who knew him, this great, good man calmly went to meet Him who doeth all things well.

JUDGE GOODWIN DIES AT HOME OF DAUGHTER

Pioneer Lawyer and Jurist
Passes Away at Age
of Eighty.

JUDGE JOHN D. GOODWIN, late Judge of the Superior Court of Plumas county, died of heart failure in this city last Thursday night at 10:30 o'clock at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Attorney-General and Mrs. U. S. Webb, at 1512 Masonic avenue. Although Judge Goodwin was in his 80th year, and had been failing in health for some years, he was at his post of duty on the bench of his court almost until the last. Last Monday he completed a long and tedious criminal trial, and the following day, feeling that he was seriously ill, decided to leave his home in Quincy and come to San Francisco, where his wife was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Webb. He arrived Wednesday, and began to sink rapidly until the end came.

In the death of Judge Goodwin, California has lost another member from the fast-thinning ranks of the pioneer lawyers. For over fifty years he was identified with the legal profession and the judiciary of Plumas, Modoc and Lassen counties. He was born in Camden, South Carolina, November 6, 1829, and came to California around the Horn during the rush of 1850. For the first few years in California he sought his fortune among the gold fields of the northern counties, and finally, in 1857, entered into the active practice of law in Plumas county. In 1865-66 he represented Plumas and Lassen counties in the Assembly of the State Legislature. From 1877 to 1879 he served as Judge of the District Court of the counties of Lassen, Modoc and Plumas. Early in 1905 he was appointed by Governor Pardee, and later was elected as, Judge of the Superior Court of Plumas county. In politics he was a Democrat until the second campaign of ex-President McKinley, at which time he supported McKinley and later President Roosevelt.

Judge Goodwin was possessed of a wonderfully kind and considerate dis-



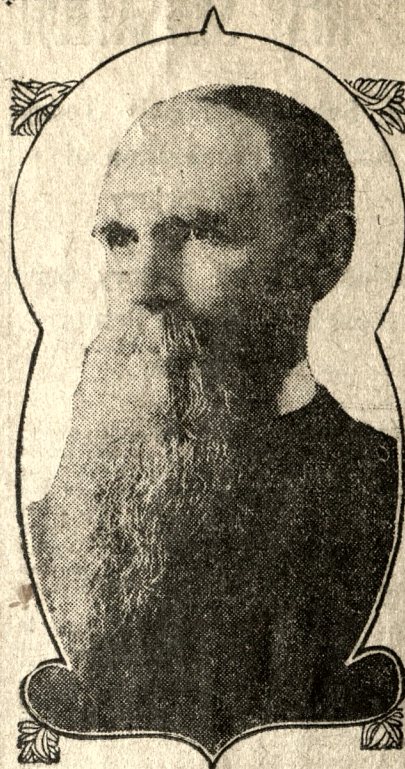
THE LATE JUDGE JOHN D. GOODWIN.

position, and was greatly revered by the younger members of the bar who practiced in his court. He was known as the friend of the young lawyer.

He leaves a wife, Mrs. Mattie J. Goodwin, two daughters, Mattie L. Goodwin and Mrs. Grace Webb, and one son, W. N. Goodwin, a lawyer practicing in Los Angeles.

The funeral services will be held under the auspices of the California Commandery of the Knights Templar at the request of the Susanville Commandery, of which Judge Goodwin was a member, at the Albert Pike Memorial Temple, next Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Judge J. D. Goodwin, pioneer jurist, who died Thursday night at age of 78 years.



PIONEER JURIST PASSES IN DEATH

Judge J. D. Goodwin Succumbs
After Long Life in
California

Judge J. D. Goodwin, aged 78 years, a California pioneer and father in law and former law partner of Attorney General U. S. Webb, died Thursday night at the home of Attorney General Webb in Masonic avenue. The wife, Mrs. Martha Goodwin, two daughters, Mrs. U. S. Webb and Miss Martha L. Goodwin, and a son, W. N. Goodwin, an attorney of Los Angeles, survive.

Judge Goodwin was born in Camden, S. C., November 6, 1829. In 1850 he made the trip around the Horn to California, whence he went to the gold fields of Nevada county and later to Plumas county. He was elected county clerk of Plumas county in the early fifties. At the end of the term Judge Goodwin became a lawyer, beginning practice in Quincy. In 1865 and 1866 he was a member of the legislature, representing the counties of Plumas and Lassen. From 1875 to 1878 the pioneer was district judge of the district composed of the counties of Plumas, Lassen and Modoc. Later he became a partner in law practice with the present Attorney General U. S. Webb. This partnership continued from 1891 to 1902.

Early in 1905 Judge Goodwin was appointed by Governor Pardee superior judge of Plumas county to fill a vacancy and was elected to the place at the ensuing election.

Judge Goodwin was a Mason, Shriner and Templar.

The funeral services will be held Sunday afternoon under the auspices of California commandery, Knights Templar, at Albert Pike memorial temple in Geary street.



AN EARLY PLUMAS SETTLER PASSED AWAY FRIDAY IN AMERICAN VALLEY

Nat. Bulletin

Jan. 30, 1911

D. R. FINLAYSON, AFTER A LONG ILLNESS, CALLED TO HIS REST BEYOND THE GRAVE

Though his death had been expected, and his friends well knew that it would really be a relief to him, they could but feel sorry when they learned of the passing of D. R. Finlayson which occurred Friday morning, January 27, 1911, at 6 o'clock. "A good man has gone," and similar expressions could be heard from those who had known him intimately, some of them since the early days in the history of Plumas county. Though Mr. Finlayson had been confined to his residence fully a year, and much of this period to his bed, he bore, with a remarkable degree of fortitude, his trials and sufferings during his long illness, and knew full well that recovery, because of his advanced age, was impossible. The illness of his wife during all this time added to the sorrow of the situation.

The life of D. R. Finlayson was an open book with whose pages the people of Quincy and American Valley were conversant. The following biographical sketch is drawn mainly from the "History of the State of California and Biographical Record of the Sierras," compiled by Prof. J. M. Guinn and published in 1906.

"Born December 9, 1830, in Nova Scotia, Donald R. Finlayson was a son of John and Amelia (Robertson) Finlayson, both of whom lived to advanced ages, due, no doubt, to the simple living followed by a long line of Scotch ancestors. The maternal grandparents were born in Scotland, but finally located in Nova Scotia, where their daughter Amelia was born and spent her entire life, passing away when about 83 years of age. Until grown to young manhood, John Finlayson remained in his native surroundings in Scotland, but when about 20 years of age he came to America, locating in Nova Scotia. During his earlier life, he was a merchant, but later became interested in farming, a calling which he followed the remainder of his life, which was brought to a close in Nova Scotia when he was in his ninety-sixth year. Until about sixteen years of age, Donald R. Finlayson remained on the home farm with his parents, having obtained a good education in the public schools in the meantime. About 1846, he began a three-years' apprenticeship at the miller's trade, which he mastered in the prescribed time, and thereafter followed it for nine years. It was about this time in his career that he became interested in the bright prospects in the West, held out to enterprising and ambitious young men, and on May 4, 1856, he boarded the steamer Illinois in New York harbor, bound for California by way of the Panama route. In less than a month, June 1st, he debarked at San Francisco, and at once started for the mines of Camptonville, Yuba county. For about two months he worked at

mining by the day, later going to Sacramento county, where he was engaged in chopping wood for about eight months. His first identification with Plumas county dates from the year 1857, at which time he settled at Spanish Ranch and again became interested in mining, an undertaking which netted him fair return for about twelve years. During two years of this time he mined at Rich Gulch also. After disposing of his mining interests, Mr. Finlayson settled in American Valley east of Quincy, which

place has ever since been his home. On February 26, 1872, Mr. Finlayson was united in marriage with Mrs. Jane Richards, who survives him."

To Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson, three children were born, John E., Donald R., and Nellie. The daughter died during her early girlhood days. The eldest son is a resident of this valley and engaged in farming. The younger is a mining engineer and is located in the State of Nevada. Mrs. Sallie Smith and Mrs. W. D. R. Graham of Reno, and Mr. W. M. Richards of this valley, are step-children.

Mr. Finlayson was a good man. His kindly disposition, rugged honesty and his support of that which he knew to be right and in the interest of good morals and the well-being of his fellow man, commanded for him a high degree of respect among the people who knew his good qualities. In his death, Plumas county has lost another of her representative citizens and builders, this community a good neighbor and friend, and his family a devoted husband and father. In their hours of sorrow, they will have the sympathy of many friends.

The funeral was held at 1 o'clock p. m., Sunday. The deep snow on the ground, and the rain pouring down, made it impossible for many of the friends of the deceased to attend the ceremonies, which were conducted by Rev. J. W. Huston. The pall bearers were members of Plumas Lodge No. 88, I. O. O. F., of which Mr. Finlayson had been a member for about forty years.

MRS. FINLAYSON PASSED AWAY TUESDAY NIGHT

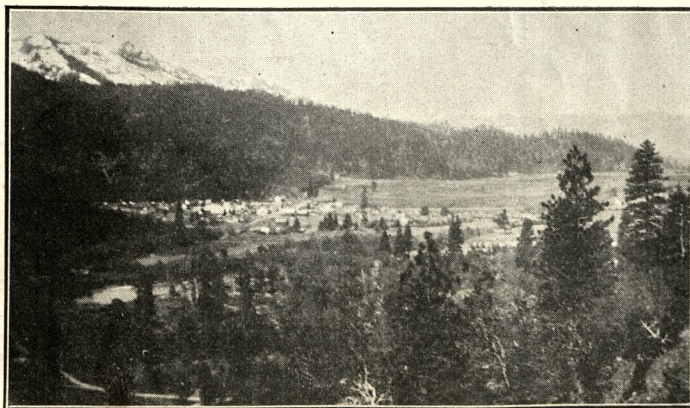
PIONEER LADY SURVIVED HER HUSBAND, THE LATE D. R. FINLAYSON, LESS THAN TWO WEEKS

The not unexpected death of Mrs. Jane Finlayson, widow of the late D. R. Finlayson, occurred at the family residence in American Valley on Tuesday evening, February 7, 1911, at 7:30 o'clock, after a prolonged illness, one, in fact, which had lasted for two or three years. Shortly after the death of her husband, she had a very serious sinking spell, and then it seemed as if she would survive but a few hours. Her wonderful vitality, however, prolonged life till Tuesday evening of this week.

Deceased, whose maiden name was Murrish, was a native of Cornwall, England, where she was born January 19, 1831. She was, therefore, at the time of her death, past 80 years old. Her parents died when she was about 11 years of age. Miss Murrish then came to the United States with her elder brother and sisters. They went to Wisconsin. In that State, on August 19, 1848, she became the wife of William K. Richards, came to California in 1855, and to Plumas county the following year, joining her husband, who had preceded her to the golden West. For a few years thereafter, her home was at Spanish Ranch and Rich Gulch, where Mr. Richards was engaged in mining. Mrs. Richards was left a widow in 1870, but was married to the late D. R. Finlayson on February 26, 1872. Ever since her removal to American Valley, her home was on the ranch now belonging to the estate.

Mrs. Richards, though long an invalid, was an industrious and frugal wife, a loving and devoted mother and a good neighbor. She leaves to mourn her loss two daughters and three sons—Mrs. Sarah A. Smith and Mrs. W. D. R. Graham, both of Reno, and W. M. Richards and John E. and D. R. Finlayson, Jr.

From these, the aged mother, during her prolonged illness, had their tender care and sympathy. With them, in their hours of bereavement, a host of friends sympathize.



Taylorville, Plumas County, California.

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In Memoriam.

On Saturday evening, April 25th, one of the oldest residents of the town passed away in the person of James Boyd Keddie. He was a native of Errol, Perthshire, Scotland. His parents came to Canada when he was five years old and settled in Holland Landing, but, finding the locality unhealthy, two years later they moved to Oshawa. From that time, with the exception of three years spent in Kentucky during the period of his early manhood, Oshawa has been his home. He was born and baptized in the Presbyterian Church, but early in life connected himself with the Methodist society, to which church he remained a faithful and loyal member and official until his death. He was too well known to make it necessary to expend words in commenting upon him. He has gone in and out among the citizens, a familiar figure, dealing with others as he would be dealt with, always with a friendly hand-shake and kindly smile for all that will long be remembered by many friends.—Oshawa Vindicator.

"Suffice it if—his good and ill unreckoned,

And both forgiven through God's abounding
grace—

He finds himself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto his fitting place."

We laid him away in great peace until that day
when all shall be called to arise,

"Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless lays his dead away,
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,"
And Love can never lose its own!"

—Whittier.

55
FOR MY VALENTINE'S BIRTHDAY, FEB'Y 14TH. 1889.

Fifty years I've labored in life's stubbly fields,
And had my share of pricks and stumbles,
Shared in the joy the golden summer fields,
Shared in the toil and care that humbles.

Some sheaves are gathered in my harvest home,
Some still are ripening under sun and showers,
Some tares, the foe of human hopes has sown,
Again some angel hand has scattered flowers.

Henceforth I travel down life's sloping side,
My steps are cautious in the waning light,
But one who journeys with me true and tried,
Will be my guide, and lantern in the night.

My eyes are steadfast on the setting sun,
My hopes are steadfast for a brighter day,
Best will be welcome when my journey's done
When Eden's shining fields my steps shall stay.

This was sent to ma on her birthday by Aunt Emily - her sister who is three years older than herself. (Ma's birthday is on the fourteenth, you know -) Ma says she prizes it above everything else she got. Aunt Emily is quite a poetess and writes very beautiful verses sometimes. Ma says you can give this to Aunt Maggie.

Helen Keddie.

Keddie Gets License to Marry Miss Williams

According to a San Francisco paper received in this city yesterday W. Arthur Keddie, one of the engineers of the United States Reclamation Service in Churchill county, and Miss Ada Williams, daughter of Senator W. W. Williams of Churchill county, were on Tuesday granted a marriage license. It is stated that the young people were married in San Francisco yesterday.

Arthur Keddie is well known in Reno, having lived here for four years while attending the University of Nevada, where during his college career, he was the crack athlete of the institution. He was also at one time the champion bicycle rider of the Pacific coast and helped win many trophies for the Reno Wheelmen club.

Miss Ada Williams is also well known in Reno, although Fallon is her home town.

CALIFORNIA, Friday, May, 22-09

W. A. Keddie Wins a Nevada Bride

Last ~~Sunday~~ ^{Monday} in San Francisco W. Arthur Keddie was united in marriage to one of Nevada's most gifted and handsome daughters, Miss Adah Williams.

"Art" Keddie is a Plumas boy, the only son of A. W. Keddie of Quincy. He is a graduate from the civil engineering department of the University of Nevada, and has, since his graduation, been in the employ of the U. S. Government in Nevada, on reclamation and geological work. Mr. Keddie is a great athlete, a clean man morally, and in all a model husband. His bride is the daughter of Senator Warren Williams of Churchill County, Nevada.

We congratulate Mr. Keddie upon winning the hand of Miss Williams and wish himself and bride all kinds of good luck upon the sea of matrimony.

Independent

W. A. KEDDIE WEDS NEVADA YOUNG LADY

WELL KNOWN CIVIL ENGINEER TAKES MISS WILLIAMS TO BE HIS WIFE

A quiet but happy wedding took place on Monday evening, May 11, 1908, in San Francisco, by which Mr. Walter Arthur Keddie and Miss Adah B. Williams were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Stubbs, President of the Nevada State University, where, at one time, both Mr. Keddie and his bride were students. The wedding was a quiet affair, being attended by only a few relatives and friends. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. A. W. Keddie, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Pacific Railway Company, and a resident of Quincy the past forty-two years. Young Mr. Keddie was born and raised in this town. On reaching young manhood, he entered the Nevada State University, and along with his general educational course, made a specialty of civil engineering. After graduation, he entered the service of the Government, and has since been connected with the surveys for irrigation works in that State. He has been steadily advanced until he now occupies a responsible and lucrative position with the Government.

His bride is a daughter of Senator Williams of Nevada, whose home is at Fallon. She made a brief visit to Quincy about a year since.

The Plumas friends of Mr. Keddie wish him and his bride a long life of happiness and success.

We are informed that Mr. and Mrs. Keddie will be in Quincy about a week from this date to spend a short time visiting relatives.

Arthur Keddie Married.

Word comes that Arthur Keddie, son of A. W. Keddie of Quincy, Cal., and Miss Williams, a daughter of Senator Warren Williams of Churchill county, Nevada, were married in San Francisco Sunday. The bride is a charming young lady and was a visitor in Quincy last summer. Her father is a well known Nevada capitalist and the wealthiest sheep owner in that State.

The groom is well known in Plumas county. He is a graduate of the Nevada State University and a first-class civil engineer. He was one of the best athletes in the sagebrush college, being a fine football and baseball player, and also the cracker-jack bicycle rider in the Reno Wheelmen's team and many times snatched victory from defeat for the Reno boys in quite a number of hard fought contests. Quincy is proud of Arthur Keddie both from an educational and athletic standpoint and his many friends in this section wish him and his bride a long life of happiness and prosperity **Plumas Star.**

KEDDIE--WILLIAMS WEDDING AT BAY

Several Fallon People Attend the Ceremony and Wedding Breakfast Monday Evening.

WEDDING TOUR TO LOS ANGELES

W. A. Keddie, formerly one of the engineers on the Reclamation Service, and Miss Adah Williams, daughter of Hon. W. W. Williams, were united in marriage in San Francisco last Monday evening, Dr. Stubbs, president of the Nevada State University, officiating.

Among the Fallon people who were wedding guests were Misses Beth and Cora Williams, sisters of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Hayes, and the father and sister of the groom.

After the ceremony the party repaired to Blanco's where an elaborate wedding breakfast was served. Blanco's has one enormous dining room where about 300 guests were seated. The wedding party's table was arranged in the center of the room and as they entered, the orchestra played the wedding march. The spectators cheered lustily and rose to their feet in honor of the party. But no sooner was the wedding party seated than the orchestra struck up, "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." The applause that followed surpassed the roar of the salute from Uncle Sam's fleet.

The happy couple departed for Los Angeles on the wedding tour and it is understood they will later visit Fallon.

FAMOUS SONGS and Their History

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER —FLORENCE PERCY.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shown;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened to your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream,
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN'S ("Florence Percy") song, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," is one of the most beautiful in the English language. It is printed above complete as written by the authoress, al-

though in the copies of the song the second and last verses are generally omitted and the last four lines of the last verse is used as a chorus.

"Rock Me to Sleep" is known wherever the English language is spoken.

It was written by the authoress when she was quite young, and was printed under the nom de plume of "Florence Percy," which she used until she married Mr. Akers, after which she adopted the name Elizabeth Akers as a signature to her writings. Mr. Akers lived but a short time, and a few years later she married Mr. Allen, but her pen name was not changed, but has remained Elizabeth Akers, which is signed to her last book of poems, issued in 1903 under the title "Sunset Song and Other Verses."

"Rock Me to Sleep" was written by Elizabeth Akers in memory of her mother, who died when she was a young girl, but whose memory was cherished most sacredly through life. This is emphasized in the poem in every line. No more loving tribute to a mother has ever been penned. Every line breathes of the loneliness she feels, and all others so bereft can respond with her to the line, "Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you."

This poem was first printed in the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia in May, 1860, although written the previous year. The writer received \$5 for it, and that was all the remuneration, although others have made thousands of dollars out of it. It was set to music and published as a song soon after its appearance, without authorization by the poetess, and the publishers admitted that their profits in the

first six months were \$5000. Since that time it is known to have been issued by at least forty-nine music publishers, one of whom long ago printed "Fiftieth Thousand" on the title page.

Not only did Mrs. Allen get nothing for all this exploiting of her work, but she was long denied the credit of authorship. The song was claimed by several persons. One, Alexander M. W. Ball, a wealthy though unlettered New Jersey contractor, actually enlisted the sympathies of several prominent editors, a leading lawyer and one or two members of Congress, to enable him to support his claim of having written it.

The matter finally reached a stage where he found cause to spend a large sum in issuing a book called his "Vindication." It was not until J. T. Trowbridge and other champions of truth came to the rescue that Ball's deception was exposed and Mrs. Allen gained the poor honor of a tardy recognition.

In her later writings Mrs. Allen never again reached the lyric height achieved in "Rock Me to Sleep," although all her volumes of poems contain much that is worthy of preservation. "The Sunset Song," which was issued when the authoress was 70 years old, and living in Tuckahoe, N. Y., shows a large share of the same passionate longing for the days that are no more.

In her earlier years she enjoyed the friendship of many of the great literary men of that period. When James Russell Lowell edited the Atlantic, and when anonymity ruled its pages, she was a frequent contributor, although the most of her poems have never appeared in print other than in her own publications.

An eminent critic, writing of her poetry, says: "Nothing which verse can do, it would seem, is too hard a pattern for her to attempt, such as the double

Sestina, the Virelai Nouveau, all the French archaic forms, double acrostics and the like. These, of course, are not of the essence of poetry, but, like the 'exercises' in music, they give flexibility to its instrument. In 'The Sunset Song' is a poem of ten stanzas in which every word is a monosyllable, and it flows on as if no such characteristic hampered it. It is possible that the poem, 'True,' which is purely monosyllabic, is the only one in the English language of its length that is."

Elizabeth Chase was born in Strong, Maine, October 9, 1832. She married Paul Akers, the sculptor, who died in 1861, and in 1865 she married E. M. Allen, of New York. She began to write at the age of 15, and in 1855 published, under the name "Florence Percy," her first book of poems, entitled "Forest Buds."

Her other publications are "Poems by Elizabeth Akers," "Queen Catherine's Rose," "The Silver Bridge," "The Triangular Society," "Two Saints," "The High-Top Sweetening," "The Proud Lady of Stavoren" and "The Ballad of the Bronx." She lives at present at Tuckahoe, N. Y. For several years she was literary editor of the Portland, Me., Advertiser.

Ben

By Thomas M. Humble

When wife an' I are restin' of an evenin'
after tea,

Most generally the talkin' turns on Ben
who went to sea;

And often in the night time, when wife
thinks I'm sound asleep,

There's a prayer goin' up to Heaven, 'bout
our boy upon the deep.

We've been watchin' an' a prayin', both
mornin', noon an' night,

An' all the time a trustin' in the Lord to
bring it right,

For somehow or another, there's some-
thin' seems to say

He's sure to bring Ben agin, afore we're
laid away.

There's the good book over yonder, its
pages stained with tears,

It's full of hope and comfort, for our de-
clinin' years,

Cos' it tells us 'bout the Saviour, a
watchin' o'er our boy,

An', if we never meet on earth, 'bout how
we'll meet on high.

Ye see yon coat there, stranger? a 'hang-
in' on the wall,

Ben allus used to wear it, a ploughin' in
the fall,

It's only common farmers cloth, what
most folks call home-spun,

Wife says as how she'll leave it there,
till some day Ben'll come.

And here's his pictur', that's how he used
to look,

A likely sort o' chap he was—the time
when it was took;

'Bout twenty then, or thereabouts, I
can't exactly say,

With curly hair, just like your own, 'an
pretty much your way.

There's somethin', too, about your look,
reminds me of our boy,

Pr'aps it's in yer talkin', or the color of
yer eye.

But tell us! ain't ye seen him? in yer tra-
vels up and down

In the cities and villages, or some sea-
side town.

Say, stranger, what's the matter? Ye'r
lookin' kind o' queer,

Don't keep it back—but tell us—pr'aps
the Lord has sent ye here!

For somehow I've been thinkin' you've
news about our Ben,

So draw yer chair up closer, an' tell us all
ye can.

Look, wife! he's cryin' now, as if 'is heart
would break,

Thank God for all His goodness, this
can't be no mistake,

He's come at last, I'm sure it's him, our
boy is home agin',

Don't weep no more—it's all forgiven—
say! stranger, ain't ye Ben?

—T. M. Humble.

MAYOR JOHN S. BRANSFORD

Twice the Choice of the People at the Polls as Chief Executive of Salt Lake City, He Led the American Party to a Glorious Victory in 1909.

On the day after election in the city of Salt Lake the metropolis of Utah, John S. Bransford said through the press to the people:

"Again the voters of this city have chosen me to fill the office of mayor."

"Again I wish to express my sincere appreciation and to thank heartily my many friends for their able efforts and the successful termination of the campaign."

"The fight is over. Let us unite and do everything possible along the lines of improvement and progress for a still 'Greater Salt Lake.' It is clearly the duty of all citizens to cheerfully co-operate with those in charge of the affairs of the city to the end that everything necessary may be done to continue the progressive spirit, that has existed during the past few years. Salt Lake City is destined to be one of the greatest cities in the intermountain country. It will be my purpose to use my best efforts to insist on a continuation of the improvements under way and the adding to the list of additional improvements wherever needed, giving, however, every consideration to the financial condition of the city."

This is the man whom the American party have elected as their mayor for the next two years to succeed himself. Mayor Bransford polled the most popular vote ever recorded in this city, beating both of his able opponents through the will of the people. He is the right man in the right place and his record as a city official is such as may be pointed to with pride, and as an example worthy of emulation from whom many a young man can learn lessons in self reliance and perseverance, no one can be more fully chosen than John S. Bransford. The opinion that he is playing and has played in the modern progress of Salt Lake and the responsible position he has held would be more than creditable to any one many years his senior.

A brief sketch of John S. Bransford's life will be perused with pleasure and profit to his friends throughout the great and constantly developing west, by the general public; as it evidences the possibilities of a young man of merit and will serve as a worthy example to the youth of the great American state, Utah. Mr. Bransford did not need the prestige of distinguished ancestry to secure for himself his present prominence, though he was not lacking in that time honored possession.

John S. Bransford is a native of Missouri. He was born in Richmond, Ray county, August 26, just fifty-three years ago. At an early age he drifted westward, after securing an ordinary education at the public schools of his home town.

He first spent some time in the city of San Francisco, where he obtained a good business education at a commercial

college, after which he removed to Plumas county, California, locating in the town of Greenville. Here he became identified with a number of important interests, the first being with a mining supply house, where a bright and active mind and a man of good judgment was needed. He proved the right man, gained the respect and confidence of his employers and associates and became one of the leading citizens of that section of California. He later entered the general merchandise and mining fields and won success in each line. He also became engaged in the ever interesting game of politics, and his friends insisted on nominating him for office, and it is a tradition with John Bransford that once nominated he is sure to be elected. Results have demonstrated this statement. He was assessor of Plumas county from 1886 to 1890. Was sheriff from 1890 to 1896, and his record shows that the people of California, like the people of Greater Salt Lake City, rallied to the substantial support of a man who conducts his office according to business principles.

After a series of successes in California, John Bransford was attracted to Salt Lake City because of the future prospects in the mining and development fields of the intermountain country. He became a member of the mining and stock exchange of this city and his active ability quickly won such recognition that he was made president of the organization by his associates. Again he proved the right man in the right place and his reign as president of the exchange was most commendable. He became interested in extensive holding and operating companies interested in the mineral development of this country, and acquired large interests at Park City and Eureka; later at Ely and Beatty, Nev.

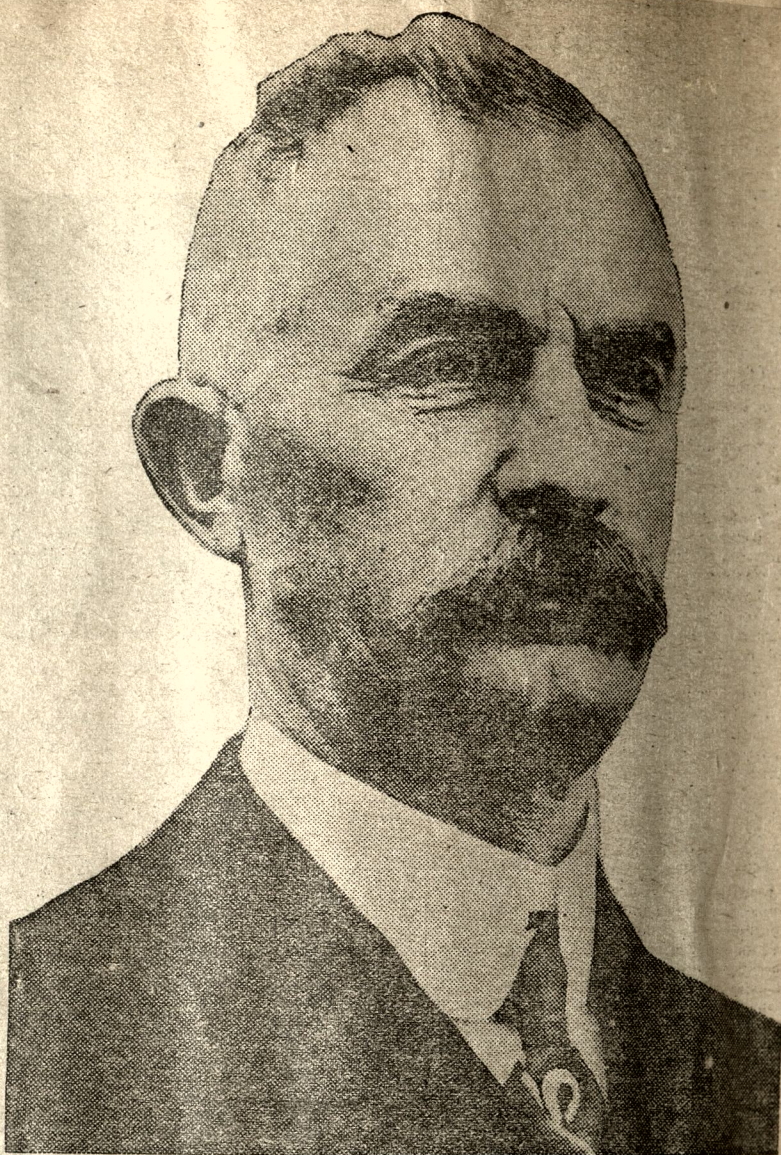
John Bransford is one of the leading spirits in the mining, industrial and manufacturing world of Greater Salt Lake and the surrounding territory; being vice-president of the famous Silver King Coalition Mines company, one of the great ore producers that is making history for this section; and interested in other mineral propositions. He is a director in the new Copper National bank, the Utah State bank; in the Keith-O'Brien company, the great department store of this city; the Newhouse Hotel company, and president of the Rogers-Evans company, insurance, and is an extensive property owner in Salt Lake City.

John S. Bransford first became mayor of Salt Lake City on August 13, 1907, when he was selected by the city council to succeed Ezra Thompson. He has since filled the position with credit to himself and to the great advantage of the city. Under his wise and systematic business administration his policy and that of his assistants and associates has ever been progressive developments. Handsome streets, well paved and more of them, favoring no

the merely personal interests of any one of us.

Our city stands unique among all the cities of America, in that it is confronted with a condition, which the enlightened statesmen who laid the foundation of our Republic so broad and so deep, believed would never be possible. As time moves on, and mankind moves with it, this condition to which I have just referred becomes more acute. It involves a question which will have to be settled soon or late, soon I hope, for upon its settlement depends the position we are ultimately destined to take among the cities in the empire of the West.

One of the lessons history has to teach is that no country, no nation, in which religious rancor, engendered by the conflict between ecclesiastical aggrandizement and the desire of the people to promote its interests as it sees them, has ever been able to maintain for long, a position of commanding importance among the countries and the nations where no such conflict exists.



MAYOR JOHN S. BRANSFORD.

particular section of the city or interests, but working first, last and all the time for a better and ever Greater Salt Lake City. That his good work is appreciated by the people of this city was most effectively demonstrated at the recent election when he was returned to office by a magnificent majority, winning votes from people of all parties, creeds and nationalities; men and women who have faith in John S.

Bransford as a man of wise thought and careful action.

Mayor John S. Bransford is a self-made man. His success in life is due to his untiring energy, integrity and the upright methods he has pursued. May his future be one of long continuous prosperity and may he long represent the interests of Greater Salt Lake City, the metropolis of the intermountain country.

It is true some cities have become famous for their wealth; even now the magnificence of their architectural creations reveal to us the height of splendor which these places attained, when the will of the church was law to all men; but a study of the social, educational and moral conditions of those times will discover that while the few reveled in luxury, the lot of the many was one of extreme degradation and ignorance.

Experience has taught us that the rule of the church is the death of the people; and that where church and state are separate institutions, the Tree of Liberty has blossomed and produced its most luscious fruit.

The greatest need of Salt Lake City is a united people, enthused with the spirit of civic progress, according to the ideals of the twentieth century.

There is no room in this constructive age for religious dissensions, such a state is absolutely foreign to our people.

Many things, I repeat, we need as a city; beautiful buildings, clean and well-paved streets; healthy moral and social environments—all these we shall obtain, but as precedent to these and necessary to the more civic honesty, civic pride, in a word, civic righteousness is acquired in its highest degree only when the state is free to administer its affairs, as it believes is best for all the people, and when every church is standing upon an equal footing in respect to its position toward the state, under whose protecting wing each may find room to develop all that is highest and best in its work.

Salt Lake City, situated in a magnificent fertile valley, a region which the mighty genius of her people has transformed from an arid waste into a land fruitful in all things that contribute to the material welfare of mankind; located

on the steel-threaded highway that connects the great productive agricultural and mining West with the manufacturing East, we are in a position to challenge the admiration of the world as we move along the line of march of human progress. Our sons and our daughters come from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, and are fully capable of forging ahead and making of this place the city it is destined to be, if only the internal strife that is ever creating a bitter feeling could be wiped out as it must be some day, and that in the not far distant future.

We must have an absolute separation of church and state, and I say now that it is the duty of every one of us, regardless of our religious or political affiliations, to work and to this end to endorse the principles of the American party and support that organization in its glorious mission for the redemption of Utah.

Again I say, let us have a united action on the part of the whole people of our beautiful State in an effort to settle for all time to come this very important question. This is what Salt Lake City most needs.

MAYOR BRANSFORD TALKS ON WHAT SALT LAKE MOST NEEDS

Mayor John S. Bransford, in a clear and forcible discussion of Salt Lake's most pressing needs, said:

Salt Lake City as a growing city, in common with all other cities of that character, might be said to need many things, in order that it might be the ideal city. If such a condition were possible.

The question contained in the toast which has been given me would in all probability be answered by the man on the street in a manner consistent with the way in which his interests lie, by the man whose interests are centered solely in business, in a manner suitable with the development of the city as an industrial center, but to we who are here tonight, and to all who have the highest interests of the city lying close to their hearts, the question is one of transcending importance, an importance far above

Mayer Bransford to the People

"Again the tinkle of the bells of the voting machines has ceased to ring, and the verdict of the people has been registered.

"Again the voters of this city have chosen me to fill the office of mayor.

"Again I wish to express my sincere appreciation, and to thank heartily my many friends, for their able efforts and the successful termination of the campaign, in my behalf, and in behalf of the American party.

"The desire of the people has been spoken, and the duties of administering the affairs of the municipality have been placed in our care—and these duties must receive our most serious and conscientious consideration, with but one object in view, namely: What is for the best interests of all the people?

"It will be my purpose to use my best efforts to insist in a continuation of the improvements under way and the adding to the list of additional improvements where most needed, giving, however, every consideration to the financial condition of the city.

"I trust in the future, as in the past, I shall receive the support and cooperation of all good citizens in this respect.

"I take this opportunity of conveying to the Hon. James D. Murdoch and Mr. William R. Wallace my fullest appreciation of their methods of conducting the campaign just closed. They have at all times shown themselves to be men of high character.

"In every conflict for political preferment people become enthusiastic for the party which they favor and in the heat of the campaign strife is more or less engendered because of the craving for success. Throughout the recent conflict the Herald-Republican has conducted a campaign, distinguished by the most outrageous calumny; a campaign of vituperation and vindictive slander and falsehood, the like of which, to my knowledge, has never marked the history of the press of this city.

"The fight is over. Let us unite and do everything possible along the lines of improvement and progress for a still 'Greater Salt Lake.' It is clearly the duty of all citizens to cheerfully cooperate with those in charge of the affairs of the city to the end that everything necessary may be done to continue the progressive spirit that has existed during the past few years. Salt Lake City is destined to be one of the greatest cities in the inter-mountain country and with a united people, this can be accomplished in the very near future."



*The privileges of the
Commercial Club
of Salt Lake City*

are extended to

Mr. A. A. Keddie

for two weeks from Dec 23^d 1910

by request of Mr. J. D. Bransford

Joseph E. Cairns

SECRETARY

SAD DEATH.

Promising Young Life is Suddenly Closed.

One of the most terrible accidents we have been called upon to chronicle happened at the Benicia Iron Works Tuesday afternoon of this week, when the life of Arthur K. Macfarlane, one of our brightest, most capable and most beloved young men, was suddenly snapped out. The community is enveloped in a pall of sorrow over his untimely death. He was a civil engineer in charge of the construction of the new concrete buildings now nearing completion at the Benicia Iron Works. And while engaged in his duties was operating a guy wire on a power hoist which came in contact with the wires of the Bay Counties' Power Co. A current of 9000 volts of electricity passed through his body. Death was instantaneous, although every effort was made to resuscitate him.

Mr. Macfarlane was a native of California, aged 23 years. His parents reside in Oroville. He was a civil engineer and has been engaged in the construction of the new concrete buildings at the Benicia Iron Works for the past 18 months. He had taken great personal interest in getting the buildings

enclosed before the winter rains commenced and had about reached the point when he could complete his work and take up other duties awaiting him elsewhere. No blame can be attached to anyone for his sad death. It was only another of those unforeseen happenings which so surely illustrate the uncertainty of life. He was a graduate of the University of California and had a career before him filled with every promise. A character of high ideals, bright, winsome and industrious, he made friends with all. He was engaged to a young lady who recently graduated from the same institution and we understand the wedding was to have taken place somewhere around Thanksgiving. He is gone and his friends and loved ones must find consolation in the memory of his happy, wholesome, well spent life.

The sad news of the death of the young man was sent to his parents at Oroville and his father and brother arrived Wednesday morning and accompanied the remains back to the home where befitting services were conducted and they were placed in their last resting place.

The management of the Iron Works closed the industry immediately after the terrible accident and the employees showed their respect to the deceased by covering the casket with beautiful flowers.

A. K. MacFarlane, Civil Engineer and Power Wire Victim



GRADUATE KILLED BY 12,000 VOLTS

University Man Electrocuted While at Work as Civil En- gineer Near Benicia

BERKELEY, Nov. 2.—Endeavoring to shake loose a guy wire while at work yesterday afternoon for the Baker & Hamilton iron works at Benicia, Arthur K. Macfarlane, a graduate of the university with the class of 1909, of which he was president during his sophomore year, was instantly killed by electrocution.

At the time the young civil engineer was working on the ground with Adams and Labroder, who were engaged in wiring on a high pole. Macfarlane was asked to shake loose a guy wire which was tangled. He picked up the end, and, whirling it vigorously, endeavored to straighten out the heavy wire.

The vigorous jerk threw the wire against the wires of the Bay Cities power company, and the charge of 12,000 volts was sent into the young man.

Macfarlane was a member of the Calmedico house club and of the civil engineering association. He was 23 years of age and had been in the employ of the iron company since graduation. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the home of his parents in Oroville.

ARTHUR MACFARLANE LAID IN THE GRAVE YESTERDAY

YOUNG CIVIL ENGINEER WHO
MET UNTIMELY END IS
BURIED HERE.

With simple services, all that was mortal of the late Arthur K. Macfarlane was tenderly laid at rest in the local cemetery yesterday afternoon. The services, which were private, were attended only by the relatives and a few of the more intimate friends of the family. Among the mourners was Miss Edith Hair, of Berkeley, the promised wife of the young civil engineer.

The services were conducted by the Rev. R. D. Douglass, of the Congregational Church. The following acted as pall-bearers: H. P. Short, L. D. Bullard, M. Wells, Carl Hoag, Orville Trunnel and W. H. Davis. Interment was under the direction of Reynolds and McGinnis.

A large number of beautiful floral pieces were heaped about the bier. One offering, of marked beauty, was a large clock, with the words inscribed, "The Hour Has Come." Besides other beautiful pieces was a compass and square, from Benicia Lodge, F. and A. M.

During the forenoon a large number of the friends of the deceased and the family visited the residence and paid their last respects to the departed.

The Cenotaph

By James T. Mackay

And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!

Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid

In any vault, 'neath any coffin-lid, In all the years since that wild Spring of pain?

'Tis false—he never in the grave hath lain.

You could not bury him although you slid

Upon his grave the Cheops pyramid

Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.

They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.

In all the earth his great heart beats as strong.

Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry

And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.

Whoever will may find him, anywhere

Save in the tomb. Not there—he is not there.

Naturalist Sings Like a Bird Reproduces Forest Sounds

CHARLES DENNISON KELLOGG



KELLOGG REVEALS MYSTERY OF WOODS

Naturalist, Who Migrates With
the Birds, Lectures in Berke-
ley to His Admirers.

Charles Dennison Kellogg, the "man who lives in the woods" and migrates, as the birds do, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Labrador region and back again every year, gave a lecture last night at the residence of Mrs. William T. Monroe on Bancroft way, Berkeley. It was an invitational affair, a sort of reception to the distinguished young naturalist who talks with the animals and sings with the birds and who finds the most satisfactory conditions of life not among the humans in villages and cities, but among the diversified peoples of the wood.

There were about 100 guests, most of them prominent in scientific and musical circles, as it is especially to the men of science and the musicians that the work of Mr. Kellogg appeals.

Mr. Kellogg ordinarily illustrates his lectures with moving pictures that reveal the true life of the wood folk, and when he has birds on the screen he reproduces the songs they sing. He performs Chopin mazurkas and other classic works in the bird tones with musical accuracy and fascinating brilliancy, accompanied by piano or orchestra, and he has such volume of tone that he can far surpass any of the feathered choir and can make himself heard above the sound of any orchestra.

Last night he did not use the moving pictures, but with the piano he illustrated his unique powers in bird song.

The subject of his lecture was "The Development of the Senses," speaking particularly of the sense of hearing and the sense of smell. The latter is exceedingly important in the woods and the wild animals possess it in far greater degree than does man.

"Yet man can develop the sense of smell as well as the animals can, if he chooses to do so, though it is not so necessary to him. But to develop it in the higher degree he must eliminate intoxicating liquor, tobacco, meat and drugs. He must avoid excesses in feeding. Even the excess of alcohol in sugar may interfere with the development. To be sure, some of the forest animals live on meat, but after they have eaten large quantities of it their sense of smell is impaired and it is at its best only when they are hungry."

Trills and warbles in perfectly realistic bird tones made it seem no wonder that the man who knew the language and had the gift of using it was able to make the forest people stand still and listen to him. Some of the peculiar musical effects were shadow tones, about the softest, quietest music ever heard, and yet made audible throughout the entire room, and whisper songs in higher harmonics, produced with the lips closed, after a manner of bird lullaby learned in watching the nests.

When the human voice is put in the phonograph and the rate of vibration then made slower, the pitch falls, but similar change in register cannot be made in a phonograph. A whistled tune by Mr. Kellogg may similarly be changed, but his "bird notes," produced from the throat, cannot.

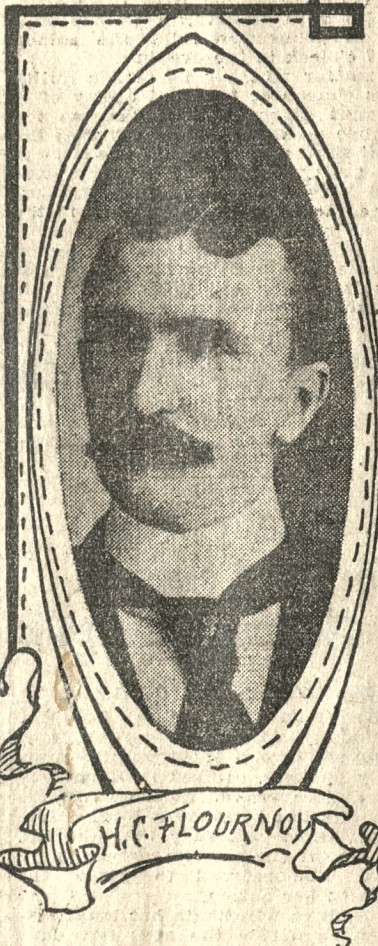
RUSHING WORK ON QUINCY ~~AND~~ WESTERN



W. WATSON



J. E. SEXTON



H. C. FLOURNOY



E. HUSKINSON

QUINCY AND WESTERN OFFICERS
William Watson, President.
H. C. Flournoy, Treasurer.
E. Huskinson, Secretary.
J. E. Sexton, Construction Supervisor.

**NEW ROAD WILL BE
RUNNING BY
JAN. 1**

**Quincy and Western Road Will
Be Five Miles In
Length.**

(The Bee's Special Service.)
QUINCY (Plumas Co.), November
27.—Work on the Quincy and Western
Railroad, which will connect Quincy

with the Western Pacific road at Hartwell Station, will be rushed along as rapidly as men, teams and an ample supply of funds make it possible. It is believed the first statement that the road will be ready for traffic during the first week in January will be substantiated.

The work of construction will be entirely under the supervision of J. E. Sexton, Construction Supervisor, and it is estimated that the cost of building and equipping the road will be \$50,000, all of which has been subscribed.

The officers of the Quincy and Western are earnest in the work of getting the road in operating order, and are devoting much time and individual funds to rush matters along. William Watson is President, H. C. Flournoy is Treasurer and E. Huskinson is Secretary.

The locomotive and combination passenger and baggage cars have been ordered, and will be delivered by the time the road is completed. The steel being used is from the Southern Pacific, being the rails taken up when that company put down the heavy ones a year ago.

The length of the new road will be five miles.

Horace B. Dunbar Is Dead. Came flashing over the wire Sunday the new that Horace B. Dunbar is dead. And as, on such an occasion, it is meet that we should remember a man by the good he has done, we remember Dunbar as the man who introduced at the Rainier-Grand, during the years from 1899 to 1904, when he was its manager, a bread which is still served there, and which many people are so fond of that they walk blocks to get.

The Stroller remembers several incidents which occurred at the Rainier-Grand, during the time that Dunbar presided over its destinies. And two of them had to do with the late M. J. Heney, the Alaska railroad king, one of the most likable characters the North has ever developed. The first time The Stroller met Heney was at the Rainier-Grand, where the railroad builder always made his headquarters. Dr. B. F. Whiting and two three other of Heney's "boys," as he called his assistants, were present, and we were all invited to partake of a light lunch. The bill came to about seven dollars. The waiter, a colored man built like Jack Johnson, took the twenty dollar gold piece which Heney tendered him, and brought the change on a silver tray. There were two five dollar gold pieces, two silver dollars, and some small change. But the waiter had his thumb over one of the fives. Heney took the other and carelessly waved his hand. The balance was supposed to represent one of his liberal tips. He had not missed the five.

But Dr. Whiting had. Rising to his feet, he took one crack at that waiter. Did you ever catch a fish and then throw it down on the wharf to kill it? Well, that fish is what the waiter reminded me of when he hit the floor.

And then arrived on the scene Horace B. Dunbar. The case was explained to him. He caused the money to be gathered up and returned to Mr. Heney. And then he worked over the waiter as though he were a long lost brother until he had him on his feet.

"Are you all right now?" asked Dunbar.

"Yes, sah!" was the reply.

"Well, then, take that?"

"That" was the toe of a boot, with 347 pounds behind it, mostly of muscle. And there were more "thats" where the first one came from. In fact they did not end until the waiter had been propelled into the street as though from a catapult. And then, returning to Mr. Heney, Dunbar remarked:

"I want to beg your pardon, sir. I don't allow any amateurs to work around me."

And Heney, pulling out a statment he had just received from the office, grinned and agreed with him.

JOAQUIN MILLER, POET OF THE SIERRAS

Joaquin Miller, who is at the point of death in his home in California, was the first, and one of the greatest and best beloved of the poets, to sing the glories of the Pacific in the days of its glamor and glitter when gold drew the picturesque and adventurous from all parts of the world. His whole life was a romance, almost unbelievable to one who is accustomed to paths of peace and quiet, and his love of the romantic found expression in his songs—wild, impassioned, unusual, often weird, but always true poetry. If he had written a full autobiography, it would read like a strange, lurid piece of fiction.

He was born in the Wabash valley in Indiana, that land which has given so many of her sons to literary fame. He was christened Cincinnati Helme. The name is almost unknown except in formal biographical sketches, but the odd nom de plume which he adopted later in life is famed 'round the world.

When he was only ten years old young Miller went with his parents to northern California as it then was called, but which is now Oregon. There the lad literally ran wild. He fraternized with lumbermen, stage robbers, Indians, gold seekers, trappers and all manner of adventurers who thronged the land of promise in the early days. This free life added fuel to the flame of his already glowing love of adventure, and he literally grew up in an atmosphere of romance. When he came into contact with ordinary, plodding, working, law-abiding mankind, he was unintelligible. He was considered erratic, and even half crazy. Finally he was entirely cast out by civilized associates because he joined a tribe of Indians and lived with a young Indian woman. He was treated with the utmost contempt by the whites, and in retaliation he is said to have led the Indians in their raids when they made war upon the settlers.

This wild and irregular life of young Miller's gave him an insight into the characters of many of the border heroes and villains which he used in later days, when he came to write his poems and dramas. It was his defense of an outlaw which led to his adoption of the nom de plume which is now known wherever the English language is spoken. There was a Spanish bandit, one Joaquin Murietta, who for ten years was the scourge of California. Robbery, murder, rapine, were his trade. In his wanderings Miller came to know this modern Captain Kidd well, and he wrote a defense of the outlaw's life. When this was published it was thought at first that it had been written by Murietta himself, and his friends called Miller "Joaquin" in jest. But the name stuck, and soon he was known by that name and no other. Then he adopted it as his pen name, and has borne it ever since.

When he grew tired of life among the Indians Miller returned to civilized life and began to study law in the office of George H. Williams, who afterward was attorney general of the United States. As a boy Miller had been but poorly educated, but by reading and study he had mastered English to a remarkable degree, and progressed well at the study of law.

But he heard the call of the open incessantly, and in a year or so he left his law books to become an express messenger, and carry the golden treasure of California through the bandit-infested country. When he had enjoyed this for a time he resigned to become editor of a newspaper. The end of this might have been foretold. He allowed his unconventional ideas free scope in his editorial pages, and in consequence the authorities soon suppressed his publication for its seditious utterances.

His editorial career had another effect on his life—it brought him, for a brief space of time, a wife. She was "Minnie Myrtle," who wrote poetry for the "Democratic Register," as Miller called his sheet. They fell in love instantly, and soon married, but Miller was too little accustomed to the conventionalities to be bound long by them. His wife took the son and Miller took the daughter, and they went their separate ways.

Then Miller went back to his law books, and began practice on his own account. Combining politics with the law, he was elected county judge of Grant county, Oregon, in 1883, and held the office for four years. It was soon after his election that he began to write the poems which are the basis of all his fame. And, as is the case with so many similar natures, his first works were his best.

His first poems were published in paper covers and were grouped under the title "Specimens." Soon afterward came the book "Joaquin et al." in defense of the notorious Spanish outlaw, which gained for the young poet his nom de plume of "Joaquin."

These books attracted great attention, and in 1870 Miller went abroad. He was lionized in London, and was sought by scholars and noblemen as their guest. His odd personality, his picturesque dress, the wild and stirring tales he told, and the poems he wrote, were all strange and original, and won him instant popularity there. From London he issued a book of poems, "Songs of the Sierras," and this was soon followed by "Pacific Poems." These contain most of the best of his early work.

While he drew on his own vast experience in the wilds in writing his poems and telling his stories, Miller also made use of his vivid imagination. For instance, he did not go with Walker, the filibuster, to Nicaragua, and never even saw him, but he gives a wonderful description of the man and his deeds in one of his longer poems. The same is true of the stories he told in the drawing rooms of London—some of them were actual experiences, while many were invented for the occasion—though no doubt all were true to life. His wild life on the border, his romantic instinct, and his powers of observation, well fitted him for the character of a romancer.

America followed England in hailing Miller as a genius, and when he returned after two years abroad he found himself famous. His fortune was made. He devoted all his time to writing books and magazine poems and stories, which from time to time were collected and published, forming something like twenty-four volumes. But none of his later work excelled his earlier poems, and there are few who will contend that it is as good.

For a long time Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," as he was affectionately called, lived the life of a hermit at Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco. Then he retired to his farm near Dimond, Cal., to spend his last years. He also has a cabin in Washington, D. C., but has not lived in it for a long time.

The poems of Miller shadow forth his character as no analysis could. They are the very breath of this wild, free, untamed and untrammelled nature. He sings of the sea, the sun, the flowers and trees. He sings of love, unfettered by the laws and prejudices of men. He sings of the bold, free life in the open as he knew it in the days of his youth, even as Burns sings of the daisies and the fields, or Riley the simple scenes of home life on the farm. It is always unfair to judge a man by any fragment of his work, but a few of his characteristic short poems, and extracts from longer ones, are given here:

(From MYRRH.)

Life knows no dead so beautiful
As is the white, cold, coffin'd past;
This I may love, nor be betrayed;
The dead are faithful to the last.
I am not spouseless—I have wed
A memory—a life that's dead.

Farewell! for here the ways at last
Divide—diverge, like delta'd Nile,
Which after desert dangers pass'd
Of many and many a thousand mile,
As constant as a column stone,
Seeks out the sea, divorced—alone.

And you and I have buried love,
A red seal on the coffin's lid;
The clerk below, the court above,
Pronounced it dead; the corpse is hid,
And I who never crossed your will
Consent . . . that you may have it still.

What recks it now whose was the blame?
But call it mine; for better used
Am I to wrong and cold disdain,
Can better bear to be accused
Of all that wears the shape of shame,
Than have you bear one touch of blame.

I go alone; no little hands
To lead me from forbidden ways,
No little voice in other lands
Shall cheer through all the weary days;
Yet these are yours, and that to me
Is much indeed . . . So let it be.

God keep you pure, oh, very pure,
God give you grace to dare and do;
God give you courage to endure
The all He may demand of you,
Keep time-frosts from your raven hair,
And your young heart without a care.

(From BURNS AND BYRON.)

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two where God has not.

(From WITH WALKER IN NICARAGUA.)

Speak ill who will of him, he died
In all disgrace; say of the dead
His heart was black, his hands were
red—
Say this much, and be satisfied;
Gloat over it all undenied.
I only say that he to me,
Whatever he to others was,
Was truer far than anyone
That I have known beneath the sun.
Sinner, saint, or Pharisee,
As boy or man, for any cause,
I simply say he was my friend
When strong of hand and fair of fame;
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same
To him, and so shall to the end.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Come to my sun land! Come with me
To the land I love; where the sun and sea
Are wed forever; where palm and pine
Are filled with singers; where tree and
vine
Are voiced with prophets! O come, and
you
Shall sing a song with the seas that
swirl
And kiss their hands to the cold white
girl,
To the maiden moon in her mantle of
blue.

(From ARIZONIAN.)

And I have said, and I say it ever,
As the years go on and the world goes
over,
'Twere better to be content and clever
In tending cattle and tossing of clover,
In the grazing of cattle and the growing
of grain,
That a strong man striving for fame or
gain;
Be even as kine in the red tipp'd clover;
For they lie down and their rests are
rests,
And their days are theirs, come sun,
come rain,
To lie, rise up, and repose again;
While we wish, yearn, and do pray in
vain.
And hope to ride on the billows of bos-
oms,
And hope to rest in the haven of breasts,
Till the heart is sick'n'd and the fair
hope dead;
Be even as clover with its crown of blos-
soms,
Even as blossoms ere the bloom is shed,
Kiss'd by kine and the brown, sweet bee—
For these have the sun, and moon, and
air,
And never a bit of the burthen of care;
And with all of our caring what more
have me?

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

Read by Miss E. Howe at Quincy on Admission day, Sept. 9th. 1908.

From Shasta town to Redding town
The ground is torn by miners dead,
The manzanita rank and red
Drops dusty berries up and down
Their grass grown trails. The silent mines
Are wrapped in chaparral and vines.
Yet one grey miner still sits down
Twixt Redding and fair Shasta town.

The quail pipes pleasantly: the hare
Leaps careless o'er the golden oat
That grows below the water moat,
The brown hawk swims the perfumed air
Unfrightened through the livelong day;
And now and then a curious bear
Comes shuffling down the ditch by night
Where one lone cabin still leans down
Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town.

That great graveyard of hopes of men
Who sought for hidden veins of gold,
Of young men suddenly grown old)-
Of old men dead, despairing, when
The gold was just within their hold
That storied land, whereon the light
Of other days gleams faintly still,
This warm, red, rich, human land
Where one grey miner still sits down
Twixt Redding and fair Shasta town.

"I know the vein is here" he said
For twenty years: for thirty years;
While far away, fell tears on tears
From wife and babe who mourned him dead,
No gold; no gold; and he grew old
And crept to toil with bended head
Amid a graveyard of his dead;
Still seeking for that vein of gold

Then lo, came laughing down the years
A sweet grand-child. Between his tears
He laughed. He set her by the door
The while he toiled; his day's toil o'er
He held her chubby cheeks between
His hard palms, laughed, and laughing cried.
You should have seen, have heard and seen
His boyish joy,- his stout old pride
When toil was done and he sat down
At night, below sweet Shasta town.

(2)

At last his strength was gone. "No more;
I mine no more. I'll plant me now
A vine and fig tree; worn and old
I seek no more my vein of gold.
But, Oh, I sigh to give it o'er
These thirty years of toil; some how
It seems so hard, but now, no more."
And so the old man set him down
To plant, by pleasant Shasta town.

And purple grapes and grapes of gold
Hung sweet and fair, while orange trees
Grew brown with laden honey bees.
Oh; it was pleasant up and down
That vine set hill of Shasta town.

And then the cloud burst came: Ah me,
That torn ditch there; The mellow land
Rolled seaward like a rope of sand
Nor left one leafy vine or tree
Of all that Eden nestling down
Below that moat by Shasta town.

The old man sat his cabin sill
His grey head bowed to hands and knee
The old man moaned, moaned o'er and o'er -
"My babe is dowerless, and I
~~And I~~ Must fold my helpless hands and die
Ah me, What curse comes ever down
On mine and me by Shasta town.

"Good Grandpa, see" the glad child said
And so leaned softly to his side
Laid her gold head to his grey head
And merry voiced and cheery cried
"Good Grandpa, do not weep, but see
I've found a peck of orange seeds
I' searched the hill for vine or tree
Not one, not even oats or weeds
But, Oh? such heaps of orange seeds."
Now Grand-papa, please raise your head
And please come plant the seeds with me."

And prattling thus or like to this
The child thrust her full hands in his,
He sprang, sprang upright as of old
"'Tis gold, - 'tis gold, - My hidden vein
'Tis gold for you sweet babe, 't is gold
Yea, God is good, yea, God is good,"
So one old miner still sits down
By pleasant, sunlit Shasta town.
I mine no more. I sigh to give it o'er
No more!

66
(3)

Where stars at night are large as lillies
Where the full moon, smiling, tips a horn,
And hies to bed in glory,
Where morn repeats with waiting breath
Day's strange, illumined story,
And the air is like a perfumed bed
From autumn fruits, full mellow.

Ah, wondrous California:
Behold where Beauty walks with Peace
Where Plenty pours her horn
Of fruits, of flowers, fat increase
As generous as the light of morn
Green Shasta, San Diego, seas of
Bloom and green between them rolled,
Great herds, in grasses to their knees
And green earth garmented in gold,
While peaks that prop the sapphire blue
Look down on Edens, such as when
That fair, first spot perfection knew
When God walked perfect earth with man.

Give me to live in land like this
Nor let me wander further
I say it is God's kingdom right at hand
If we but lift our eyes
I say there is NO line or land
Between this fair land and Paradise.

SANTA CLARA'S SONG

Words by Geraldine Meyrick.
(To the Tune of "Tipperary.")

From Santa Clara county, upon Santa Clara Day,
We have gathered up in Frisco in a jolly, friendly way;
And seeing all the strangers at the Nineteen-Fifteen Fair,
We are just a bit excited, and we hasten to declare:

It is not far to Santa Clara,
It is not far to go
To the sun-kissed, fruitful valley
Where a billion blossoms blow;
It is not far to Saratoga,
It is close to San Jose;
Our Blossom Festival invites you;
Then come down and be gay!

Lovely is our county, all a-bloom with pink and white;
The air is sweet with fragrance, and the birds sing with delight;
The golden poppies fling their wealth across the fair green fields,
And every nook and corner some fair view of beauty yields.
It is not far, etc.

Campbell and Los Gatos, Morgan Hill and Mountain View,
Palo Alto, Sunnyvale, and Cupertino, too;
Mayfield and Los Altos, and Alviso on the bay;
Gilroy and Milpitas, all have gathered here to say:
It is not far, etc.

TARNISHED

(From Berton Brailey's "Ballads," published by G. H. Doran.)

A German soldier, wearing on his breast
The Iron Cross, of all things he possessed
The dearest, since it had been bravely won
By splendid deeds of valor, nobly done,
Sat in a trench amid the field guns' din
And read a month-old paper from Berlin.
The Kaiser, so he learned, had given to
A submarine commander and his crew
The Iron Cross, because with courage great
They sent an unarmed liner to her fate
And thus upheld the Fatherland's renown
By leaving women and their babes to drown.
By this brave news his soldier heart was stirred,
And then he read, "The Cross has been conferred
On many gallant airmen who displayed
Such valor in the last Zeppelin raid
When bombs were dropped and English blood was spilled
And fifteen mothers with their babes were killed."
A choking sound escaped the soldier's throat;
He tore the Iron Cross from off his coat,
Flung it to earth and with a muttered "Gott!"
Stamped it in mud and spat upon the spot!



Attorney-General U. S. Webb, who will institute proceedings against the so-called fish trust, and three of the witnesses who yesterday testified before the legislative commission that they had been boycotted by the trust.



WESTERN PACIFIC REACHES AMERICAN VALLEY

A LARGE NUMBER OF OUR PEOPLE WITNESSED THE LAYING OF RAILS INTO

THE HARTWELL STATION JULY 18, 1909

In the history of this valley, it was an important and interesting event, for it means the beginning of a new era in the life of the community, a readjustment to the new and improved conditions following the construction through the county of a great transcontinental railroad.

The arrival of the construction train was witnessed by several hundred of our citizens, among these some of the old pioneers whose half-century dreams of railroad connection with other parts of the country were thus realized. Among these present on this day were observed ex-Sheriff W. S. Dean, Samuel S. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Finlayson, W. T. Byers, ex-Senator Kellogg and others.

The event must have been especially pleasing to A. W. Keddle, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Pacific, to whom the people of Plumas, more than to any other man, are indebted for the construction of this railway through Plumas on the route it has taken, for it was he who, over forty years ago, conceived the idea of utilizing the long stretch of the upper Middle Fork and that of the lower North Fork of Feather river in order to cross the Sierras at a low grade and at an altitude that would render snowsheds unnecessary. He well knew that such a route would be invaluable to a transcontinental line. The building of such a railroad over this line was an almost ever-present dream of his life in Plumas since 1865. He was present at Hartwell Station yesterday to welcome the first train into this valley.

Sunday morning, tracklaying was resumed from a point east of the Harry Johnson residence, and soon steel was being spiked to the long and high trestle across the ravine and but a short distance above the residence mentioned. This trestle is 130 feet high and is said to contain 600,000 feet of lumber. Its construction, as well as the other engineering work in that immediate section, was under the immediate supervision of engineer F. M. Robinson, and so perfect was this high trestle that when the long construction train passed over it, there was scarcely a tremor. To see the crew laying rails across this trestle was intensely interesting to the many visitors who saw the feat performed.

The work of the construction train is a marvel. A car-truck carrying about twelve ties is run forward on a track laid on top of the big cars and automatically dumped at the end of the protruding carrier at the front of the train. These are quickly picked up and placed in position by workmen, and then rails are run out from the top of the cars at either side and lowered into position by machinery, assisted by workmen. A few spikes are then driven to hold the rail in place till the train passes over it.

American Valley now has a railroad, a transcontinental line—the Western Pacific construction train arrived at Hartwell Station late Sunday afternoon, July 18, 1909, laying track to that point from the east.

Following up the train is a crew of probably fifty men who place the ties in more nearly correct position, put iron plates under the rails where they cross the ties, finish bolting the rails together and do enough more spiking to render the passage of the construction trains safe.

The crew of workmen are so trained that each man knows his place and the duties he has to perform, and the work is done in a smooth, systematic manner.

The ties are eight inches square, the rails thirty-three feet long and are what are called eighty-five-pound rails—that is, they weigh that many pounds per yard.

The ballasting crew are about four miles behind the construction train. Under the ties, gravel ballasting to the depth of about one foot, some places deeper, will be placed and tamped, the ties properly adjusted, the rails lined up or curved as circumstances may require, and the spiking finished. As a new road-bed settles considerably, the work of keeping it properly ballasted will extend over many months, several years even.

The completed roadbed and the track laid thereon impress the observer with the conviction that the Western Pacific is building and will soon finish one of the most permanent and substantial roads that cross the continent. The engineers have looked to the future—have built a line that will require few changes and that can be operated cheaply in comparison to those whose grade and curvature are not so favorable.

The Quincy Band was at Hartwell Station during the afternoon and helped emphasize the arrival of the train by discoursing some of their choice music.

After laying the rails to Hartwell, the construction train went back to camp, and this morning left for Chilcote to resume tracklaying eastward. It will continue until the road-bed down Spanish Creek is ready for the rails. At one point below the "Pocket," a slide has been causing some trouble, and more dirt must be removed, which task will be completed in about ten days, after

which time the construction train, it is planned, will return to Hartwell Station and resume work westward till the crossing of Spanish Creek opposite Butter-

fly Valley is reached, where a big steel bridge is to be put in. Work on this bridge will consume two or three weeks' time. As soon as this bridge is completed, the track will be extended on down Spanish Creek and the East Branch to meet that which is now being laid up the North Fork.

QUINCY.

Our Famous Civil Engineer Has a Birthday

Yesterday our venerable old friend and "Father of the Western Pacific," Arthur Walter Keddle, celebrated his 69th birthday. It was the occasion for a family reunion and to say the famous civil engineer was happy is expressing the matter in a very mild form. Although it was 69 years since the old gentleman first made his appearance on this earth, yesterday he was prancing around and showing as much life as a university student in a football match. The feature of the eventful day was a fine chicken dinner with all the delicacies of the season, at which were present W. A. Keddle, his son, Mrs. W. A. Keddle and her sister, Miss Cora Williams, all of Fallon, Nevada, Mrs. Gilbert Palmer of Salt Lake and Mrs. Kahrs of Quincy, his daughters, Mr. Gilbert Palmer of Salt Lake, his son-in-law, being unable to attend the important affair.

It was a day of great happiness to the noted railroad constructor, and we join in with all of Quincy in wishing Arthur Walter Keddle many more long years of usefulness, prosperity and happiness and many more pleasant birthdays like he enjoyed yesterday.

THROUGH PASSENGER TRAIN ON THE WESTERN PACIFIC

THE OPENING OF GOULD LINE TO
TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVEL

CELEBRATED AT HARTWELL
Plumas N-B — Aug 22, 1910

CONGRESSMAN KAHN DELIVERED ADDRESS

EXCURSION TRAIN OVER QUINCY
WESTERN CARRIED OVER

250 PEOPLE

The opening of through passenger traffic over the Western Pacific, marked by the passing through Hartwell yesterday at one o'clock of a west-bound special train from Salt Lake City carrying about 100 Eastern and California newspaper representatives, was celebrated by the people of Quincy and American valley by an excursion to the station on the Gould line, over the Quincy Western Railway. The coach and three flat cars were loaded with human freight when the local train left the county seat, and the Quincy Band was in attendance to lend its valuable aid in making the welcoming demonstration at Hartwell a thorough success. Probably 400 people were gathered at Hartwell at one o'clock, and when the special train of the Western Pacific pulled into the yards, a hearty welcome was given the railroad officials and members of the press. Ripe, red Plumas county apples were distributed to the travelers, which compliment was reciprocated by the latter handing out to the local people fresh figs, peaches, grapes, etc., from the orchards and vineyards of the Sacramento valley.

Congressman Julius Kahn of San Francisco was aboard the special and was induced to deliver a short address from the station platform. Mr. Kahn recounted the struggles and efforts finally resulting in the accomplishment of the addition of a new transcontinental railway to this nation, and referred to the fulfillment of the dreams of the people of the sections traversed by the new line, in at last securing modern transportation facilities for the development of their natural resources and the stimulation of new enterprises. The California Congressman told the people that the railroad's and their interests were one and the same—that what helped the one likewise helped the other; that the growth and development of our resources and business enterprises also meant the growth of the railroad's business.

The Western Pacific, said Mr. Kahn would help Plumas and her people in return for help extended, to the mutual benefit of both.

Mr. Kahn's remarks received hearty applause from the assemblage, after which cheers were given, the Band played, and the first through passenger train slowly steamed away down the track toward the Sacramento valley and the Golden Gate, where, last night and today the travelers were accorded receptions and welcomes at every town and city of importance along the route.

Friday, October 22, 1909

PLUMAS SHOULD HONOR KEDDIE

Western Pacific Route Through
County Due to Him

There are indications that the ides of November will see a grand celebration at Keddie, the freight and passenger station for rich Indian Valley, over the driving of the last spike of the Western Pacific Railway and it can be authoritatively stated that the celebration will not be a local affair. The Chambers of Commerce of Oroville and Sacramento will be the leaders in the doings and the Governors of three States—California, Nevada and Utah—will be present at this great event in the commercial world.

Already the progressive people of Indian Valley are determined that they will be on hand with a brass band and procession of automobiles. The occasion will be an opportunity of exploitation for miners, farmers, lumbermen, stockmen, power plant owners and all having opportunities for developing the latent resources of a wonderful county.

The celebration should be made the occasion for honoring Assistant Chief Engineer, Arthur W. Keddie, the "Pathfinder" of the transcontinental road through

Plumas County. Without his distinguished services it is very doubtful if the present route through this county would have been selected and Plumas would not now enjoy the distinction of being the PORTAL COUNTY of the Western Pacific. We of Plumas should honor Mr. Keddie as one who has benefited his county as no other. Of course the natural conditions were such that the Gould road, to be a pace-maker for other railroads must adopt the route as suggested by Engineer Keddie but that merely emphasizes the honor which his fellow citizens should bestow on our former County Surveyor.

The railroad company has signaled its appreciation of Mr. Keddie's services by naming one of its most important stations after leaving Oroville after him and the railroad officials will co-operate with all loyal Plumasites in honoring this distinguished Engineer who has resided so many years in the county to which he has given an outlet to the outside world for her diversified products and an inlet to the capital, labor, enterprise and industry that are to develop the many and varied resources of Plumas County—the Pride of the Pioneer and the Home of Golden Opportunity for the present generation.



Western Pacific Railway Bridge at Keddie
Courtesy of Mayor Maaske of BUTTERFLY.

WESTERN PACIFIC NOW A REALITY

The Connecting Rails Were Laid at Spanish Creek Bridge This Afternoon

THE "LAST SPIKE" of the Western Pacific Railway was driven this afternoon, November 1, 1909, at Spanish Creek Bridge, between American and Indian Valleys, thus completing a line of steel rails from Oakland Pier to Salt Lake City, a distance of 927.19 miles. The connecting rails were laid unaccompanied by any ceremony, but the event is one of the most important in the history of Plumas county, as well as of Northern California.

The rails from Sierra Valley westerly were laid to Spanish Creek bridge several weeks ago. Tracklaying was completed in Nevada last Saturday at 3 o'clock p. m.

At last the construction of a great transcontinental railroad through Plumas county has been accomplished. This has been the dream of nearly half a century. In 1867, Arthur W. Keddie, at the present time Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Pacific Railway Company, and then a young surveyor who had but recently made his home in Plumas, was sent by Indian Valley parties, in the month of February, down the North Fork of Feather river, to make an examination of a proposed wagon road route. It was during the stormy season of the year. Mr. Keddie's attention was, on that trip, drawn to two facts—first, the absence of snow along the river, while it reached to considerable depth on the mountains towering over this stream. The other important fact was the possibility of an easy railroad grade along this stream. These two facts were of great importance, and on Mr. Keddie's mind left a lasting impression which, in later years, proved to be of great importance to the railroad world and to the people of Plumas county. Indeed, ever after that, the construction of a transcontinental railroad up the North Fork of Feather river and on through Beckwith Pass became the great ambition of Mr. Keddie's life.

Later in 1867, a local railroad company was organized and Mr. Keddie employed to make a railroad survey from the Nevada State line through Beckwith Pass, down the Middle Fork of Feather river to a point near the present town of Cromberg, across the divide to Spring Garden, through American Valley, down Spanish Creek, the East Branch, North Fork to Oroville. This survey was duly made, and the result of it more firmly convinced Mr. Keddie than ever of the value of this route for a transcontinental railroad. After that, he was a strong advocate of the plan of utilizing the upper stretch of the Middle Fork of Feather river and the long lower stretch of the North Fork, thus securing an easy grade. He realized that if such could be accomplished, the transcontinental road built over this route would have a great advantage over the Central Pacific route through Truckee Pass, which rises to an altitude 2000 feet greater than that of Beckwith Pass. Another great advantage which this road would have would be the absence of the necessity of maintaining expensive snowsheds.



A. W. KEDDIE
Assistant Chief Engineer W. P. R'y.

In 1892, the information possessed by Mr. Keddie was communicated to the San Francisco and Great Salt Lake Railway Company, with the result that its chief engineer, W. H. Kennedy, made a detailed survey over practically the same route later adopted by the Western Pacific. Mr. Kennedy secured a grade whose maximum was 70 feet to the mile. This company, however, failed to build the road. Mr. Spreckels, one of the chief organizers, disposing of his interest to the Southern Pacific Company.

In 1902, Walter J. Bartnett sent Mr. E. Cerrit to Quincy to consult with Mr. Keddie and gain all the data he could touching a railroad route through this part of the State. Soon the Stockton & Beckwith Pass Railroad Company was organized and Mr. Keddie appointed Chief Engineer. Later the Western Pacific was organized and Mr. Dillman appointed Chief Engineer. Under him, a survey was made over the Beckwith Pass and North Fork route, also over the Deer Creek route. This latter route was favored by Mr. Dillman as well as by his assistant, Mr. Williams, and at a subsequent meeting of the directors of the new company dominated by Mr. Gould, the Deer Creek route was formally adopted. The Quincy office of the company was closed and the maps and papers shipped, by order of Mr. Dillman, to San Francisco. Mr. Keddie, however, proceeded to the city and had a conference with Mr. Bartnett, during

which he laid before him such powerful facts and arguments in favor of the North Fork route that Mr. Bartnett asked Mr. Keddie to furnish him a detailed statement of his reasons, as an engineer, for his advocacy of the North Fork and Beckwith Pass route. This report was forthcoming, and as soon as Mr. Bartnett received it, he went to New York and laid the data before Mr. Gould. The report so impressed Mr. Gould that Virgil G. Bogue, one of the most noted railroad engineers of the world, was sent to Plumas to verify Mr. Keddie's statements. After making a thorough investigation, Mr. Bogue pronounced in favor of the route which had been reported against by Mr. Dillman, and the latter soon resigned as Chief Engineer to make way for Mr. Bogue, who has since been the master mind in the work of securing the best possible route and in constructing the great transcontinental railway. The surveys showed that by making a 5,000-foot tunnel from the head of Spring Garden Valley through to the Middle Feather, a maximum grade of 1.3 per cent. could be secured, or nearly 69 feet per mile. This was a remarkable showing. But Mr. Bogue was not satisfied with this, even. He therefore sent engineer Williams up to Plumas to see if a route of better grade could not be secured. The chief difficulty

was to get down from Spring Garden to American Valley and the East Branch with a less grade. Mr. Williams, however, accomplished this feat by increasing the length of the Spring Garden tunnel to 7,300 feet, thus lessening its altitude, making a loop in Spring Garden Valley, running the line along the base of the mountains east of American Valley and keeping well up the canyon side, the line not dropping down to the bed of the East Branch until the vicinity of Hallsted Flat was reached. This was a bold engineering stroke, and it gave to the Western Pacific by far the easiest grade possible to secure over the Sierras, a maximum of one per cent., or 52.8 feet per mile.

The construction of the road over the route involved the expenditure of a very large sum of money, but Mr. Bogue and his company had the nerve and foresight not to hesitate. The first cost of the road did not count so much with them as the facility and cheapness of operation during the life of the road. As an illustration of its comparative advantages, the Southern Pacific now has to raise and lower every ton of freight in crossing the Sierras two thousand feet more than the Western Pacific will be required to do when it gets to operating.

FROM SALT LAKE TO 'FRISCO

oon, November 1, 1909---Connection Made in Nevada Saturday

That the route of the Western Pacific across the Sierras will be a very attractive one for travel, as well as advantageous for freight traffic, should be evident to every observer. Within the limits of Plumas county, it will pass through a series of beautiful valleys and down a deep and rugged canyon the grandeur of whose scenery is unsurpassed anywhere on the Pacific Coast, the length of the road taken into consideration. These features will make the road popular with the traveling public, while the certainty of traffic during the winter months will command for the road a large volume of freight traffic.

That the road has been built to endure, the appearance of the roadbed gives ample evidence. No expense has been spared to make the road permanent and safe. A railroad builder of large experience said to us the other day that, as a boy, he had worked on the Canadian Pacific, later on the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and on the Clark road. In all of those experiences he had not observed an equal mileage of so difficult and expensive construction work as that from Beckwith Pass to Oroville. He said, however, that the excellence of the route in the matter of cheap operating fully justified the great expenditure of money. It is reported that even Mr. Williams, one of the engineers who concurred in the report in favor of Deer Creek Pass, now admits the superiority of the North Fork route.

The railroad constructor to whom reference has just been made also stated that to Mr. Keddie belongs the credit of urging the selection of the present route of the Western Pacific across the Sierras, and that to him, more than to any other man, the people of Plumas are indebted for the building of this transcontinental line through the heart of the county, thus contributing to the fullest development of all of our resources.

It is given out that the Western Pacific, within a very short time, will accept freight in carload lots consigned to Plumas county points. This will be done as an accommodation, especially to Plumas county merchants. It will be some little time, however, before the company can accept freight in less than carload lots and adopt and maintain a regular passenger schedule. Considerable ballasting is yet to be done from Keddie station down the East Branch and the North Fork, and in the State of Nevada. Until this work is thoroughly done, it will be impossible to run trains at a high rate of speed; indeed, such speed should not be expected until the roadbed is well settled—say next summer.

We understand that the work of erecting depot buildings at Keddie and Hartwell stations and Portola will soon be entered upon, the materials for these structures having already been assembled and ready for transportation to Plumas. It will require but a short time to put these materials together.

We also understand that sand and gravel are being hauled to Bonta station for concrete work, thus indicating the early erection of a depot at that point as well.

Getting Ready for Operating

Last Saturday, Chief Engineer Bogue, Resident Engineer Emory Oliver and Mr. Levey, recently appointed General Manager of the Western Pacific operating department, came up over the line, in order that Mr. Levey might acquaint himself with the road over which he will exercise control. The party went as far as Clito, from which point Messrs. Bogue and Oliver returned to Quincy Saturday night, and next day proceeded to Oroville. Mr. Levey continued on to Boca.

Mr. Levey will at once enter upon the work of organizing the operating department which, of itself, is no small task. He is a man who has had great experience in that line of work, and recently resigned an important position on one of the Hill roads.

Mountain Pioneer Dead

Robert Patrick Grace, who has been conducting the Mountain House on the Oroville-Quincy road for the past forty-odd years, is dead. He came from Canada when a youth and followed mining in Plumas county for a number of years. He was well known to all the old-timers and highly esteemed. His death was directly due to the infirmities of old age. He was 78 years of age and had been ill for the past four months. His death occurred at the family home in Oroville.

He is survived by a widow and five children—Walter R. Grace of Stirling City; James W. Grace of Sacramento; Emmett Grace of the Mountain House; Miss Lorena Grace of Oroville and Mrs. Leona Large of San Francisco.

Deceased was a member of Oroville Lodge No. 103, F. and A. M., and Franklin Chapter No. 20, R. A. M.

DOINGS IN PLUMAS COUNTY IN 1867

A. W. Keddie and his surveying party had just returned from an expedition on the North and Middle Forks of Feather river, in search of a feasible wagon road route to Oroville which would be practically below the snow line throughout the entire year. This survey, or reconnaissance, was backed by Creed Haymond of La Porte and W. A. Bolinger, James Blood, Craig Chambers and others of Indian Valley. Mr. Keddie went down the North Fork to Oroville in the month of February, being detained at Rock Creek several days by a storm which, however, did not deposit a flake of snow at that point. On their return from Oroville, Mr. Keddie and party started up the Middle Fork. They climbed over the cliffs of Bald Rock Canyon, being unable to go through the rugged chasm. On arriving at Hartman's Bar at the mouth of Willow Creek they encountered three feet of snow which had fallen during the same storm experienced while the party was at Rock Creek on the North Fork. This demonstrated the superiority of the latter route beyond question, and the party made snowshoes and climbed out from Hartman's Bar to Bucks Ranch and returned to Quincy.

However, the wagon road down the North Fork was not built, owing to the heavy cost of construction. But the reconnaissance made by Mr. Keddie did suggest the superiority of the route over all others for a railroad entering California over the Sierra Nevada mountains, and at different times the canyon was seriously considered by men of the railroad world. Several surveys were made, but it remained for the Western Pacific Railroad, interested primarily in the route through Mr. Keddie's efforts in calling attention to it, to finally lay down the North Fork Canyon its tracks of steel and inaugurating traffic over a transcontinental route which, in gaining entrance into California, has the lowest grade yet obtained by any road over the Sierras—52.8 feet per mile, or one per cent.

The unfulfilled wagon road dream of the pioneers of Plumas county has finally produced much more than was at first foreseen. The Western Pacific is a live, throbbing reality. Down the North Fork Canyon, over the yearned-for outlet for Plumas county's products, will flow the commerce of a continent.

WESTERN PACIFIC COMPLETES ROAD

Plumas Independent

November 8, 1909

Monday, the first day of November, A. D., 1909, was an eventful day for Plumas county. At the hour of four o'clock, on the afternoon of that day, the last connecting rail on the Western Pacific Railway was put in place and fastened. The last spike was driven—but, few were present to witness the ceremony—it was done without celebration, ostentation or display, but nevertheless it was a great event. A few long protracted shrieks of the whistles of the two locomotives at the place when the last blow was struck and the workmen's shout of "Hurrah!" was the finale. A transcontinental railroad, connecting the great Salt Lake City with Oakland on the Bay of San Francisco, and passing through Quincy, and Plumas county, is an established, positive reality.

The road is now in readiness for locomotives and trains—passenger and freight—but it doubtless will be a month or more before any regular schedule is arranged for regular traffic; but the railroad is here and here to stay—Plumas county is now on the railroad map. At last after many years of waiting and watching, wondering and wishing, having full confidence, and trusting that the future would certainly prove that the hopes and expectations of our citizens, those of former years as well as those of the present, would be realized, viz: that a transcontinental railroad line through Beckwith Pass and thence down the Feather river canyon, would eventually be constructed, has materialized, and is now an undisputed truth—a fact—and the citizens of Plumas county are powerful glad of it.

One citizen of Plumas county deserves and should be given more credit than to any other for his successful efforts in inducing the Western Pacific Railway Company to finally select the line of that road through Beckwith Pass and the North Fork canyon.

For more than forty years he has been a resident of Quincy. During the building of the road he has been the Assistant-Chief Engineer of the works, etc. Monday last must have been to him a "red letter day." We congratulate him, and to Arthur W. Keddie the Independent tenders its heartfelt congratulations.

The new railroad traverses Plumas county nearly one hundred miles. When it is opened for traffic we can rejoice as only an undeveloped region full of resources can.

1. What has Plumas county done for the Western Pacific?

2. What will this railroad do for us?

3. What will it mean for our mines, timber and farms?

4. What will Plumas county do for the Western Pacific?

Our room for dilation would fill a Sunday issue of a New York paper.

1. Plumas county has given the Western Pacific a one per cent grade through the high Sierras. Something never before attained in building railways to the Golden West.

2. It will open a market for our resources, both east and west, and enable us to communicate with the outside world.

3. It will cause our mines, timber and farms to command the attention of the whole country. In brief we will partly tell you why a little farther on in this article.

4. Plumas county will furnish the Western Pacific enough tonnage to pay for the building of the whole line many times.

Now is our opportunity? Will we take advantage of it? Will we let the world know that Plumas county has only been held back on account of lack of railroad facilities?

Will we advertise? Our supervisors are here. It should hardly be necessary to get up a petition to show the necessity of advertising.

Will some one kindly draw our attention to any county in the United States as little advertised as this, regardless of the resources of which we can boast.

MINES AND MINING

Untold wealth lies in our mines if they are developed. To develop them, will take capital. It will come in plenty if we will advertise and let the world know the opportunities we have for investment.

Now is the time to act. There are more ways than one. It has been suggested that we send a mineral exhibit out on the Gould lines with a couple of line men to tell of our resources. Our mining bureau will gladly furnish the exhibit and although it has only been running for two months it can furnish a display to be proud of.

The two hundred millions of gold already produced by Plumas county will not be a marker for what is yet to come. Many mines are now being developed, some are producing, but in the main it is safe to say that scarcely one acre in five hundred on an average has been prospected on the surface. What can we expect

if real work is commenced and a little depth is attained on a few hundred of the many claims now taken up.

Plumas county contains over 1,600,000 acres and nearly all mineralized.

FARM LANDS

We are not confined to mining either. Our rich valleys will sustain a population not dreamed of today. The products of the soil will be largely consumed in our mines. The outsider will have to come here and farm to appreciate our prices. One of our farmers sold in one mining district farm produce to the extent of over \$12,000 per year for many years. He is not farming now. He doesn't have to. Write us and we will give you his name. There is room for hundreds more.

TIMBER

When the Western Pacific is open for traffic in the near future Plumas county will come before the world with one of the big new fields of virgin timber. Far sighted capitalists have for years been buying and locating this timber. Among the large holdings are those of T. B. Walker, Truckee Lumber Co., and Roberts Lumber Co.

ANOTHER THING

We have not mentioned our water power. Why, Niagara "ain't any where" compared with what we have. After we have used all we want at home the little copper wire will do the rest and millions of dollars will be the outcome.

ROUTE OF WESTERN PACIFIC

The report of Mr. A. W. Keddie showing the wonderful resources of the county is, we believe, what brought the Western Pacific through Plumas county. This report is very exhaustive. We would like to reproduce it, but when we tell you that it treats of all the main resources of the county, and to a large extent figures same out in carloads, you will readily appreciate that it would crowd us for space for many issues. It is now sufficient to say that we have have the "Western Pacific."

The Latest Railroad Across the Continent

The Western Pacific, an Extension of the Denver and Rio Grande System, from Salt Lake City to San Francisco. How the Dream of an Engineer Became a Reality

By Homer J. Carr

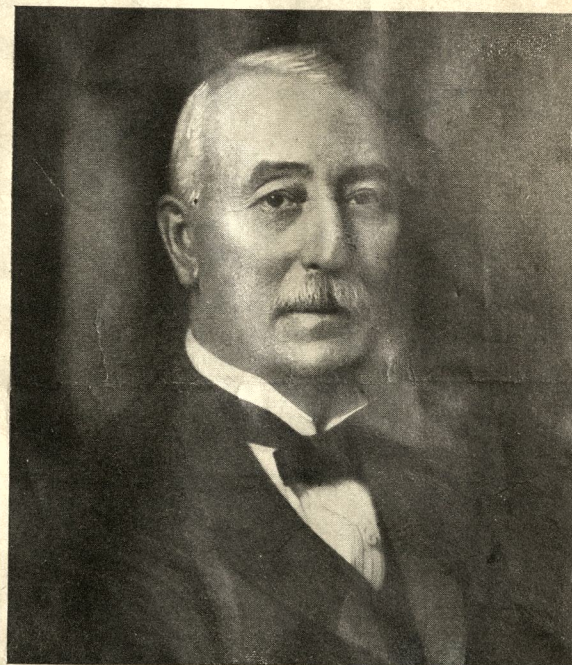
WHEN C. P. Huntington, builder of the Central Pacific, turned in disgust from **K**eddie, pathfinder of the Sierras forty-five years ago, after telling him that his dream of a railroad through the wild and tortuous Feather River canyon was worse than a dream—that it was a furious nightmare—the heart of the enthusiastic engineer was well-nigh broken. After a year's arduous and dangerous work, Keddie succeeded in finding a way through the Sierras in that gold-strewn canyon for the first railroad ever built from the Pacific coast, leading across the continent. "No man will ever be fool enough to try to build a railroad through that canyon," said Huntington, ending the interview. Keddie is one of the few survivors of the generation building the first transcontinental line and, as an old man, the other day stood on the steps of the city hall at Quincy, Cal., and made the welcoming speech to the first passenger train to run through the famous Feather River canyon on the new Western Pacific. His dream of a half century ago had come true, and the old engineer's voice broke as he told of the ignominious rejection of his plans by the builders of that first railroad constructed across the precipitous and forbidding Sierra Nevada.

But if Keddie, the engineer, found the physical pathway for the latest, and for many years to come probably the last of the transcontinental lines, it was E. T. Jeffery who found the financial resources which are the vital element of every great undertaking. Mr. Jeffery was elected president of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company on September 30th, 1891. The system then comprised about 1,600 miles, with its western terminus at Grand Junction, Col., about 250 miles from Denver. In 1895 he commenced studying the extension of the system west, either by purchase of the Rio Grande Western Railway, extending from Grand Junction to Salt Lake City and Ogden, or by building an independent line to the points named, with the ultimate object, circumstances permitting, of extending to the Pacific coast. About ten years ago Mr. Jeffery negotiated for the purchase of the Rio Grande Western, having in the meantime had private reconnaissances made for a Pacific coast extension. In 1903 he began taking necessary steps, confidentially, in California for securing control of Beckwourth Pass (5,000 feet above sea level) and Feather River canyon, between the pass and Oroville, Cal.

IN 1905 Mr. Jeffery negotiated with bankers the sale of \$50,000,000 Western Pacific five per cent. first mortgage gold bonds, and under the mortgage deposited the proceeds at interest with responsible depositaries in New York and other financial centers, and soon thereafter let to lowest responsible bidders the greater portion of construction work of the Western Pacific Railroad and began securing ample terminals in San Francisco and Oakland, Cal. The enterprise was delayed by the great San Francisco earthquake and fire; also by the financial panic of the latter part of 1907 and first half of 1908, although work was carried on continuously with diminished monthly expenditures. In 1908 Mr. Jeffery perfected a general financial plan for the Denver and Rio Grande in the form of a first and refunding mortgage for \$150,000,000, of which about \$18,000,000 could be applied to completion of the Western Pacific by the purchase of second mortgage bonds of that company at seventy-five per cent. face value, under cer-

tain contracts entered into between the Denver and Rio Grande and Western Pacific companies in 1905. In the latter part of 1909 he sold 40,000 shares of the preferred stock of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company for providing further funds for Western Pacific, without adding to the fixed charges on the Denver and Rio Grande—a remarkable financial achievement, considering all conditions.

The Western Pacific Company expended to June 30th, 1910 (exclusive of accrued interest on second mortgage bonds), the vast amount of \$70,438,302.41. These funds were provided as follows: \$48,008,144.82 were proceeds, with interest, of the sale of \$50,000,000 of its first mortgage five per cent. thirty year gold bonds; \$18,784,333.40 were the proceeds, with interest, from the sale of \$25,000,000 second mortgage five per cent. gold bonds sold to the Denver and Rio Grande Company, and \$4,606,412.01 were advanced by the Denver and Rio Grande Company. The marked feature of this great enterprise of which



MR. E. T. JEFFERY,
President of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, of the Western Pacific Railroad and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Wabash Railroad.

Mr. Jeffery is president, and one which should impress the public generally, is that it has been built without subsidies or donations of any kind or character. It has paid for every foot of its right of way and every part of its station grounds and terminal facilities. This is in strong contrast with the old Central Pacific, now a part of the Southern Pacific system, which was subsidized so liberally by the general government, with bonds and land grants, that large fortunes were made by its promoters. Mr. Jeffery deserves practically all the credit for the inception, the financing, the engineering features and the proper equipping of the Western Pacific, and he is now hopefully exerting himself to build up its traffic and make it a self-sustaining property.

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WHERE the Sierra Nevada spread out to the northward like a feather, three rivers, each called a fork of the Feather River, have their sources a mile and a half above sea

level, and then through the cleft in the granite rocks drop their waters down to the low altitude of the great fertile valleys of Central California. The canyons which the rivers follow are without valleys. Generally there is just room for the tempestuous stream. The sides of the canyons are nearly perpendicular, rising frequently to the timber line above the stream, which tumbles and boils at their base. The canyons are crooked, as nature almost always breaks its chasms in the solid rock. Somewhere nature snugly concealed pure gold in the course of the streams from the mountaintops to the valleys below.

THE roughest and most picturesque of the canyons of the Feather River, the one known as the North Fork, was selected by the new Western Pacific as its gateway into the valleys of the central portion of the Golden State. The pass leading to it was one of the lowest of the Sierra Nevada. With a tunnel about 6,000 feet long, the pass was crossed at an elevation of a little over 5,000 feet. Then the engineers laying the lines ran them to the headwaters of the Feather River, famous from the days of the gold excitement in California history. Then followed one of the most exacting pieces of railroad engineering to be found anywhere. The engineers were under imperative orders that they must not lay out grades of over one per cent. At no point through the one hundred and fifty miles of canyon before them must the track drop over fifty-two feet to the mile. At many places the drop was far greater than that. Again, it was much less. A series of waterfalls carried the river toward sea level at a prodigious pace. But whether the fall was great or little more than to give a current to a narrow and crooked stream, the

railroad grade must remain the same. To accomplish their aim the engineers at times cut their lines in solid rock hundreds of feet above the river. Again, the tracks are only just high enough to escape the torrential current of the river, when the river rises forty-five to fifty feet over night.

At many points on the line of the new Western Pacific Railroad there was not room enough in the canyon for both river and railroad, and solid walls of masonry had to be built to carry the tracks above the stream. At other points the sharp curves in the canyon have sent the tracks back and forth from one side to the other on steel bridges and high trestles. In building the line, material and workmen frequently had to be let down the sides of the canyon by ropes hundreds of feet in length to start construction on new sections. Wagon roads are everywhere impossible. At last, after endless turnings and twists in fighting its way through one hundred and fifty miles of the canyon, the tracks come out into the broad valley at Oroville, over which, for countless ages, the Feather River has poured debris from its mountain fastnesses. So much gold did the river bring down that the soil down to the solid bedrock is being dug up by dredges and washed for its gold. Beautiful orange orchards, large tracts of land given over to olives and other fruits are being now torn to pieces in the ceaseless hunt for gold. That metal is being found in such quantities in the debris of ages from the Feather River that the miners are beginning to rival in their wealth the pioneers in the gold fields of the State.

IN startling contrast to this long stretch of canyon scenery is the great salt desert through which the new road runs after leaving Salt Lake City. This desert is sixty miles long and fifteen miles wide, composed of rock salt ninety-seven per cent. pure.

Right through the center of it the engineers of the road ran their lines, and for forty-six miles there is not a curve in the tracks. The ties are laid on a bed of solid salt, two or three feet above the level of the plain. The salt looks like a field of ice and snow, and it is difficult for the traveler to realize that his train is not passing through a wintry scene of the far North.

When the engineers laid out the line four years ago they followed the same course in crossing the southern end of Great Salt Lake. For years that mysterious body of water had been drying up. Its waters receded every season hundreds of feet, and it was predicted that before many more years Great Salt Lake would have disappeared. And so with the utmost confidence the engineers laid their tracks over its old bed. Then nature changed its mind in regard to drying up the great lake. It sent a flood of water into it from somewhere, and soon the waters came up around the newly built tracks. Then one day there came a furious storm from the north and when it was over there were many miles of the new tracks, not yet tested by other than construction trains, scattered and twisted amid the saline scenery. When this track was rebuilt the engineers saw that it was protected this time by countless trainloads of broken rock dumped on either side of the tracks.

The first passenger train was sent over the new transcontinental road, the Western Pacific, a few weeks ago, and it is now open to traffic. Passing through an undeveloped region most of the way from Salt Lake to San Francisco great things are expected of the new line, which has promised to work wonders in the face of a country which for the most part has been little affected by the tremendous growth on all sides of it. This has been due, it is said, to the meager transportation, and distances to market were prohibitory. The new region thus opened for development is larger than many European principalities, and will support a large population when its resources receive due attention.

THE importance of the new Western Pacific Railroad's extension westward from Salt Lake City to San Francisco lies in the fact that by the connection of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad at Salt Lake it makes a line of affiliated railroads from Pittsburgh and Detroit to the Pacific coast. The length of the Western Pacific from Salt Lake City to San Francisco is 927 miles, including four miles of ferry from Oakland to San Francisco. It crosses Nevada in its most popular section, passes into California and reaches San

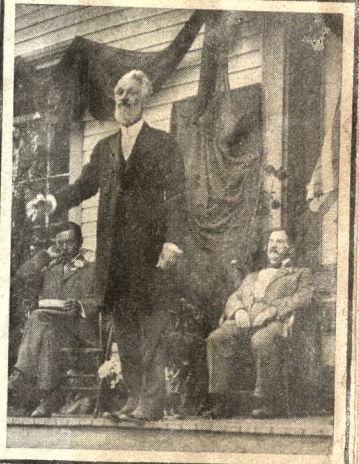
Francisco by way of Oroville, Marysville, Sacramento, Stockton and Oakland. It extends through a section of the country that in many parts has received no addition to its transportation agencies since the first Pacific road was opened forty years ago. The remarkable features of the Western Pacific are its low grades, permanent construction and freedom from snow drifts. It opens up a vast agricultural, fruit, timber and mineral territory to a ready market, and has exceedingly valuable terminals at San Francisco, on both sides of the bay, especially adapted to the development of commerce with the Orient.

The cities of central California confidently expect a prosperity equal to that of Los Angeles and San Diego from the building of the new line to eastern markets. There was greater excitement over the coming of the first train at many of the cities of the central part of the State than marked the opening of the Central Pacific some forty years before. Oakland suspended business entirely for the day and Sacramento had a great celebration.

Completion of a Railroad Miracle



The Arrival of the First Train at Sacramento.
The city was beautifully decorated for the occasion and Governor Gillett, of California, addressed the thousands of visitors.



His Dream Came True.
A.W. Keddie who found a new way through the Sierras.



Welcoming the Pioneer Train at Stockton.
The new railroad extends through a section that has received no addition to its transportation agencies in forty years.



On the Top of the Sierras.
Mountaineers were as enthusiastic as the city dwellers over the opening of through traffic facilities to the Pacific coast.



In the Cattle Belt of Utah.
The completion of the railroad means new markets and quick transportation.



Through the Gold-strewn Feather River Canyon.
The first passenger engine passing through the most picturesque section of the route.



The First Train over the New Western Pacific Extension Entering Oakland, Cal.

The city suspended all business and the day was given up to an extensive and picturesque celebration. The cities of central California confidently expect the new railroad to bring them a prosperity equal to that of Los Angeles and San Diego.

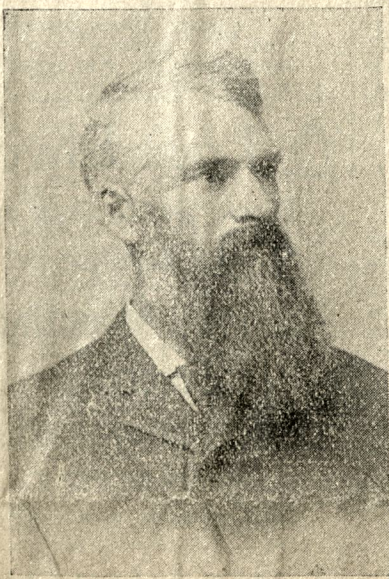
Continent is Bridged by Bands of Steel by the Western Pacific Railroad

Rails Were Connected Monday Afternoon on Spanish Creek --- Last Spike Driven by Leonardo De Tomasso at 4:05 P. M., November 1st, 1909 --- Much Work Yet to Be Done

THE historic event of joining the rails of the Western Pacific Railway—where East meets West—was consummated Monday afternoon at 4:05 o'clock on the steel bridge over Spanish Creek, just a rifle shot west of Keddie, station for Indian Valley, and LEONARDO DE TOMASSO, foreman of Extra Gang, No. 2, claims the honor of having driven the "last spike" which was of steel from Joliet, Illinois. He declares that he placed the last fish plate connecting the end of the track from Salt Lake and the end of the track from the Oakland Mole end placed a nut-lock on the bolt—a ring around the bolt under the nut to hold it fast. Engineer ARTHUR H THOMAS was in direct charge of the work and Indian Valley can plume itself on the fact that he is a native of Greenville and his family is well remembered by old-timers. The gap in the track over in Nevada was connected last Saturday at 3 P. M.

The Quincy National-Bulletin broke the journalistic records in Plumas County on November 1st, by printing an elaborate account of the joining of the rails of the Western Pacific on that afternoon, a part of which follows:

At last the construction of a great transcontinental railroad through Plumas county has been accomplished. This has been the dream of nearly half a century. In 1867, Arthur W. Keddie, at the present time Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Pacific Railway Company, and then a young surveyor who had but recently made his home in Plumas, was sent by Indian Valley parties, in the month of February, down the North Fork of Feather river, to make an examination of a proposed wagon road route. It was during the stormy season of the year. Mr. Keddie's attention was, on that trip, drawn to two facts—first, the absence of snow along the river, while it reached to considerable depth on the mountains towering over this stream. The other important fact was the possibility of an easy railroad grade along this stream. These two facts were of great importance, and on Mr. Keddie's mind left a lasting im-



A. W. KEDDIE
Assistant Chief Engineer
Western Pacific Railway

pression which, in later years, proved to be of great importance to the railroad world and to the people of Plumas county. Indeed, ever after that, the construction of a transcontinental railroad up the North Fork of Feather river and on through Beckwith Pass became the great ambition of Mr. Keddie's life.

Survey to the State Line

Later in 1867, a local railroad company was organized and Mr. Keddie employed to make a railroad survey from the Nevada State line through Beckwith Pass, down the Middle Fork of Feather river to a point near the present town of Cromberg, across the divide to Spring Garden, through American Valley, down Spanish Creek, the East Branch and the North Fork to Oroville. This survey was duly made, and the results of it more firmly convinced Mr. Keddie than ever of the value of this route for a transcontinental railroad. After that, he was a strong advocate of the plan of utilizing the upper stretch of the Middle Fork of Feather river and the long lower stretch of the North Fork, thus securing an easy grade. He realized that if such could be accomplished, the transcontinental road built over this route would have a great advantage over the Central Pacific route through Truckee Pass, which rises to an altitude 2000

feet greater than that of Beckwith Pass. Another great advantage which this road would have would be the absence of the necessity of maintaining expensive snow-sheds.

In 1892, the information possessed by Mr. Keddie was communicated to the San Francisco and Great Salt Lake Railway Company, with the result that its chief engineer, W. H. Kennedy, made a detailed survey over practically the same route later adopted by the Western Pacific. Mr. Kennedy secured a grade whose maximum was 70 feet to the mile. This company, however, failed to build the road, Mr. Spreckels, one of the chief organizers, disposing of his interest to the Southern Pacific Company.

In 1902, Walter J. Bartnett sent M. E. Cerrit to Quincy to consult with Mr. Keddie and gain all the data he could

touching a railroad route through this part of the State. Soon the Stockton & Beckwith Pass Railroad Company was organized and Mr. Keddie appointed Chief Engineer. Later the Western Pacific was organized and Mr. Dillman appointed Chief Engineer. Under him, a survey was made over the Beckwith Pass and North Fork route also over the Deer Creek route. This latter route was favored by Mr. Dillman as well as by his assistant Mr. Williams, and at a subsequent meeting of the directors of the new company dominated by Mr. Gould, the Deer Creek route was formally adopted. The Quincy office of the company was closed and the maps and papers shipped, by order of Mr. Dillman, to San Francisco. Mr. Keddie, however, proceeded to the city and had a conference with Mr. Bartnett, during which he laid before him such powerful facts and arguments in favor of the North Fork route that Mr. Bartnett asked Mr. Keddie to furnish him a detailed statement of his reasons, as an engineer, for his advocacy of the North Fork and Beckwith Pass route. This report was forthcoming, and as soon as Mr. Bartnett received it, he went to New York and laid the data before Mr. Gould.

Bogue Favors Keddie's Route

The report so impressed Mr. Gould that Virgil G. Bogue, one of the most noted railroad engineers of the world, was sent to Plumas to verify Mr. Keddie's statements. After making a thorough investigation, Mr. Bogue pronounced in favor of the route which had been reported against by Mr. Dillman, and the latter soon resigned as Chief Engineer to make way for Mr. Bogue, who has since been the master mind in the work of securing the best possible route and in constructing the great transcontinental railway. The surveys showed that by making a 5,000-foot tunnel from the head of Spring Garden Valley through to the Middle Feather, a maximum grade of 1.3 per cent. could be secured.

One Per Cent. Grade Found

It was found that the principal difficulty was to get down from Spring Garden to American Valley and the East Branch with a less grade. Mr. Williams, however, accomplished this feat by increasing the length of the Spring Garden tunnel to 7,300 feet, thus lessening its altitude, making a loop in Spring Garden Valley, running the line along the base of the mountains east of American Valley and keeping well up the canyon side, the line not dropping down to the bed of the East Branch until the vicinity of Hallsted Flat was reached. This was a bold engineering stroke, and

it gave to the Western Pacific by far the easiest grade possible to secure over the Sierras, a maximum of one per cent., or 32.8 feet per mile.

Had Nerve and Foresight

The construction of the road over the route involved the expenditure of a very large sum of money, but Mr. Bogue and his company had the nerve and foresight not to hesitate. The first cost of the road did not count so much with them as the facility and cheapness of operation during the life of the road. As an illustration of its comparative advantages, the Southern Pacific now has to raise and lower every ton of freight in crossing the Sierras two thousand feet more than the Western Pacific will be required to do when it gets to operating.

The Greatest Scenic Route

That the route of the Western Pacific across the Sierras will be a very attractive one for travel, as well as advantageous for freight traffic, should be evident to every observer. Within the limits of Plumas county, it will pass through a series of beautiful valleys and down a deep and rugged canyon the grandeur of whose scenery is unsurpassed anywhere on the Pacific Coast, the length of the road taken into consideration. These features will make the road popular with the traveling public, while the certainty of traffic during the winter months will command for the road a large volume of freight traffic.

That the road has been built to endure, the appearance of the roadbed gives ample evidence. No expense has been spared to make the road permanent and safe. A railroad builder of large experience said to us the other day that, as a boy, he had worked on the Canadian Pacific, later on the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and on the Clark road. In all of these experiences he had not observed an equal mileage of so difficult and expensive construction work as that from Beckwith Pass to Oroville. He said, however, that the excellence of the route in the matter of cheap operating fully justified the great expenditure of money. It is reported that even Mr. Williams, one of the engineers who concurred in the report in favor of Deer Creek Pass, now admits the superiority of the North Fork route.

Credit Belongs to A. W. Keddie

The railroad constructor to whom reference has just been made also stated that to Mr. Keddie belongs the credit of urging the selection of the present route of the Western Pacific across the Sierras, and that to him, more than to any other man, the people of Plumas are indebted for the building of this transcontinental line through the heart of the county, thus contributing to the fullest development of all of our resources.

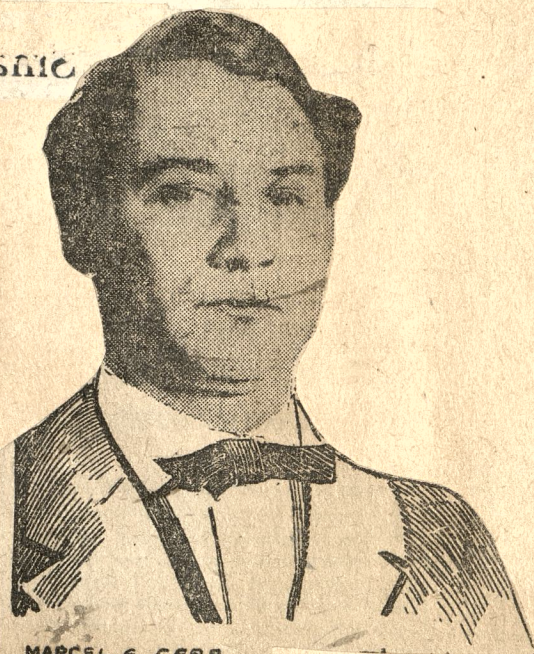
It is given out that the Western Pacific, within a very short time, will ac-

cept freight in carload lots consigned to Plumas county points. This will be done as an accommodation, especially to Plumas county merchants. It will be some little time, however, before the company can accept freight in less than carload lots and adopt and maintain a regular passenger schedule. Considerable ballasting is yet to be done from Keddie station down the East Branch and the North Fork, and in the State of Nevada. Until this work is thoroughly done, it will be impossible to run trains at a high rate of speed; indeed, such speed should not be expected until the

roadbed is well settled—say next summer.

Depot Building at Keddie Station

We understand that the work of erecting depot buildings at Keddie and Hartwell stations and Portola will soon be entered upon, the materials for these structures having already been assembled and ready for transportation to Plumas. It will require but a short time to put these materials together. We also understand that sand and gravel are being hauled to Bonta station for concrete work, thus indicating the early erection of a depot at that point as well.



MARCEL E. CERRIT

MATRIMONIAL.

HENDERSON—KEDDIE.

A very quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at the "Evergreens," on Thursday, Oct., 7th, when Emily Louise, youngest daughter of the late James Boyd Keddie, and Thomas Henderson, of this town, were united in marriage by Rev. H. T. Lewis, pastor of Simcoe street Methodist Church.

Although rather late in the season the house was prettily decorated with a great profusion of garden flowers, principally asters.

The bride, daintily gowned in white crepe de chene over duchess silk, was unattended, her brother, Mr. Will G. Keddie, of Toronto, giving her away and her little nephew, Morgan, acting as ring-bearer. Only the immediate relatives were present, but the abundance of beautiful flowers and other evidences of loving thought showed the desire of many friends to give the bridal couple a happy start in their new life. The most honored guests were Mr. and Mrs. R. Wellington, who have both long since passed the four-score mile-stone in the journey through life, and whose kindly good wishes and words of counsel came with more than ordinary force after their three-score years of happy wedded life. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson left in the evening by automobile, for Toronto, from whence they went by train to visit other points of interest. On their return they will reside on Elgin street and will be at home to their friends on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, Oct. 28th.

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Feb. 1910
Scribners

CONQUERING THE SIERRAS

By Benjamin Brooks

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



At the launching of a battleship some fair maid, after a trying ordeal at the costumer's, must stand becomingly on a high staging, must be photographed by the newspapers, and gracefully break a bottle of champagne tied with long ribbons. Similarly, on or just previous to the opening of a great railway to regular passenger service, some promising youth is given the distinction of being the first passenger over the line. In the present case of the new Western Pacific from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, I was the innocent and enthusiastic victim; and the fact of my being rather premature, so that the directors' car had to be replaced by a little bob-tail gasoline motor running on the rails, and the champagne was eliminated altogether, had not dampened my enthusiasm in the least.

But now, stalled at the end of all creation with the driver flat on his back under the car and the Great American Desert stretching gray and limitless as the sea with nothing but detached barren mountains floating in it—with one stick of chocolate for four healthy men and no water whatever—I began to wonder if I had not ventured on a very foolhardy undertaking. Now that I had time to think it over, I remembered where other adventurers had come to grief in just this way—automobiling into a desert, and trying to walk out again. The remaining three of us got out of the car and, none caring to look squarely at the others, each chose a different segment of the quivering horizon and stared at it. I slyly felt the chocolate-stick in my pocket to see how big it was. The driver, noticing a slight drip from the condenser, produced a greasy tin can and placed it beneath. The water was very hot and dirty, but yes, it might be well worth saving.

However, the gasoline engine is only the second most fickle and second least dependable thing known to man, and after a bit of

diplomatic coaxing, she began to bark again with regularity. And as we sped along once more through the hot singing breeze I felt glad that the break-down had occurred, for, with nothing but smooth sailing, the desert might have bored me as it does through passengers from the East with last week's papers to read; but one brief moment of standing a little motionless black speck in a gray infinity, sweeping so far and so wide, had sufficed to crowd overwhelmingly upon me the haunting, almost fearful, charm of the desert. The gaunt, austere features of its old countenance, drawn as with a hard needle upon a burnished plate, made it more than just a landscape now. Each bold headland, manœuvring into position ahead of us, rose with an individual, almost personified, dignity of its own, disclosed its lean long flanks out of the quivering heat, and sank again buried in centuries of meditation. Then the changeful sage-brush—now olive-green, now deathly gray—began to spread like faded tapestries upon the hard hills; and presently out of this seemingly eternal stillness came motion—flying bands of wild horses with arching necks and flowing manes galloped up like charging cavalry, satisfied their curiosity, wheeled and galloped off again. A troop of whirlwinds followed, springing out of nothing to right and left, lifting their lithe, curving white bodies hundreds of feet in air, rushed across the levels like ghosts of Greek dances with arms uplifted and draperies whirled about them; and having run their dizzy course, dissolved again in air.

But lastly, far away under the slanting sun, arose a long ragged wall unlike the detached ranges of Nevada—the barrier wall of the Sierras. Old John Muir, who loves them better than any man, calls them the Mountains of Light. So they appeared now, a streaming cobalt ribbon along the horizon. But he also remarks, after having prowled them over for a good part of his

Official
letter see
clipping

RECOGNITION OF FAITHFUL WORK OF A. W.



In the lap of a broad valley lay the town of Quincy.—Page 172.

life, that they are the most uninterrupted high wall of mountains in the world. Other higher peaks and clusters there are; but for an unbroken thousand-mile wall they are not to be equalled; and the old trails over them are among the highest regularly travelled highways of the world.

I knew a little of the Sierras myself—as much as one may learn by sitting astride of their giant backbone fourteen thousand feet above the sea, sliding down snow-banks at forty-five degrees, and peering over ledges into valleys five thousand feet deep. Therefore I looked long and dubiously at this approaching barrier; for, if the motor continued on its good behavior, my business was to be the first passenger to cross these mountains clear down to the sea on a one per cent grade. A one per cent grade means that instead of requiring three or even four locomotives to hoist your long lines of Pullmans over the heights, you twine in and out through a lot more scenery, and finally attain about the same elevation with a single engine, but without ever rising or falling more than one foot in a hundred, or 52.8 feet in a mile.

And now, while I still continued to doubt its possibility, we began to do it. Sweeping around the last headland, we started on a long southward flank movement up the wall of the Sierras. The desert sank beneath us and spread wider and wider, lying like an inland ocean. The sage-brush

surrendered to faint green slopes. The slanting sun made state-house domes of the bare round foothills. Chill winds blew from the thinly timbered heights. Another circumstance caused us to shiver a little; for although we were presumably scheduled as an extra with certain time-table, and meeting-points with freight-trains, we had done about as we pleased, stopped for a picture here, a break-down there, until now a little black streak creeping below us on the gray desert assumed the proportions of a pursuing stock-train. It is never etiquette to stop a stock-train, but when it is loaded with five hundred bleaters which the Interstate Commerce Law declares must be unloaded, fed, and watered at a certain time, you positively must not stop it. So I continued to look apprehensively over my shoulder each time we entered a cut and to peer ahead at each curve out and over a bare brown country for all the world like the Urals. And what was that faint road-like marking paralleling us on the hillsides, heading with us for a certain bleak depression in the wall? Why, none other than the old, old Transcontinental Trail whereon prairie schooners sailed and stage-coaches raced with Indians or were halted by highwaymen.

Do you imagine it is the work of one man in one lifetime to locate a way through the Sierras? Far from it. When old Jim Beckwourth in the emigrant days trekked

stress of the country in 1893 and immediately following prevented the financing and construction of the road.

In 1902, Mr. Keddie became the Chief Engineer of the Stockton & Beekwith Pass Railway Company. Again his fund

into use. a Gold or- holdings of ss Company, ief Engineer later, at his e position to ialty of rail- ined as Resi- Dillman ap-

if the dream alized. It is Creek-Susan- opted by the the Quincy l. Mr. Ked- Consulting

Gould lines, uake another Fork route. e an exhaust- on the route tributary to uld and Mr.

r the result eekwith Pass gue also dis- initial cost, er cent. could ent surveys in view. The eure this low esponsible for work.

ill have the the Sierras, nd curvature, thus mak- ee and oper- ecely be pos- essionfully com- point of low or its desir- avel.

is not easy Mr. Keddie's It is evident that they ap- lity. To him, re a debt of em fully ap- stern Pacific ve placed one hin the limits pment of our es shall have er people will his efforts.

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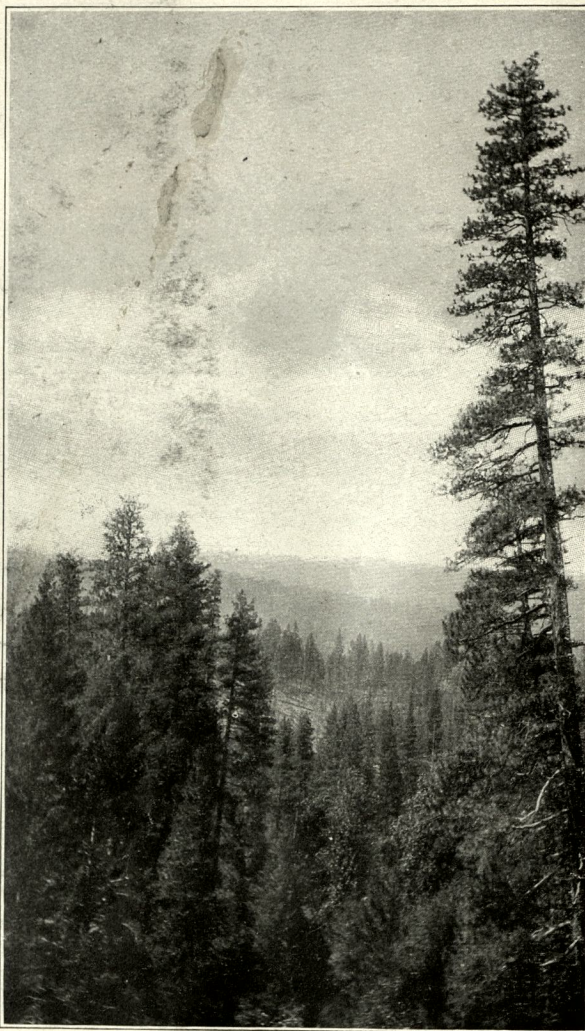
A. P. PLUMMER
JOHN LLOYD
C. IRVING
F. MOULTON
A. C. KAINE.
LIEUT. GOVERNOR ALDEN
ANDERSON,
JOSE COSTA,
W. HENRY,
Committee.

that followed up to 1890, he collected much valuable data bearing upon this route and the country tributary there- to, and, therefore, was in position to render invaluable aid to engineer Ken- nedy in making the survey of the route for the San Francisco and Great Salt Lake Railway Company. A satisfactory route was secured, but the financial

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chess involving one hundred moves with one hundred gravel-cars among one dozen sidings without interfering with lambs in rapid transit—and retiring to one of the four beds in the three rooms over the barber shop which served as hotel, I pried the sash out of the window and slept a big sleep with the delicious mountain air streaming over me.

Having observed next morning that the sun was preparing to rise, I hastened to the water-barrel in the front yard and was luxuriously pouring cold water over myself when the town alarm-clock, in overalls and cap, came over from the railway station, call-book in hand, to arouse me. The June frost still lay on the ties as we tipped over the one per cent and started on our long serpentine journey down to sea-level. How indefatigably the engineers had stuck to that one per cent! In one place they dug below the bed of a stream and walled it off just to save fudging a paltry ten feet. In other places they had spent tens of thousands on high spider-legged trestles, and each time we came to one of them I said some prayers and stiffened into dentist-chair rigidity; for to ride at train speed on the solid earth in a bob-tail motor is exciting enough, but to be hurled unexpectedly a hundred feet in cold morning air with nothing but a translucent film of ties apparent below was a thing perhaps finally to discipline one's mind to expect, but never to accustom one's "innards" to. As we sailed along, now touching the earth, now flying in air, there began to appear below us a most beautiful succession of mountain meadows, each a shining little green gem set deep in the hazy blue mantle of the surrounding heights and guarded by a dense army of shaggy bull pines with trunks as thick as tall brick chimneys and bark as



Overlooking a mountain meadow.—Page 170.

red, with weather-beaten limbs spreading, not upward pertly as the lesser trees do, but outward and downward as if they stood with arms outstretched saying with great dignity and sadness "Here have I stood faithfully these many centuries against the warring elements."

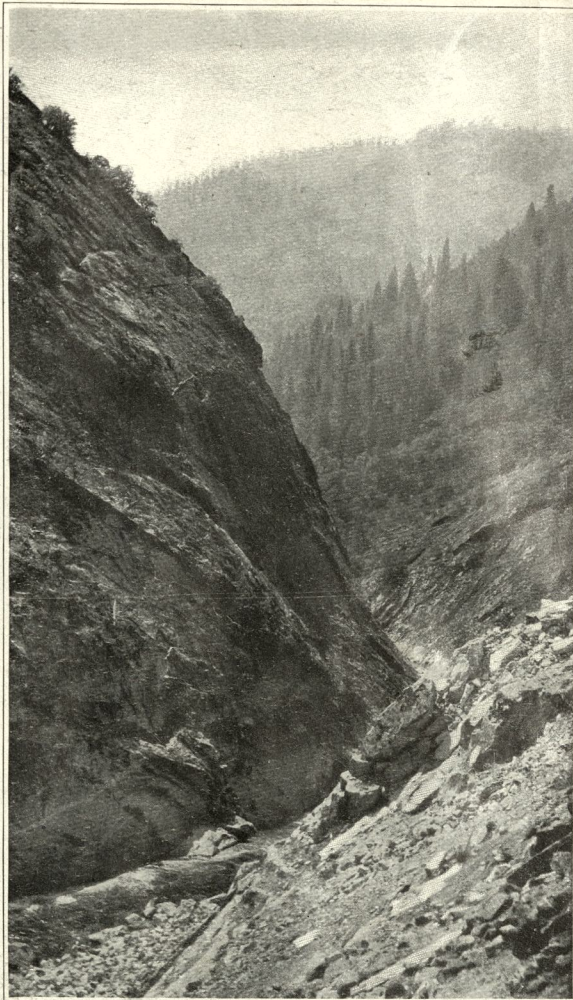
Presently, out of these jewel meadows sprung a young little stream gaining breadth and confidence as it ran—the Middle Fork of the Feather River—and we began to follow it. This was the same stream that all the other railroads had followed with rod and instrument only to abandon in despair, and we would finally have to

Conquering the Sierras

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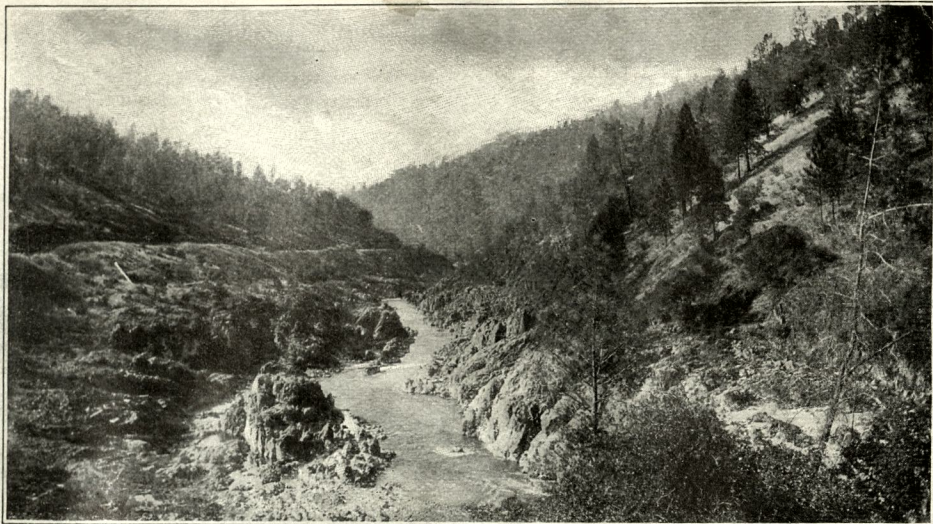
Quincy, as towns go in California, is an old town with a quiet, shady main street, a white Doric courthouse standing in a prim green common exactly as if it had been cut out of a picture of a New England town and pasted onto a background of misty blue California forest; with an old brick stable where the stage-coaches still change horses for Reno and the great unknown exactly as they have for a generation; with, also, a cool hotel whose bar, decorated with mounted grizzly bears' heads and the quaint faded photographs of actresses long since dead, savored of the good old times. On this main street also is the office of A. W. Keddie, engineer; and when I had discovered him among his drawing-tables and wall-maps he turned out to be a tall, straight, old-fashioned Scotchman with iron-gray hair slanting defiantly upward, a keen dark eye—"Ah, but it was the nose that did it!" said I to myself as he reached out like a steam-shovel and grasped my hand. "Any one following that long, straight vulpine nose would surely arrive at something worth while." And noting a characteristic abruptness about him, I came immediately to the main point and asked him to tell me about how he discovered the way to conquer the Sierras. It was in 1864 that Keddie dropped into Quincy and, having once seen it, concluded he'd stay. In 1867 a group of people in a neighboring valley, realizing that they could never compete with the world and pay the enormous expense of freighting their goods in over the snow, engaged him to explore the Sierras for a wagon-road that should lie below the snow line.

"Here is the North Fork basin," explained Keddie, spreading his rugged hand over an entire country on the map of his



Where the river was about to pour down through the middle of the earth.—Page 176.

own making, "and here is the Middle Fork country. The Middle Fork was well enough from here up, but from here down she's bad, very bad. That's where they lost poor Rogers and could not even recover his body. But the North Fork nobody knew about. I asked old guides. They didn't know. I hunted up old Indians and they didn't know. An old friend of mine said, 'You're daft, mon! A crow couldn't fly through there!' So I resolved to explore it myself." When did a real discoverer ever take anybody's word for anything?



Approaching Oroville.

ateur performance of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, I know how to do it. Good brakes on the bob-tail motor prevented a collision, but I never fully regained my composure that day, for the pace grew swifter and swifter, the river whiter and whiter, the cliffs straighter and straighter. The Sierras, far from surrendering, rose thousands upon thousands of feet above me, a troop of menacing giants—gilded battlements on their heads where the afternoon sun still shone, mile-long shadows of inconceivable mistiness and depth flanking them, and at their feet caverns and darkness. Travellers who have beheld the grandeur of Rome, the beauty of Florence, yet hold that Edinburgh is the most romantic city in the world. So I, with the magnificence of the Yosemite all unforgotten, and in my mind's eye the picture of the Grand Canyon so far beyond all human comprehension, still felt that this was the most romantic land I had ever traversed. What an opportunity had the Crusaders missed! Why, the imagination of a mollusk sufficed to people it with armored knights filing down the declivities with banners waving. The spindling pine-tops were a thicket of storming lances. And there were dragons in it too—huge green roaring dragons with foaming white manes.

Many times I stopped the chugging motor, jumped, camera in hand, from the car, and, having flung out my arms as a

signal to a pursuing locomotive kindly not to run over us, attempted to get one of these black-and-gold fortresses in the finder, but it was no use; that landscape had grown beyond the possibilities of amateur photography. At last, when we reached the place where I knew the river was about to pour down through a hole to the middle of the earth, leaving us balked and surrounded by the Sierras, we whipped around the base of a steep, smooth promontory and began to see possibility of escape. This was the last portal, and learning that it was nameless and in imminent danger of being called either the Devil's Slide or Lovers' Leap, I took the liberty of christening it Old Ironsides, on account of its armored and war-like appearance.

It was night when we chugged into the busy town of Oroville—Oroville of the roaring mining days that Bret Harte knew. But now how different! Instead of the throng of mining men with pick and pan, organized capital, with a troop of sixty dredgers, each in its own little duck-pond, digs up the landscape, washes the gold out of it, and piles it in barren heaps to be sold for crushed stone or railway ballast or levelled off for town lots; and instead of striding in, booted and pistoled, to merrily shoot up the town, we now arrive on swift interurban trolleys; and with well-groomed whiskers or fluffy dimity, as the case may be, we seek the nickel picture-shows and enjoy

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In a Library

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grand opera from a tin horn. The only member of the community who has not changed is the conservative, gold-digging, frugal-living heathen Chinese, who for ways that are dark and tricks that are queer appears to be as peculiar as in the days when he was sung by California's youthful bard.

Sunrise on the third day found us speeding southward along a strangely straight and level track, with the mountains lying low and misty under the pale sky. They looked as solid and impenetrable as ever; but I smiled almost exultantly at the thought that they were no longer so. Attacked in the early day by an old negro guide upon the east, stalked by a long-legged adventure-seeking Scotch Don Quixote with an Indian Sancho Panza on the west, and pierced in the middle by the man of science, it remained only for the present-day builders to change old locations here and there, to throw in a loop or two and lengthen the tunnels, to tame them down to one per cent; so that in the year 1910 an idle passenger with a puny six-horse motor and no effort at all might run the whole gamut from desert to sea-coast, from snowy crag to broad plain. This broad plain continued

the entire day, smiling a fertile yellow smile of cultivated fields or checkerboarded with orchards, presided over by a tall State capitol dome showing blue and faint in the distance like Pisa from afar, and divided in the middle by the muddy Sacramento.

Toward evening, wrapping blankets about our heads to escape the flying gravel and clinging to our seats, we climbed over the low Coast Range hills against a tearing gale from the sea, and ran down to the wide salt marshes on the other side. Night overtook us as we clattered past a lot of switches and came to the last of our wonderful and various journey at the end of a long pier. Across a broad stretch of turbulent black water a fine glistening dew of electric lights lay upon the opposite shore, marking the site of a happy-go-lucky city named after a jolly old saint, erstwhile paradise of muckrakers, but now, rising tall and phoenix-like from the ashes of her former self, looking with courage toward a brighter future, with a world-famous harbor at her feet, and behind her—if she but rises to the occasion—all that alluring wealth-laden old continent that Columbus set out for but never found.

IN A LIBRARY

By Arthur Davison Ficke

Dim bindings, gray with shadows which the years
Have slowly drawn across your penciled gold—
Dear pages, now a little worn and old
With dust and sunlight, and perhaps with tears
That may have fallen as the joys and fears
Of living hearts beheld your hearts unfold,—
O magic hearts whose fire is never cold,
Immortal with the passion of your seers!—

A little wistfully I come to where,
Amid the shadows of your treasured place,
You stand removed, in solemn quiet row. . . .
Almost I seem a shadow, whom the air
Drifts to you,—whom some twilight will efface,
Looking back sadly on you as I go.

Troublesome Twists.

HIS VISION TRUE IN SOLID STEEL.

PATHFINDER OF THE SIERRAS
SEES RAILROAD BUILT.

Through Forbidding Canyon of the
Tortuous Feather River Railroad
Penetrates Along Route Mapped
Out by Engineer a Half Century
Ago.

The dream of A. W. Keddle, path-
finder of the Sierras, has come true.
Fifty years ago he surveyed a route
for a railroad through the wild and
tortuous Feather River Canyon. It
was rejected by Collis P. Huntington
and his associates to the great discour-
agement of the young engineer.

But Keddle lived to see his survey
used, and now trains of the Western
Pacific are traveling the steel path
laid along the course mapped out half
a century ago. As one of the few sur-
vivors of the generation building the
first transcontinental line, Keddle

stood on the steps of the City Hall, at
Quincy, this State, and made the wel-
coming speech when the first passen-
ger train ran through the famous gap.
The old engineer's voice broke as he
told of the abrupt rejection of his
plans by the builders of the first rail-
road constructed across the precipitous
and forbidding Sierra Nevada.

Where the great range spreads out to
the northward like a feather, three
rivers, each called a fork of the Fea-
ther River, have their sources nearly
two miles above sea level. The rough-
est and most picturesque of the three,
the North fork, was the path selected
by Keddle. There is practically no
valley, there being barely room for the
tempestuous stream through the cleft
in the granite sides. The pass leading
to it was one of the lowest of the
Sierra Nevada.

With a tunnel about 6000 feet long,
this pass was crossed at an elevation
of a little over 5000 feet. Then the
engineers laying the lines ran them to
the headwaters of the Feather River,
famous from the days of gold excite-
ment in California history. Then came
one of the most exacting pieces of
engineering to be found anywhere.
There was an imperative mandate for-
bidding a grade exceeding 1 per cent.
At no point in the 150 miles of canyon
before them must the track drop more
than fifty-two feet to the mile. At
many places the drop was far greater
than that. In other places it was much
less. A series of waterfalls carried the
river toward sea level at a prodigious
pace. But whether the fall was great,

or little more than to give a current
to a narrow and crooked stream the
railroad grade must remain the same.

In the solution of the problem the
engineers at times cut their lines in
solid rock hundreds of feet above the
river. At other places the track is
barely high enough to escape the tor-
rential current when the river rises
forty-five to fifty feet over night. At
many points there was not room enough
in the canyon for both the river and

Los Angeles, Cal TIMES

FEB 21 1911



A. W. Keddle,

pathfinder of the Sierras, who sur-
veyed, fifty years ago, the route
over which Western Pacific trains
now run. Collis P. Huntington and
his associates considered the survey
a joke.

railroad and solid walls of masonry
had to be built to carry the rocks
above the stream. At other places the
sharp curves in the canyon have sent
the tracks back and forth from one
side to the other on steel bridges and
high trestles. In the building of the
line, material and workmen frequen-
tly had to be let down the sides of
the rocky walls by ropes hundreds of
feet in length, to start construction
on new sections. Wagon roads are
everywhere practically impossible. At
last, after endless turnings and twists
in fighting its way through 150 miles
of the canyon, the tracks come out
into the broad valley at Oroville, over
which, for ages, the Feather River has
poured debris from its mountain fast-
nesses.

And thus the dream of Keddle was
realized. So much gold did the river
bring down that the soil down to the
solid bedrock is being dug up by
dredges and washed for its gold.

In startling contrast to this long
stretch of canyon scenery is the great
salt desert, through which the new
road runs after leaving Salt Lake
City. This desert is sixty miles long
and fifteen miles wide, composed of
rock salt 97 per cent. pure. Right
through the center of it the engineers
ran their lines, and for forty-six miles
there is not a curve in the tracks. The
ties are laid on a bed of solid salt, two
or three feet above the level of the
plain. The salt looks like a field of
ice and snow, and it is difficult for the
traveler to realize that his train is
not passing through a wintry scene of
the far north.

WESTERN PACIFIC REACHES AMERICAN VALLEY

A LARGE NUMBER OF OUR PEOPLE WITNESSED THE LAYING OF RAILS INTO

THE HARTWELL STATION

JULY 18, 1909

In the history of this valley, it was an important and interesting event, for it means the beginning of a new era in the life of the community, a readjustment to the new and improved conditions following the construction through the county of a great transcontinental railroad.

The arrival of the construction train was witnessed by several hundred of our citizens, among these some of the old pioneers whose half-century dreams of railroad connection with other parts of the country were thus realized. Among these present on this day were observed ex-Sheriff W. S. Dean, Samuel S. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Finlayson, W. T. Byers, ex-Senator Kellogg and others.

The event must have been especially pleasing to A. W. Keddie, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Pacific, to whom the people of Plumas, more than to any other man, are indebted for the construction of this railway through Plumas on the route it has taken, for it was he who, over forty years ago, conceived the idea of utilizing the long stretch of the upper Middle Fork and that of the lower North Fork of Feather river in order to cross the Sierras at a low grade and at an altitude that would render snowsheds unnecessary. He well knew that such a route would be invaluable to a transcontinental line. The building of such a railroad over this line was an almost ever-present dream of his life in Plumas since 1865. He was present at Hartwell Station yesterday to welcome the first train into this valley.

Sunday morning, tracklaying was resumed from a point east of the Harry Johnson residence, and soon steel was being spiked to the long and high trestle across the ravine and but a short distance above the residence mentioned. This trestle is 130 feet high and is said to contain 600,000 feet of lumber. Its construction, as well as the other engineering work in that immediate section, was under the immediate supervision of engineer F. M. Robinson, and so perfect was this high trestle that when the long construction train passed over it, there was scarcely a tremor. To see the crew laying rails across this trestle was intensely interesting to the many visitors who saw the feat performed.

The work of the construction train is a marvel. A car-truck carrying about twelve ties is run forward on a track laid on top of the big cars and automatically dumped at the end of the protruding carrier at the front of the train. These are quickly picked up and placed in position by workmen, and then rails are run out from the top of the cars at either side and lowered into position by machinery, assisted by workmen. A few spikes are then driven to hold the rail in place till the train passes over it.

American Valley now has a railroad, a transcontinental line—the Western Pacific construction train arrived at Hartwell Station late Sunday afternoon, July 18, 1909, laying track to that point from the east.

Following up the train is a crew of probably fifty men who place the ties in more nearly correct position, put iron plates under the rails where they cross the ties, finish bolting the rails together and do enough more spiking to render the passage of the construction trains safe.

The crew of workmen are so trained that each man knows his place and the duties he has to perform, and the work is done in a smooth, systematic manner.

The ties are eight inches square, the rails thirty-three feet long and are what are called eighty-five-pound rails—that is, they weigh that many pounds per yard.

The ballasting crew are about four miles behind the construction train. Under the ties, gravel ballasting to the depth of about one foot, some places deeper, will be placed and tamped, the ties properly adjusted, the rails lined up or curved as circumstances may require, and the spiking finished. As a new road-bed settles considerably, the work of keeping it properly ballasted will extend over many months, several years even.

The completed roadbed and the track laid thereon impress the observer with the conviction that the Western Pacific is building and will soon finish one of the most permanent and substantial roads that cross the continent. The engineers have looked to the future—have built a line that will require few changes and that can be operated cheaply in comparison to those whose grade and curvature are not so favorable.

The Quincy Band was at Hartwell Station during the afternoon and helped emphasize the arrival of the train by discoursing some of their choice music.

After laying the rails to Hartwell, the construction train went back to camp, and this morning left for Chilcoot to resume tracklaying eastward. It will continue until the road-bed down Spanish Creek is ready for the rails. At one point below the "Pocket," a slide has been causing some trouble, and more dirt must be removed, which task will be completed in about ten days, after which time the construction train, it is planned, will return to Hartwell Station and resume work westward till the crossing of Spanish Creek opposite Butter-

fly Valley is reached, where a big steel bridge is to be put in. Work on this bridge will consume two or three weeks' time. As soon as this bridge is completed, the track will be extended on down Spanish Creek and the East Branch to meet that which is now being laid up the North Fork.



CEDRIC CERF

San Francisco will be well represented on the California team by Cedric Cerf, the dashing half-back of last year's freshman team at Berkeley. Cerf was a teammate of Stanton and gave evidence of being one of the most promising players at the old game. Before entering college he was a star among the academic performers and was the idol of football followers from Lowell High School, where he captained his team in his senior year. Cerf has lived up to his reputation since he has been representing the blue and gold, and his playing in the Rugby games has been a feature on the Berkeley field this fall. He will be a dangerous player with the ball in his possession, and Stanford cannot watch him too closely.

The uncertainty that existed during the first part of the week as to the completion of the work on the football field at Berkeley has entirely disappeared, and if the weather continues to be fair, there is no doubt but the field will be in good shape for the game.

Western Pacific Cost \$60,000,000

Construction of Road Began in 1905; Last Spike Driven at Spanish Creek Bridge in 1911.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11.—The Western Pacific road was opened in July, 1911. The last spike was driven on November 1 of that year at Spanish Creek bridge, 280 miles from San Francisco. Grading was begun in September, 1905, twenty-one miles from Salt Lake City. The road was completed at a cost of \$60,000,000.

It is said to be a notable example of engineering because of the uniform low grade of not more than 1 per cent over its 929 miles from Salt Lake to San Francisco.

The road meets the Southern Pacific at Sacramento; they touch at Winnemucca, Nev., and cross each other at Palisade, Nev., and touch again at Wells, Nev., where they diverge, the Southern Pacific going to Ogden, Utah, and the Western Pacific to Salt Lake City.

In 1906 armed guards were stationed on the Oakland water front by both roads. The Southern Pacific sought to keep its rival out of San Francisco by claiming several acres south of the Oakland Mole, where the Western Pacific was seeking a tidewater terminal. The guards were maintained on both shores for two years while suits were fought in the United States courts. The Western Pacific was finally awarded the right of way over the

land. The roads then made a peace agreement in 1908 in which the Gould line was given the right of way on some of the tracks of the Harriman road.

The Western Pacific's capital stock is \$75,000,000 and its funded debt the same. Of the bonds \$50,000,000 first mortgage 5 per cent bonds are held by the general public. The remainder, second mortgage securities, are held by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad company, which owns two-thirds of the stock. It is stated the company also has out about \$10,000,000 in short term notes.

The road has never earned the interest on its first mortgage bonds, amounting to \$2,500,000 a year. The Denver and Rio Grande has each year put up over a million dollars to meet the interest. The revenue for the present fiscal year has shown a large decrease.

Opening of a New Line to the Pacific Coast

By WILLIAM A. SCULLY, Staff Correspondent of the Colorado Springs Herald-Telegraph
Written for The Railroad Red Book.

In the completion of the Western Pacific Railway, from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, three states joined in enthusiastic greeting to the new transcontinental railroad system. When the first train made its triumphal entry into the cities of San Francisco and Oakland on August 22, 1910, it is declared to have been one of the greatest demonstrations in Pacific Coast history.

This road connects at Salt Lake City with the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, and the trains of the Western Pacific operate through standard and tourist sleepers to Denver and all eastern points, via the Mormon capitol and the Denver & Rio Grande. The combination of these two lines makes the longest and greatest scenic line in the world. Not alone are these roads known for the scenery along their lines, but also for their excellent equipment and train service.

In building the new road the main object of the engineers was to secure a low grade of not over one per cent., and this was carried out, but it was necessary to do a considerable amount of bridge building and tunneling. The bridges along this line are of the heaviest steel and set in massive foundations of concrete. In the 927 miles

over which the road operates, there are forty-one steel bridges, which aggregate in length 9,161 feet, or not quite two miles. The weight of the structural steel used in these bridges totals 8,070 tons. There are forty-three tunnels on this line with an aggregate length of 45,494 feet, or more than eight and one-half miles. The longest of these tunnels is the Spring Garden tunnel, 7,306 feet. This tunnel, as well as Beckwith tunnel, through which the Western Pacific crosses the summit of the Sierra Nevada, is cut through solid rock.

It is an interesting fact to know that this new line crosses the Sierras at an elevation of 2,000 feet lower than any other railroad entering California.

One of the most beautiful scenic canons in America is used by this line,—the Feather River canon extending a distance of 115 miles from Beckwith, Cal., to Oroville, Cal. At certain places in the canon there was hardly room for the river and the railroad, and solid walls of masonry were built at these places to support the tracks above the surging stream below.

In flood season the Feather river rises as high as 45 and 50 feet, and

the tracks are located far upon the sides of the canon, so that a washout in this region will be something unheard of.

Actual construction work was begun on the Western Pacific Railway in the fall of 1905, work being carried on from both ends, and the last spike was driven at 4:05 o'clock in the afternoon of November 1, 1909, on the east end of the Spanish bridge, which is about 285 miles east of San Francisco, and about 640 miles west of Salt Lake City. This wonderful road was built

ver & Rio Grande, left the newly-built million-dollar station at Salt Lake City on its daylight journey to the city of the Golden Gate.

Speeding along the southern shore of the Great Salt Lake and over the salt deserts of Utah, where the roadbed is built on a foundation of rock salt crystals for many miles, and across the Nevada wilderness, the town of Elko was reached early in the afternoon. A warm and hearty welcome was given the newspaper special, and after a short stop the train proceeded



Golden Feather River Canon, California, Western Pacific Railway

at an expenditure of more than \$75,000,000.

The first train to negotiate the new line had for passengers representatives from the principal daily papers of Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California. Collier's and Leslie's "Weeklies" were also represented. At 7:00 o'clock on the morning of August 22, 1910, the press special, under the guidance of Passenger Traffic Manager Lomax, of the Western Pacific, and Major S. K. Hooper, the veteran General Passenger Agent of the Den-

to Winnemucca, where it was parked for the night. Late though it was, the reception committee was on hand with band and torches, and marches and counter-marches were executed by the citizens' corps of Winnemucca.

The start for California was made in the morning early. The ascent of the Sierras from the east was an easy one as the train entered the Beckwith valley and proceeded down the Feather River canon to Oroville. The route by which the road pierces the Sierra Nevadas has been recognized

the town of Quincy, several hundred residents of this beautiful place were assembled and their brass band was playing when the "newspaper special" drew up before the station. The visitors were taken to Quincy on a special train over this little branch road built at a cost of \$75,000 in order that Quincy might be a railroad town.

A. W. Keddle, who first surveyed the railroad route that was selected by the Western Pacific for its entry into California, spoke. He said he had hoped for many years to see such a railroad built, always having faith in this route, but his plans were not declared feasible by prominent Southern Pacific engineers, which included such men as the late Collis P. Huntington.

In the afternoon the special arrived at Oroville. Fruit and wine were presented to the passengers, and the hills resounded with the greetings of the residents and the playing of three military bands. In automobiles the press representatives were taken around the city and among the orange groves of Thermalite. A reception was tendered by the Chamber of Commerce. The numerous gold dredges were inspected and crates of oranges picked from the trees of Oliver Sancomb.

Traversing the valley of the Sacramento the correspondents' special left Oroville at 7 o'clock the morning of the third and last day, making stops at Marysville, Stockton and Sacramento, and at many of the stations between Stockton and Oakland. Wherever the train halted, cheering crowds were present with

offerings of fruit and flowers, until the cars entered Oakland, loaded down with grapes, peaches and figs of the fertile valley and gaily bedecked with the flowers that made the Pullmans look like stalls at a county fair. The beautiful mission type station at Marysville was decorated with American flags, and the greater part of the population of the town was on hand to extend a greeting. Automobiles were ready for a hurried trip throughout the town, and while the railroad party was seeing Marysville, seedless grapes and big yellow peaches were distributed throughout the cars. The principal stop of the day was made at the capitol city where addresses were made by Governor Gillett and the city's chief executive.

At Thornton and West Lodi short stops were made and Stockton was reached at noon. It seemed as if the whole country had gathered at the station. The railroad party was taken around the city in automobiles.

Leaving Stockton stops were made at Livermore, Pleasanton and Niles, and when the train reached Hayward it was literally showered with flowers. Garlands were strung from the cow-catcher to the roof of the engine cab. From Hayward to Oakland the progress was through an almost continuous lane of humanity, forcing the engineer to drive slowly.

Oakland and many of the Pacific coast cities declared a holiday in honor of the arrival of the initial train. A parade four miles long occurred at Oakland in which were civic floats representing a value of \$200,000.

WESTERN PACIFIC COMPLETES ROAD

Independent. Nov. 3, 1909.

Monday, the first day of November, A. D., 1909, was an eventful day for Plumas county. At the hour of four o'clock, on the afternoon of that day, the last connecting rail on the Western Pacific Railway was put in place and fastened. The last spike was driven—but, few were present to witness the ceremony—it was done without celebration, ostentation or display, but nevertheless it was a great event. A few long protracted shrieks of the whistles of the two locomotives at the place when the last blow was struck and the workmen's shout of "Hurrah!" was the finale. A transcontinental railroad, connecting the great Salt Lake City with Oakland on the Bay of San Francisco, and passing through Quincy, and Plumas county, is an established, positive reality.

The road is now in readiness for locomotives and trains—passenger and freight—but it doubtless will be a month or more before any regular

schedule is arranged for regular traffic; but the railroad is here and here to stay—Plumas county is now on the railroad map. At last after many years of waiting and watching, wondering and wishing, having full confidence, and trusting that the future would certainly prove that the hopes and expectations of our citizens, those of former years as well as those of the present, would be realized, viz: that a transcontinental railroad line through Beckwith Pass and thence down the Feather river canyon, would eventually be constructed, has materialized, and is now an undisputed truth—a fact—and the citizens of Plumas county are powerful glad of it.

One citizen of Plumas county deserves and should be given more credit than to any other for his successful efforts in inducing the Western Pacific Railway Company to finally select the line of that road through Beckwith Pass and the North Fork canyon.

For more than forty years he has been a resident of Quincy. During the building of the road he has been the Assistant-Chief Engineer of the works, etc. Monday last must have been to him a "red letter day." We congratulate him, and to Arthur W. Keddle the Independent tenders its heartfelt congratulations.

The new railroad traverses Plumas county nearly one hundred miles. When it is opened for traffic we can rejoice as only an undeveloped region full of resources can.

1. What has Plumas county done for the Western Pacific?
2. What will this railroad do for us?

3. What will it mean for our mines, timber and farms?

4. What will Plumas county do for the Western Pacific?

Our room for dilation would fill a Sunday issue of a New York paper.

1. Plumas county has given the Western Pacific a one per cent grade through the high Sierras. Something never before attained in building railways to the Golden West.

2. It will open a market for our resources, both east and west, and enable us to communicate with the outside world.

3. It will cause our mines, timber and farms to command the attention of the whole country. In brief we will partly tell you why a little farther on in this article.

4. Plumas county will furnish the Western Pacific enough tonnage to pay for the building of the whole line many times.

Now is our opportunity? Will we take advantage of it? Will we let the world know that Plumas county has only been held back on account of lack of railroad facilities?

Will we advertise? Our supervisors are here. It should hardly be necessary to get up a petition to show the necessity of advertising.

Will some one kindly draw our attention to any county in the United States as little advertised as this, regardless of the resources of which we can boast.

MINES AND MINING

Untold wealth lies in our mines if they are developed. To develop them, will take capital. It will come in plenty if we will advertise and let the world know the opportunities we have for investment.

Now is the time to act. There are more ways than one. It has been suggested that we send a mineral exhibit out on the Gould lines with a couple of line men to tell of our resources. Our mining bureau will gladly furnish the exhibit and although it has only been running for two months it can furnish a display to be proud of.

The two hundred millions of gold already produced by Plumas county will not be a marker for what is yet to come. Many mines are now being developed, some are producing, but in the main it is safe to say that scarcely one acre in five hundred on an average has been prospected on the surface. What can we expect if real work is commenced and a little depth is attained on a few hundred of the many claims now taken up.

Plumas county contains over 1,600,000 acres and nearly all mineralized.

FARM LANDS

We are not confined to mining either. Our rich valleys will sustain a population not dreamed of today. The products of the soil will be largely consumed in our mines. The outsider will have to come here and farm to appreciate our prices. One of our farmers sold in one mining district farm produce to the extent of over \$12,000 per year for many years. He is not farming now. He doesn't have to. Write us and we will give you his name. There is room for hundreds more.

TIMBER

When the Western Pacific is open for traffic in the near future Plumas county will come before the world with one of the big new fields of virgin timber. Far sighted capitalists have for years been buying and locating this timber. Among the large holdings are those of T. B. Walker, Truckee Lumber Co., and Roberts Lumber Co.

ANOTHER THING

We have not mentioned our water power. Why, Niagara "ain't any where" compared with what we have. After we have used all we want at home the little copper wire will do the rest and millions of dollars will be the outcome.

ROUTE OF WESTERN PACIFIC

The report of Mr. A. W. Keddie showing the wonderful resources of the county is, we believe, what brought the Western Pacific through Plumas county. This report is very exhaustive. We would like to reproduce it, but when we tell you that it treats of all the main resources of the county, and to a large extent figures same out in carloads, you will readily appreciate that it would crowd us for space for many issues. It is now sufficient to say that we have have the "Western Pacific."

On the same plaque are these

TO COMMERCE A NEW PATH THAT WILL BE A GLORY TO THE END OF TIME.

Plumas National Bulletin. Mar. 9 1905

A BEAUTIFUL BUT SOMEWHAT ERRONEOUS PEN PICTURE OF THE ROUTE THROUGH NORTH FORK CANYON.

A great railroad construction company almost recoils before the immensity of the work of constructing a railroad grade up the North Fork of Feather river, from Oroville to American valley, and has decided to suspend the other work on the route from San Francisco bay east, for two years, until the Feather river canyon problem can be solved. It is not surprising news. Engineer Judah, the real father or at least the John the Baptist of the old Central Pacific, wanted the line that way but was overruled. The route has two immense factors in its favor. It is 1650 (2000 ft.—Ed. N. B.) feet lower than the Donner lake route; that is, when a road is finished there. It will do away with the lifting up of every car crossing the Sierras 1650 (2000) feet.

Again it will be beneath the snow line. But for forty miles it is a tremendous canyon. When the finger of Omnipotence marked out the way for the river through these mountains, it was a challenge thrown down to the race that was to be, to make a path for the steam or electric car which was also yet to be. Neither existed then nor for millions of years thereafter, except in the mind of God. But the river began its flow and its song, and it has been flowing and singing ever since, and waiting for man and man's evangel that are redeeming the world's wilderness. But it will be almost superhuman work. For forty miles the road will have to be blasted from the face of the cliff which stands almost perpendicular above the river, five hundred, six hundred, a thousand and feet high. Then the canyon is as crooked as the trail of a serpent and if we remember correctly the turbid river will have to be bridged no less than sixteen times to make the road possible. When it shall be completed the wonders of the "Royal Gorge" will sink into insignificance by comparison.

But we can understand that the thought of doing the tremendous work must thrill the soul of the engineer who has the aspiration to dare to undertake such a task—to surmount the obstructions which nature has there heaped in his path and under the electric lights of science to undertake to push them aside and make a smooth and safe trail for the chariots of steam to sweep over.

It will be a triumph greater than was involved in the preparation of either of the old world's seven wonders and give

to commerce a new path that will be a glory to the end of time.

The above from the pen of one of the ablest editorial writers of the West, Hon. C. C. Goodwin, former editor of the Salt Lake Tribune, does not overdraw the beauty and grandeur of the great canyon of the North Fork, through which the location surveys for the Western Pacific Railway are nearing completion, and in which thousands of men will soon be grading and tunneling for the new line of transportation between the Atlantic and Pacific, which will be the best and most cheaply operated of those yet secured with a terminal at San Francisco, the western commercial metropolis of the United States. However, the article contains some inaccuracies as to the difficulty of construction. It has been so long since Mr. Goodwin was in Plumas that he has gotten the North Fork confused with the Middle Fork of Feather river. Indeed, Mr. Judah, of the old Central Pacific, recommended that the road be built through Beckwith Pass and down the Middle Fork. The credit of suggesting the use of a long stretch of the upper Middle Fork, then crossing the divide to the North Fork and utilizing the easy grade obtainable in the latter, belongs to A. W. Keddie, at present Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Pacific Railway. This suggestion was to avoid the rapid descent and the high bluffs of the Middle Fork alluded to evidently by Mr. Goodwin in the article above quoted. As far back as in 1867, Mr. Keddie made a report based upon a survey, in favor of the idea, which he has steadily clung to ever since and which at last has forced itself on the railroad world and will soon bear practical results in the way of railroad building. Mr. Judah never knew anything about the North Fork, but he did make a reconnaissance of the Middle Fork, and the results have furnished the basis of Mr. Goodwin's article.

The location survey of the Western Pacific across the Sierras is not what might be called a crooked line. We have seen the maps covering the line through Delaney Canyon and Mohawk valley to Spring Garden. With one exception, it is practically a straight line; nor does the line down the North Fork have the curvature many might suppose.

Mr. Goodwin's statement as to bridges on the North Fork also is erroneous. Instead of sixteen, there will be only two across the main stream.

The facts which we have stated, taken in connection with another exceedingly important one—that the grade over this route will at no point exceed one per cent, or 52.8 feet per mile—are opening the eyes of the railroad world to the fact that the Western Pacific will have a line across the Sierras without a peer.

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Whose Memory Today We Honor



I AM NOT BOUND TO WIN
BUT I AM BOUND TO BE
TRUE • I AM NOT BOUND
TO SUCCEED • BUT I AM
BOUND TO LIVE UP TO WHAT
LIGHT I HAVE — I MUST
STAND BY ANYBODY THAT
STANDS RIGHT • STAND
WITH HIM WHILE HE IS
RIGHT AND PART WITH HIM
WHEN HE GOES WRONG.

A. Lincoln.

PLUMAS COURT REPORTER AND CIVIL WAR VETERAN PASSED AWAY SATURDAY P. N.-B. Oct 28, 1915

EDITORIAL

Feb. 12, 1915

Abraham Lincoln's Memory The Nation's Richest Legacy

One hundred and six years ago to-day Abraham Lincoln was born to a condition of poverty, in an environment of obscurity, under a menace of hardship.

Two score and ten years ago the bullet of an assassin took from the world the sorrowing soul of the greatest man of his time, and gave to the ages a martyr whose memory and principles will endure so long as seedtime is followed by the harvest, and Time is stayed not in his silent course.

The babe of humble birth had become the savior of the Nation.

Tried by adversity, tested by grief and sorrow, refined by love and sympathy, with heart attuned to catch the cheer of mirth, yet ever sensitive to the sympathetic strains of sadness, Lincoln's nature expanded to a majestic grandeur.

Like a legend of mythology reads his triumph over difficulties until he ranked among the royal and loyal men who have ennobled human life in every age.

His accomplishments have furnished to the youth of his country, and to the youth of the world, an example and inspiration unparalleled in history. He bequeathed to them principles to guide and to protect—principles drawn from intimate sympathy with the great heart of Humanity. His knowledge was distilled from the sorrows and the hopes of the world.

He believed in the sacredness of government only when interpreted to mean the administration of right and justice.

He knew that such interpretation

marked the sinking of individuality in the uplifting cause of Humanity—that the cry of the weak, the unfortunate, the poverty-stricken, must be heard and answered; that the arrogance and selfishness of the strong must give place to charity and sacrifice.

And he believed in right for the sake of righteousness.

Those principles are living to-day.

His voice speaks to us yet, just as insistently as when by day and by night he trod the ways of danger and darkness, while resting on his shoulders was the fate of a Government dearer to him than the life he gave for it.

His words, urging bravely and eloquently that we fight for Humanity, have defied the silence of the grave. From their simplicity and deep wisdom, men of these times should take on a new impulse to patriotism, and with more zeal guard the republican institution he vindicated and the country he reunited.

All Americans should pledge themselves on the altar of his memory to be true to the trust of citizenship; to be watchful of the Constitution; to be obedient to the laws; to be wise in their devotion to Liberty—above all, to be active, vigilant and sincere in the cause of Humanity.

And everywhere, in councils, in legislative chambers, in halls of Justice, in schools—yea, even at the mother's knee—should arise the fervent prayer:

May God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln!

H. P. WORMLEY DIED AT HIS HOME IN QUINCY

H. P. Wormley, for nearly 40 years the official court reporter of Plumas county, passed away last Saturday at his home in Quincy at the advanced age of 75 years. His death was not unexpected by the members of his family, who were present at his bedside when the final summons came, but Mr. Wormley, himself, firmly believed that he would recover from the illness with which he had been afflicted the past several months. The news of his passing cast a gloom over this community, of which he had so long been an honored and respected member.

Henry Porter Wormley was a native of Elmira, New York, where he was born September 30, 1840, his parents being Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wormley. He was a descendant of a line of German ancestors who were ever in the forefront of progressive and patriotic movements, his father having served in the American ranks in the war of 1812-14 against England, and his grandfather fought for American freedom against King George in the Revolutionary war. With such ancestry, it was to be expected that Mr. Wormley, at the opening of the Civil War in 1861, would not falter when the Union was threatened with dissolution. He enlisted in Company K, Twenty-third New York Infantry, and shouldered his musket and marched away to fight for the preservation of the United States Government and to uphold the principle that all humanity has equal rights. He served two years in the Union army, being mustered out at the expiration of his enlistment in May, 1863. He was anxious to reenlist, but his father prevailed upon him not to expose himself further to destruction. During his service in the army, he took part in over a dozen engagements of magnitude between the Union and Confederate troops, the most important of which were the battles of Antietam, South Mountain, Fredericksburg, and the second battle of Bull Run. Put to the supreme test, he acquitted himself creditably, and to him and his Union comrades the generation of the present day owes a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid.

Mr. Wormley, shortly after his discharge from the army, came to California, and in 1864 he re-enlisted in Company G of the Eighth California Infantry, from which he was honorably discharged in October, 1865, after the close of the war. Deceased had a rare sense of humor, and his reminiscences of Civil War events, in which he always kept his own part modestly in the background, were greatly enjoyed by his many friends.

Coming to Plumas county in 1867, Mr. Wormley engaged in mining at Blackhawk, Argentine, Hungarian Hill and Meadow Valley several years. Desiring to better his lot, he took up the study of stenography, and by close application at odd times, he succeeded in mastering that difficult profession, and in 1878 he was appointed official stenographer for the judicial district in which Plumas, Modoc and Lassen counties were included. He continued to perform the court stenographic work demanded in these three counties until 1894, and during this time he formed a wide acquaintanceship in the northern part of the state. Since the time last mentioned he has been the official court reporter for Plumas county alone.

Deceased was united in marriage September 22, 1882, to Mrs. Emilie Sauer, and to this union one son was born, Harry J. Wormley, who, together with the widow and one step-daughter, Mrs. Amy Stamper of Chico, survive to mourn the loss of a faithful, kind and indulgent husband and father. To these the sympathy of the many friends and acquaintances of the family in this community

and in Plumas county is extended in their hour of sorrow.

The funeral was held Monday afternoon from the family residence in Quincy, the services being conducted by Plumas Lodge No. 88, I. O. O. F., of which deceased was an old and honored member. Rev. Harry Sheldon delivered a brief address, in which he paid deserved tribute to the memory of the departed and to his life record. A volley was fired over the old soldier's grave by veterans of the Civil and Spanish-American wars, taps were sounded, and the remains were then lowered to their last resting place.



JUDGE MARCEL E. CERF.

"AN UNKNOWN CALIFORNIA"

We left Salt Lake City late in the afternoon, passing through Garfield with its great smelters, skirting an arm of the lake, and finally crossing it. When the road was constructed, the water was two miles and a half away, but since that time the lake has risen seven and a half feet and now the distance crossed is eleven miles. This looks as though there were no danger of one of the western world's wonders becoming a thing of the past.

Crossing the salt plain in broad daylight is like traveling over a vast expanse of snow, so dazzling to the eye is it with the sun shining upon it.

We reached Wendover "over the desert," in time to see that guide post to the early immigrants, Pilot Mountain, standing gaunt and alone with some of the reflected glow on its eastern summit. And here we began to climb over the Toano range to the vast sagebrush plains which stretch across Nevada, 300 feet higher than "The Great American Desert" we had just left. Nightfall and sleep carried us through the Wahsatch country and through the 5000-foot tunnel west of Shafter, this being the only tunnel of similar length where, in boring, no water was encountered. This "Flower Pass Tunnel" is the highest point on this road, falling short of 6000 feet altitude.

At Winnemucca, we diverged from the Southern Pacific, which we had been paralleling for about 200 miles across Nevada, in order to cross the mountains on a low grade line, the coveted 1 per cent. Many of the stations through here are historical, being on the old Oregon Trail and having been associated with those fortune-seeking pioneers who, at these points, took advantage of the springs and water holes to refresh their weary cattle and themselves.

In the early morning light, we began to pass work trains, which made us wonder if we were in the neighborhood of a circus, for they were manned in many cases by tall, swarthy, turbaned Hindoos, assisted by the smaller, wiry Jap. How many travelers in the years to come will know that these dark easterners were memorialized in naming the station, "Hindoo?"

By sunup, with a cool breeze blowing from them, we saw in the distance John Muir's beloved "mountains of light," that rugged, unbroken, 1000-mile wall. Over these Sierras are trails which are among the highest traveled highways in the world. And how these same trails

had been pondered and tramped over by engineers, who were determined to controvert Henry Clay's assertion that the Pacific Coast would never amount to much because you couldn't get a railroad into it. They found no difficulty in reaching the summit, but the usual toll of human life was taken in trying to find a way down the other side. And for many years the knowledge they sought was in the brain of a quiet Scotchman over in one of the mountain meadows of the Sierras, where he had been since 1864.

The sagebrush of the plain was now being relieved by that variety having long purple spikes, and soon we were in meadows full of wild bloom. Occasional clumps of Lombardy poplars were backed by a sparse timbering of pines, which clung to climbing hills, the tops of which showed glistening patches of snow.

With a seeming disregard for expense, labor or territory, for \$75,000,000 and brawn and brain have been spent to scale this wall and slide down the other side to the sea, the road from here makes a long flank movement and reaches the top of the Sierras without once rising or falling more than one foot in 100.

As we climbed toward a depression in the wall ahead of us we noticed the faint marking of the old Transcontinental trail paralleling the track on which Indians and highwaymen preyed upon the prairie schooners and stages in the early days. Old Jim Beckwourth used to trek back and forth through the pass, and it is fitting that it and the Western Pacific's 6000-foot tunnel should bear his name. About here, we had our first glimpse of the Feather river, which, with its different branches, we should have in view over 100 miles—over five hours of mountain and canyon scenery as beautiful as any I have ever seen in the Rockies. So from about 9:30 in the morning until we left it at Oroville in the afternoon, we spent most of the time on the platform.

The conductor, a California man, had hunted and fished through the Sierras and knew the country well. He pointed out where bear and deer had been found within a few hundred feet of the track. He showed us valuable forest stretches where the timber barons had bought up great tracts of government land, leaving small chance for the poor man.

All along the Feather river are the most entrancing spots to the beauty lover and sportsman. Within such easy reach of the stations are streams and lakes "plum full" of rainbow, cut-throat, Loch Leven, Dolly Varden, speckled and Eastern brook trout. And around these lakes, in fact often as yet flying over the station, are ducks, geese, swan, plover, snipe, grouse, doves and mountain quail.

Deer roam in the thickets in perfect abandon not a mile from the track, and sometimes grizzly and brown bear are in plain sight from the right of way. I well remember Por-to-la, 300 miles from San Francisco, with its two giant, red-barked pines standing sentinel at the station, and here, if one could persuade trains to forget schedules, one could step down to the Middle Fork right across the track from the station, and soon have a string of speckled beauties. Plumas has the largest area of timber land of any county in California, and a short distance south of Blairsden and extending into Sierra county, is a national forest reserve which surrounds a wonderful string of small lakes that lie like jewels in their woodland setting. Perfection of climate in this people's playground, freedom to camp at will, and fish, venison and wild fruits in abundance, offer a vacation land easy of access to thousands.

We had followed the Middle Fork for about thirty miles when we, too, had to abandon it; but not to turn back defeated as the early surveyors had done. Just ahead of us lay the Spring Garden tunnel—the construction of which was the move that put the new road into the king row of transcontinental railroads. And beyond it was that section along North Fork which exhausted our adjectives. We had so enthused over the Middle Fork that our superlatives were frazzled when they should have been fresh and new.

As we swept around an entire meadow to maintain the boasted 1 per cent, which means that instead of puffing up a steep grade with several engines, your road winds through a lot more scenery and gradually reaches about the same altitude with but one engine and without rising or falling more than one foot in a hundred; Marston lay before us, and here I sidetracked on my return to Quincy, to meet the man who dreamed a dream and realized it.

We circled wide meadows and passed through woods reminding me of those near Lake Tahoe to reach this bit of New England set in a California valley, with steeps rising all around it. And life here seems to pass as leisurely as the little train which went apparently around Robin Hood's barn to reach its destination.

It was dusk when I reached the Plumas house, and I was glad to sit and hear a roaring fire during the supper, even though the dispatches of the day did say that Omaha was sweltering in the nineties. Insomnia surely has no hold here, with delicious mountain air streaming in at open windows all night, and hurried, worried San Franciscans are fortunate indeed in having such a retreat within a few hours of Market street. Several were there when I was, spending the week-end. People in Quincy seem

crowded for neither time nor space. Old fashioned brick houses are set in deep lawns, with roses clambering over the porches. There is a white doric courthouse with its large, well shaded square. At the head of the main street stands a rambling frame hotel, where the blaze in stoves and fireplaces felt good and looked cheery that summer night. Across the way is an old, steep-roofed brick stable where stages still change horses, just as they have done for several generations. Imagine skating, sleighing and skiing in California; yet the residents of Quincy enjoy these winter sports quite as much as do our neighbors in Canada.

After breakfast, I sallied forth with camera to get a view of the place from the heights back of the hotel, wading knee-deep in bracken, picking real forget-me-nots along the borders of the crystal stream which flows from the reservoir, and almost stepping on a covey of quail which fluttered out in front of me. A rough wagon road wound up the mountain to where lumber was being cut, and this I followed—the close growth rear the reservoir, of alder, dogwood, aspen and maple giving way to oak, tie cedar, spruce and the different pines—some moss-grown old mon-archs.

Beautiful forest roads lead to the many lakes, deep and pure, full of fish just waiting to be hooked. Fourteen miles away is Crystal lake, and towering above it is Mt. Hough, 7,254 feet high and easily climbed, and from its summit can be seen fertile valleys in all directions with more of the beautiful snow-fed lakes nestling among them. Deer and bear can be found in these hills within a few miles of settlements; and the happy fisherman has but to bait and cast his line. And there are so many of these attractive spots but a short distance from the main line—some with camping groves ready for the city weary. If he has only the seventh day, a night train from Oakland Mole will give him Sunday in the wilds, and another night in the sleeper takes him back to his desk or counter on Monday morning refreshed and ready for the civil battle again.

Over the prettiest mountain road I have ever traveled and about ten miles from Quincy, is Silver lake. We drove past farm houses with roofs at an angle of twenty-five degrees—the better to rid them of winter's heavy snows; through villages free from the lure of the auto, through forests where the young trees bowed to the earth by the weight of the last winter, had not yet regained their perpendicular. For the natives say that it drops to twenty below, with snow eight to ten feet deep. This is a California that the tourist knows nothing about, and the majority of Californians but little more. We passed through Spanish Ranch—all that is left of what was originally a thriving

mining camp. In places, we recognized on canyon sides the weather-worn, disfigured marks of hydraulic mining which is now abolished by law, I believe. On the road, we met a prospector starting out with a train of laden burros and I shall always regret not being able to get a picture of the quaint procession.

Sitting on the hotel veranda one morning, I heard a name which made me take notice, for to see the owner of that name had been my main reason for making this side trip. Here was the man whose dream had become a glorious reality—A. W. Keddie, engineer, a straight, keen-eyed Scotchman, whose shingle hung in Quincy for fifty years. He it was who had held the key to the Sierra fastnesses since back in the '60s, while surveyors and engineers had given up in despair of following the old Beckwourth trail with steel and steam. A few years after his arrival, some farmers in the neighboring valleys engaged him to explore for a wagon road over the Sierras that would lie below snow line and so decrease the cost of freighting their loads. He questioned old guides and hunted up old Indians, but none of them could tell him anything about the North Fork which he was determined to explore. Then, in spite of a friend's admonition, as expressed by him—"You're daft, mon; a crow couldn't fly through there!" He started out with his Indian packer, compass, barometer and a supreme trust. Weeks of discouragingly slow travel, but four miles a day, brought him back more jubilant over his discovery than had it been one for gold—for that could be squandered, this would be an everlasting benefit to a great region, and multitudes who would live after him. A providential snowstorm in the heights which had kept him in camp for three days, pointed out to him at its close just how far down the mountain side it would encroach, leaving a clearly-defined line along the canyon side below which not an unmelted flake had fallen. And contrary to prevailing supposition the North Fork followed an easy grade which could be used.

This was back in 1867, and all the Feather river route had been abandoned by the discouraged engineers after the human toll had been paid. And we all know the tortuous climbing they had to resort to in order to finally get a Pacific railroad through the Sierras to meet the Pacific railroad building from the Missouri in that unparalleled feat which culminated in the driving of those silver and gold spikes from Montana, Idaho, Nevada and Colorado into that last tie of California laurel May 10, 1869, at Promontory, Utah.

But San Franciscans were not yet content, and in 1892, sent an engineer in search of a low grade trail for another railroad over the mountain wall.

And he had been hunting the Sierras over, when he chanced into Quincy. Of course, he found the modest, bare little office, and the quiet Scotchman with his well-drawn maps, and soon he shared that fund of information that had been hidden under a bushel for a quarter of century. Together, they went over the trail, and by the time it was accomplished, the "simple" expedient of driving a tunnel through the ridge which separates the North and Middle Fork basins was hit upon. In traveling over this road tunnels seem to be the keynote. Rather than grade down the mountain sides, the road builders drove many short tunnels and a few long ones. These, and the many bridges add much to the picturesqueness of the route.

But the battle was not yet won. Time and again did Keddie expostulate and beseech when the New York directors, following the advice of the first engineer, would have given up the whole survey as too expensive. He persisted until an eminent engineer, Bogue, was sent out from the East. His opinion coincided exactly with Keddie's and the fight was won—even though it was a fight which cost in the neighborhood of \$75,000,000. But these are millions spent for peace and the advancement of men and industries.

The fact of the summit being 2000 feet lower than other roads insured less snow. And so the Spring Garden tunnel, over 7000 feet long, breached the "Chinese Wall" and on the other side lay, not the grandest maybe, but the most enchanting mountain country it has been my privilege to view from a car window. It is a romantic land and does not suffer by comparison with the magnificence of the Yosemite.

Beyond Marston is a station named for the man whose courage and persistence won out, and all through here are places full of interest. Rich, once called Rich Bar and the county seat of Plumas county, tells its tale of glories past and gone. Once a town having 2500 inhabitants, only a handful remain. Flourishing in the gold craze days, but worked out and deserted after \$8,000,000 had been taken from the bar. At one point on the road, the conductor called our attention to a cabin near the stream. He told us that the owner held a claim there and when he wanted a side of bacon or a sack of flour, all he had to do was to take his pan to the river to be rewarded in a few minutes by nuggets which were later exchanged for the necessary provisions. Wealth and the world had evidently lost their charm, for this man was satisfied to live thus simply, seeking gold only when food or ammunition ran low.

From Intake to Las Plumas, where the power house is situated, one sees the immense outlay of money and energy by the Western Power Company to furnish light and power to San

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 Francisco and contiguous cities, towns and ranches.

In a steep canyon, with great flakes of granite seeming ready to peel off, is Grizzly Slide, one of those picturesque places so often called "Lover's Leap," or some such misnomer. One early traveler on the road called it "Old Ironsides," but I prefer the name given to it before the days of steam.

The hills were shrinking as we approached Oroville, and our crystal stream was brown as the Missouri, red brown where the dredgers were at work seeking the gold washed down from the placer mines up stream. And here we saw the last of the Feather river, and hurried on through Sacramento to San Francisco.

"A magic web, a sylvan dream,
 Where sunlit, pale green waters gleam
 And rocks rise clear to guard the stream:

Oh, the golden Feather River!

"In cloistered canyons soft winds sigh,

And lavish lights from a summer sky
 Blue mirrored in the shallows lie:

Oh, the golden Feather River!"

ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

2534 Cass St., Omaha, Neb.

THE ANSWER

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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UP to the Gates of Gleaming Pearl
 There came the spirit of a girl.
 And to the white-robed Guard she said:
 "Dear Angel, am I truly dead?
 Just yonder, lying on my bed,
 I heard them say it; and they wept.
 And after that, methinks I slept.
 Then, when I woke, I saw your face,
 And suddenly was in this place.
 It seems a pleasant place to be,
 Yet earth was fair enough to me.
 What is there here, to do, or see?
 Will I see God, dear Angel, say?
 And is He very far away?"

The Angel said, "You are in truth
 What men call dead. That word to youth
 Is full of terror; but it means
 Only a change of tasks, and scenes.
 You have been brought to us because
 Of certain ancient karmic laws
 Set into motion aeons gone.
 By us you will be guided on
 From plane to plane, and sphere to sphere,
 Until your tasks are finished here.
 Then back to earth, the home of man,
 To work again another span."

"But, Angel, when will I see God?"

"After the final path is trod;
 After you no more long, or crave,
 To see, or hear, or own, or have
 Aught beside—HIM. Then shall His face
 Reveal itself to you in space.
 And you shall find yourself made one
 With that Great Sun, behind the sun.
 Child, go thy way inside the gate.
 Where many eager loved ones wait.
 Death is but larger life begun."

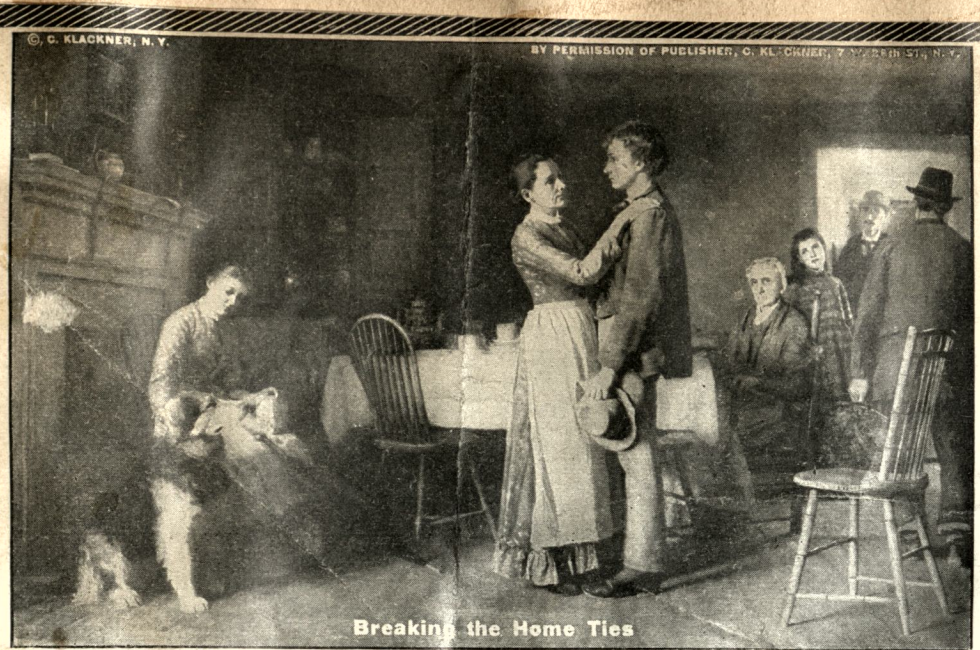
MISS EUNICE McLAUGHLIN, who participated in the entertainment given under the auspices of the Women's Alliance at the Unitarian Church last night.



CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD'S MOST FAMOUS POEM

WHAR THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN

Do I like the city, stranger? 'Tisn't likely that I would; 'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud unearthly noise— Everybody in a hurry, men an' wimmin, gals an' boys. All a rushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble an' the jar, Jes' as if their souls' salvation hung upon their gittin' thar. Like it? No. I love to wander 'Mid the vales an' mountains green, In the border land out yonder, Whar' the hand o' God is seen.	Roarin' railroad trains above you, streets by workmen all defaced, Everybody tryin' to shove you in the gutter in their haste. Cars an' carts an' wagons rumblin' thru the streets with deafen'n roar, Drivers yellin', swearin', grumblin', jes' like imps from Sheol's shore; Factories jinin' in the chorus, helpin' 'long the din to swell; Auctioneers in tone sonorous, lying 'bout the goods they sell. Like it? No. I love to wander 'Mid the vales and mountains green, In the border land out yonder Whar' the hand o' God is seen.
Nothin' here but bricks an' mortar, towerin' overhead so high That you never see a quarter o' the overhangin' sky, Not a tree or grassy medder, not a runnin' brook in sight, Nothin' but the buildins' shadder makin' gloom of Heaven's light. E'en the birds are all imported from away acrost the sea— Faces meet me all distorted with the hand of misery. Like it? No. I love to wander 'Mid the vales an' mountains green, In the border land out yonder, Whar' the land o' God is seen.	Yes, I love the Western border; pine trees wavin' in the air, Rocks piled up in rough disorder, birds a-singin' everywhere; Deer a playin' in their gladness, elks a feedin' in the glen; Not a trace o' pain or sadness campin' on the trail of men. Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin' o'er the rocks, an' lovely flowers In their tinted beauty growin' in the mountain dells an' bowers. Fairer picture the Creator Never threw on earthly screen, Than this lovely home o' Natur' Whar' the hand o' God is seen.



KEDDIE IS CALLED THE 'PATRIARCH OF PLUMAS'

W. E. Condon and "Wurry, the Wag"
Publish Unique Geography Combining
History, Fiction and Economics.

A San Francisco dispatch states that W. E. Condon, former Western Pacific surveyor and engineer who assisted in locating the line of the new road through Plumas County, now of the State Mining Bureau, and a man named Wurry, described as a "wag," have published a map of California which combines geography, history, fiction and economics.

Besides establishing the location of each village and city in the State, the Condon map carries brief historical sketches and tells what made the town famous.

When a town has a character who helped put it on the map, Condon and Wurry do not hesitate to give him full honor. "Quincy is Queen of the Sierra," the map says, "and our good friend Keddie, the patriarch of Plumas, is the Queen's right bower."

Extensions on the map compare the latitude of California cities with that of those in other parts of the world. Did you know that San Francisco is just a little south of Athens, Greece, and just a little north of Richmond, Va.?

The map tells what is grown in each section of the State. It gives the ages of old mansions. Brief sketches of the wealth and resources of California border the map.

And in the margin are dissertations of the life and habits of Wurry, by himself.

A HAPPY DAY FOR JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY NATION OBSERVES POET'S SIXTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY

Prominent Men Do Their Part

Schools Throughout Land Recite
Hoosier Genius' Poetry

INDIANAPOLIS (Ind.), October 7.—James Whitcomb Riley's sixty-second birthday came to-day, and, just to make it more memorable than any that has preceded it, the entire State joined him in celebrating it.

This year was picked for honoring the poet because the citizens of Indiana wished to pay him tribute while he would be fully able to take part in and enjoy it. In addition to the weight of years, Mr. Riley has felt the burden of ill health. He has reached that season of his life "when the frost is on the pumpkin" and the fodder's in the shock," and the state of his birth and life-long residence felt that it didn't want to delay longer the complete and formal expression of its love for him.

A State-Wide Day.

Governor Samuel M. Ralston recently issued a proclamation asking every community in the State to set

aside the day for the honoring of "Indiana's most beloved citizen." His plan was to have business suspended as much as possible. The proclamation is being generally observed in every city, town and village, from Indianapolis down to Greenfield, where Mr. Riley was born, and Carleton, the tiny hamlet, under the name of Tailholt, the praise of which the poet sang with the lines:

"You kin boast about yer cities, and their stiddy growth and size, And brag about yer county-seats, and business enterprise, And railroads, and factories, and all sich foolery— But the little Town o' Tailholt is big enough fer me!"

Oldest Inhabitants Remember.

Greenfield took particular interest in the celebration. Many of its older inhabitants remembered James Whitcomb Riley as a little boy, unknown to the world except as the son of Captain Reuben Riley, a highly respected citizen. Also it recalled that it is situated on the banks of the Brandywine, the little stream whose joys the poet chronicled in "Th' Old Swimmin' Hole," and of which he had said that wandering up and down it, he "had more fun to the square inch, than ever anywhere."

Prominent Men Take Part.

Governor Ralston, Mayor Joseph F. Bell, Charles Warren Fairbanks, Meredith Nicholson and George Ade had charge of the celebration in Indianapolis. In order to lend nationwide interest to it, they invited celebrated persons from all over the country to attend. Many accepted. William Allen White came from Emporia, Kas.; Dr. John H. Finley and Colonel George Harvey from New York; Ellery Sedgwick from Boston and Young F. Allison from Louisville, Ky., to help honor Mr. Riley.

An Old Sweetheart of Mine

By James Whitcomb Riley

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of Fancy, till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low, to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossom of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine—
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When Care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm;
For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily-beauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the geni from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes,
As glowing as the Summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her, and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me,—that old sweetheart of mine!

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned:
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to;

When we should live together in a cozy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden-spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine;

And I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in Heaven a till the other's kiss had come.

But ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there!
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

The list of Indiana citizens taking part in the celebration is big. In addition to the members of the committee of arrangements, there were former Senator Albert J. Beveridge, Senator Kern, Vice-President Marshall and others.

To Read New Poem.

The program of the day called for an entertainment in a local theater in the afternoon and a banquet at which Mr. Riley was to be the guest of honor in the evening. It was expected that the poet would read a new poem at the banquet.

At the entertainment, several of Mr. Riley's poems, including "The Raggedy Man" and "Little Orphant Annie," were set to music by Mr. Ward-Stephens. Dancers from Anna Pavlova's Company interpreted a number of the verses.

Scores Turned Away.

Hundreds who had hoped to attend the banquet this evening will be disappointed. The committee in charge have been compelled to reject scores of appeals for accommodations as there are seats for but four hundred. Former Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks will be toastmaster.

"Old October."

The coming of his birthday in October has a peculiar happiness for Mr. Riley, he said the other day. It is his favorite month, as he attests in his poem, "Old October." In it he says:

"I love Old October so,
I can't bear to see her go—
Seems to me like losin' some
Old-home relative er chum—
'Pears like sortin' settin' by
Some old friend 'at sigh by sigh
Was a-passin' out o' sight
Into everlastin' night."

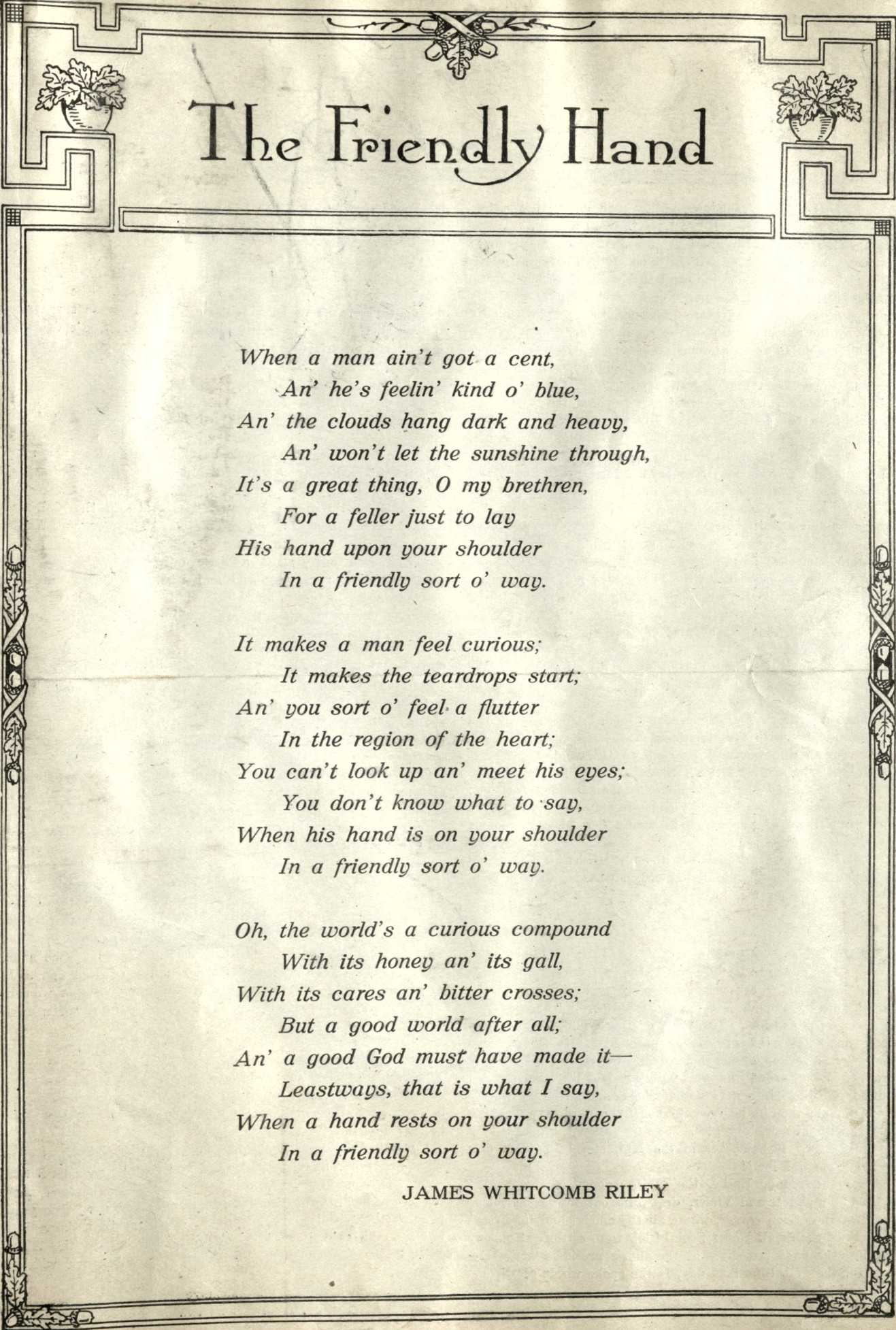
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



Dialect Poems Brought Fame.

James Whitcomb Riley was born at Greenfield, Indiana, October 7, 1853, the son of Captain Reuben A. Riley and Elizabeth Riley. He first began contributions to Indiana papers in 1873. His dialect poems brought him his greatest fame. His first book appeared under the pen-name, "Benj. F.

Johnson of Boone." Among his best known poems are "Little Orphant Annie," "The Raggedy Man," "Leedle Dutch Baby," "Th' Old Swimmin' Hole," "An Old Sweetheart o' Mine" and "How John Quit the Farm."



The Friendly Hand

*When a man ain't got a cent,
An' he's feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark and heavy,
An' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren,
For a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.*

*It makes a man feel curious;
It makes the teardrops start;
An' you sort o' feel a flutter
In the region of the heart;
You can't look up an' meet his eyes;
You don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.*

*Oh, the world's a curious compound
With its honey an' its gall,
With its cares an' bitter crosses;
But a good world after all;
An' a good God must have made it—
Leastways, that is what I say,
When a hand rests on your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

PIONEERS' MONUMENT UNVEILED AT RICH BAR

O. Reg. Aug 9, 1915

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES AT HISTORIC SPOT

THREE HUNDRED VISITORS JOIN IN TRIBUTE PAID BY DESCENDANTS TO ARGONAUTS

NATIVE DAUGHTERS PLACE WREATH AND STREW FLOWERS ON LONELY MOUNTAIN GRAVE WHERE YOUNG PIONEER MOTHER LIES

The pages of history were turned back 65 years yesterday when members of the orders of Native Sons and Native Daughters met at Rich Bar to dedicate the monument that has been there erected by the Grand Parlor of the Native Sons to the memory of the pioneer men and women who worked and wrought at that historic place.

Old Days Are Pictured.

With trenchant sentences that brought vividly before the eyes of all the people there, the stirring scenes that had been enacted on the very spot where they were standing, Senator W. W. Kellogg, of Quincy, himself a pioneer of Rich Bar, told of those early and romantic days, and painted a word picture for his audience that brought alternately tears and laughter.

Native Daughters Pay Tribute to Young Mother.

But as vivid as was the picture painted by Senator Kellogg, and as impressive as were the tributes paid to the pioneers by Judge C. E. McLaughlin, of Sacramento, and the Hon. Lewis Byington of San Francisco, none of the exercises of the day had more of human interest in than when the Native Daughters attended by hundreds of visitors, wound their way slowly up the winding mountain trail to the pine-covered cemetery, and on the grave of Nancy Bailey, who died in 1851, at the age of twenty-five, in childbirth, laid a tribute of love and of veneration, a great wreath of golden glow upon her

grave. Sixty-four years before the miners, with the innate veneration for woman, and with personal feeling of sorrow at the loss that had come into their midst, sent around the Horn, and had a tombstone made to mark the grave. Yesterday the grave was again strewn with flowers, while against the tombstone that the miners had provided, was placed the great wreath of golden glow.

Three Hundred Attend Ceremonies.

The trip was made by about 130 residents of Oroville. When the special train came to a stop at Rich Bar, the Oroville contingent was met by fully 150 residents of Quincy and Plumas County. Others came from the surrounding country side and there were over 300 people at the dedication. All arrangements had been perfected to an extent that left not a detail overlooked.

Monument Is Unveiled.

The dedicatory exercises proper took place at the monument, which had been draped in the first American flag ever unfurled in Plumas County. As the flag dropped from the monument, it was caught by Judge C. E. McLaughlin, who declared the monument dedicated to the pioneer fathers and mothers of California. There was a musical selection by the Boys' Band, the inscription upon the monument was read, and then an adjournment was taken to a platform erected upon the site of the Pioneer hotel at Rich Bar.

Living Pioneers Honored.

There the roll of honor of pioneers was called, and seats of honor were accorded to them upon the platform. Particular places had been set apart for Mrs. H. L. Smith of Oroville, Robert W. Flourny and W. S. Dean, all pioneers of 1849. Other pioneers who sat upon the platform were Senator W. W. Kellogg, S. S. Lee, John J. Hahn, N. B. Fogay, J. G. Maxwell, W. T. Peters, C. W. Hendel, T. L. Smith, A. A. Halsted, A. W. Keddie, Mrs. Richard Thompson, G. W. Langdon, Mrs. Samuel Goodwin, Mrs. W. T. Peter, L. P. Mori, L. A. Moore, Mrs. G. W. Reagan and Frank Eyraud, John T. Grady and Major A. F. Jones, Past Grand Presidents of the Order of Native Sons, were also invited to sit with the pioneers.

Unnamed Heroes of Peace.

Judge C. E. McLaughlin of Sacramento, presided. In his opening remarks he called attention to the fact that most commemorative monuments were erected to "the agents of destruction of the work of God and man."

"We are assembled here," said the speaker, "to promulgate a new and correct ideal and accord to the men and women who builded for happiness, comfort and blessing of mankind as much of reverence as has been accorded in other continents and in other places to those who have made themselves famous for the deeds of destruction they have wrought. We today are dedicating a monument to the unknown and unnamed heroes and heroines, who have brought and laid the foundations of this empire, of which are the loved and loving benefices. While we may not name our heroes and heroines, the motives that motivated the erection of these monuments will speak our love for them."

Eloquent Addresses Made.

Senator Kellogg, whose address will be found in another column, then spoke, describing early life at Rich Bar. Hon. Lewis Byington of San Francisco, delivered a brilliant eulogy to the memory of California's pioneers.

Miss Frankie Anderson of Greenville, with Miss Alice Clemo as accompanist, sang twice, and there were musical selections by the Quincy Band and the Boys' Band of Oroville. The crowd then adjourned to the cemetery on the mountain side where surrounding the grave of Mrs. Nancy Bailey, the members of Gold, of Ophir Parlor, Native Daughters, had charge of the ceremonies.

Ceremonies at Cemetery.

At the grave Mrs. Bert Baldwin and Miss Florence Danforth sang together the old favorite, "The Heart That Has Truly Loved Never Forgets." Mrs. A. F. Jones then advanced and placed a golden wreath upon the grave while the members of the order scattered flowers upon the mound that marks the last resting place of Rich Bar's young mother.

"We place this tribute on this grave," said Mrs. Jones, "in loving remembrance of a mother, who found rest on this rugged mountain side, some sixty years and over ago."

Mrs. Bert Baldwin, president of the Gold of Ophir Parlor, then paid a brief tribute to the pioneer women of California, and leaving behind them their tribute of flowers, the visitors again

returned to the river, where the remainder of the afternoon was spent in revisiting the historic spots in which the section abounds.

Basket Picnic Held.

A feature of the day was the big basket picnic. The Native Sons of Plumas with customary hospitality had provided delicious hot beans and coffee, and the picnickers made frequent trips from the places where their lunches were spread to the big bean and coffee pots.

PAINTS PICTURE OF RICH BAR LIFE

MEMORY OF PIONEERS GLORIFIED

PIONEER OF PLACER CAMP TELLS OF EARLY DAYS

One of the most interesting of the speeches was that by Senator W. W. Bellogg of Quincy, who told of the early life at the mining camp. Senator Kellogg spoke from knowledge for he lived at Rich Bar during the early days. In part he spoke as follows:

"It lacks but a few days of being fifty-seven years since I first landed on Rich Bar, at that time and for many years, this section was known as the East Branch of the North Fork of Feather river. The locality commenced at French Ravine, that ravine yonder at the head of Rich Bar, and consisted of Rich Bar, Kellogg Ravine, Pea Soup (just opposite) Stoney Bar, Indian Hill, Indian Bar, Missouri Bar, Smith's Bar, Phillips Bench, Smith's Hill, Taylor Hill, French Bar, Oak Ravine, Junction Bar and Long Bar.

"In the early 50s, if reports are true, the population was from 3000 to 4000 and when I first came, it was from 1000 to 1200. A few days since, in a conversation in reference to this celebration, I was asked how many of the men residing at Rich Bar at that time were living and where located. That question caused me to think, and the result was, that I could not call to my mind, one man among those many hundred. The reason is self-evident, in 1858, nine out of every ten of those men were at least thirty years of age and many much older, add 57 years to the 30 and you arrive at a numbered mile stone of individual life that but few live to see in their journey on this earth.

But Few Miners Left.

"In giving my answer to the question just stated, a lady who was present remarked that I reminded her of the first stanza of an old time, and even at the present day, popular melody * * * it may seem a little

strange, being usually so dull of comprehension, but I at once caught on to her intimation. I wonder how many in the audience have done the same, in any event, when I repeat the words you will see the poke, I quote from memory:

"'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone,

All of its lovely companions have faded and gone."

"The idea of comparing me to a rose, will doubtless cause many of you to smile, and I will not chide you for doing so, but the fact remains.

Population of Camp Cosmopolitan.

"As was the condition in all of the large mining camps of the earlier days the population on the east branch was cosmopolitan to its greatest extent. Men of all colors, white, black, red, yellow and mixed. They came from near every one of the nations and countries of this wide, wide world, and from every state and territory of this great Union among them the Yankee from the East, the highcomb from the South, the wild and wooly from the Southwest, the buckeye boy, the hoosier, and a right smart chance of men from Missouri.

Men of Every Vocation.

"Men were mining on Rich Bar who came to San Francisco as captains and mates of large ships, old man Mosier, who was the cobbler on the Bar for many years, came out as a mate on a ship from Bangor. Captain Billy Perkins, who owned the Mohican claim down there near the river was the captain of a ship that brought out over 400 passengers around the Horn of the alien population, the French far outnumbered any other nationality. At one time there were over 400 on French Bar and that Bar was one of the largest gold producers on the river. It produced a fabulous amount. It would be useless for me to attempt to designate the rich claims but will say that the claim on Rich Bar yonder, just beyond the bench, was called the Bony Vandyke claim, and it is said that \$5,000 a day was the average for four men's work for several weeks. A claim on French Bar yielded \$32,000 in running a fifty-foot tunnel following a crevice. Some of the largest nuggets,

known as the John Culy nuggets were taken out by him from his cabin and on a portion of that claim this monument now stands.

Gambling Was Chief Pastime.

"As to amusements, the truth compels me to admit that gambling took the lead. Everything was wide open and no limits. If you had the money and the nerve to back it, you were permitted to tap the bank on any play. Roulette, monte, faro and any and every game was to be found. At times fortunes were hazarded on the turn of a card, then, as of later days, there were plungers, as well as pikers, players and hangers-on to the game, members of the on-look family, wistful watchers, and gatherers in of overlooked bets. They were all there. Then as now, dancing was a favorite amusement, from this platform I can plainly see the location of a platform erected on yonder flat for dancing purposes. There were but few ladies on the river and an occasional party was given for their benefit, but most of the dances were called stag dances; all males. Two or three groups of dancing girls would make regular visits to the mining camps, they always had an accordion player with them, but generally the fiddler with sometimes a banjo accompaniment furnished the music for the dancing. Those fiddlers (they did not profess to be violinists) could saw out as lively dance music as was ever heard; quadrills, fore and afts, shuffling and hoe downs would be the program. You who have had a right smart chance of a fiddler from Missouri play the oldtime tunes can form a good idea of the kind of music we used to enjoy. It might not have been classic, but it was satisfying that the dancers were delighted.

Athletic Sports Not Forgotten.

"Foot races, tugs of war, jumping, and pitching horseshoes were common sports. Target shooting called out the bullseye punchers almost every Sunday. Itinerant preachers visited the camps occasionally, and after service when the hat was passed around—the saloons and game were never missed—the collections made—even if it was tainted money, were such as to make the good preacher's heart glad, but it is an old legend on the river, I do not vouch for its truth, that upon more than one occasion the would-be sky pilot would brace up against a mine game and go broke the same night. The same thing has happened to others who were not evangelists.

Erection of Monument Praised.

"Native Sons of the Golden West, Native Daughters of the Golden West, I know that I but speak the sentiment of every one in this assemblage who is not a member of your order, when I say that we congratulate you upon the work you have already accomplished in restoring, rehabilitating and preserving so many of the old and valued landmarks, made, erected or placed by the

California; also upon the erection of tablets and monuments at many historic localities in commemoration of events which have transpired at such places. Not only do we congratulate you, but we commend and approve of the policy adopted and hope and trust that you will carry out to its fullest extent the program and plans you have adopted for your future work in that connection. And speaking for the citizens of Plumas county, we not only appreciate, but we thank you for the erection of this monument, the only one of like character within the confines of the county. This monument will be observed by many of the thousands who shall travel over the great railway and as a matter of course conversation will be had and explanations made as to what it is, and why erected. Old-time memories will be revived and many stories told of those days of old, those days of gold, those days from the winter of '49 and the spring of '50 up to the present time.

"May success crown your every future effort.

"This monument was erected and is now dedicated as a tribute to and in commemoration of the Pioneers of California and of Plumas County.

"It is well.

Those brave old men of forty-nine; What lives they lived, what deaths they died.

A thousand canyons darkening wide below Sierras slopes.

Of pine, receive them now, and there they rest in peace."

"Those brave men buffeted the great West with lifted faces. Full were they of great endeavor, brave and true they died afield as well as fit.

"Made strong with hope, they dared to do, and the wide and glorious age of chivalry hath not one page with a more glorious record.

"When Western P Drank the Water



WHATEVER may be the truth of the statement, at least it has lived through all the trials and tribulations of a great dream—years after that dream was given form and the continent of North America was belted by the Gould millions.

George J. Gould had said, when he was in the thick of the melee with the Pennsylvania System, and was ordered to take his Western Union wires from the Pennsylvania right of way, that before he quit the struggle he would join the Atlantic and Pacific coasts with Gould rails. When he said that he was in control of the Denver & Rio Grande, the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain, and with these lines spanned the space between St. Louis and Salt Lake City. East of the Mississippi his lines touched the great river, but west of Salt Lake the Harriman interests had for many years with the Southern Pacific, and the Ripley interests with the Santa Fe, taken the cream of the territory and had built up almost an empire of their own. To penetrate this vast territory with a new line was a gigantic task and one that only prompted the smiles of the men who knew the obstacles.

But a hint is sometimes all a man needs in grasping the opportunity of life. Gould's threat electrified into action the genius of Western Pacific promotion, a man who, missing these many years, 'tis true, from the avenues of high finance, was then the sign of optimism in the Gould horoscope of rail empire. This genius, for good or evil, as you may determine, was Walter J. Bartnett, lawyer, owner of a tiny railroad between Tesla and tidewater at Stockton.

DISCOVERED GATEWAY.

Years and years before Gould clashed with the rail kings of the East, a man had been commissioned by the United States government to make certain surveys, and this man, alert to the factors of grade and distance in railroad construction, had discovered a great gateway into the State of California. He was an engineer, and, like Bartnett and Gould, a dreamer. He had stumbled on to the North Fork of the Feather river, had gazed through the unknown Beckwith Pass in the high Sierras, and had thereby solved the combination which unlocked the mountain barrier between the plateau of the Rockies and the Pacific ocean.

The Feather River canyon pointed the way straight to Oroville and Marysville and thence on to the lower Sacramento River valley. The eye of the engineer saw the steel way to tidewater at Stockton without a problem. And there at Stockton stood Walter J. Bartnett with a constructed line

from the San Joaquin river city up over the west hills, through the coal district of Tesla to the very threshold of San Francisco bay—the Alameda county back lands.

Keddie with exact engineering data!

Bartnett with his rails already into the land of transcontinental terminals; with boundless enthusiasm and the law!

Gould, multi-millionaire, Midas of finance, railroad king who had pledged himself to belt the continent!

Three men seemed to hear opportunity pounding at their very door.

GOULD SEES PLAN.

In the New York offices of Gould, Bartnett spread before the magnate the plan to pierce the Sierras and offer competition to the Harriman system and Gould's rail enemies. Bit by bit the scheme unfolded until preliminary surveys indicated to Gould the feasibility of the plan. Then the bolts were shot back from the coffers of wealth, millions were calculated for the great labor, and in 1903 the West—and East, too, for that matter—was thrilled with the incorporation of the Western Pacific Railway. In 1901 Bartnett had incorporated the San Francisco Terminal Railway and Ferry Company for the purpose of linking Oakland and Stockton via the little Tesla-Stockton tidewater line. At once the strategists of transportation linked the events together, but all efforts to discover the man with the gold bags were unavailing—Bartnett stood alone, the Western Pacific Railway. He had a board of directors for his corporation whose names indicated nothing in the world of rail finance, and he locked and sealed every man's mouth in his company.

With but three states to be linked by the new line, it was not long before the wise men of Wall street had figured that Gould must be making his promise good and that the Gould fortunes were behind the man Bartnett. Salt Lake City, the Gould terminal, afforded the Western Pacific its only certain connection. The fight on Gould, through Bartnett, began early.

FIGHT OF MAN OF DREAMS.

But the man of dreams never wearied. Skirting the great Salt lake and going off north and west and then in a southwesterly direction, he battled the way for franchises, rights of way and rail bed facilities across Utah, Nevada and into California. Town councils, boards of trustees, county supervisors, all listened to the tidings of Bartnett, whose eloquence and imagination, so contagious to new communities, aided him to paint in glowing word-pictures the great steel freight carriers of the new line. He was welcomed everywhere. His company was given everything. His money was limitless. Rival agents worked to balk him. But the land wanted his promises, and he won—always.

But while Bartnett appeared to be working with all his energy in the mountains and valleys, blazing

Pacific Iron Horses of the Pacific

the way with the law for the crews of track-layers and engineers, the real battle of the Western Pacific—the "bringing of the Western Pacific iron horses down to drink from the waters of the Pacific"—had been fought years before in the private legal councils of Bartnett, Gould and the best attorneys money could buy. The iron horses of the railroad had to wade into the very waters of the bay at a terminal, and the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe knew—or thought they knew—that there was no available place for Bartnett and his coterie.

TITLE BOTTLED UP.

But there was a place—a magnificent place. It was under the very nose of the enemy. In fact, it had been so long claimed by the Southern Pacific, the title was so safely "bottled up," that when Bartnett, with an armed guard, marched out on the north quay wall off the estuary, established a patrol of thirty men and in twenty-four hours threw tracks and shunted cars over United States property, while the American Dredging Company plunged pile after pile over ground that Harriman and his advisers had always believed belonged to the Southern Pacific, the legal convulsions of the old rail barons shook the law courts of the entire nation.

Bartnett had moved cautiously. As he came down the valley and across the lower slopes of Alameda county he appeared to make way for his terminal by the acquisition of a site on the estuary east of the Southern Pacific terminal yards. It was a bad place—at the foot of Union street—and where many disastrous problems of operation would confront his engineers. He was resisted before the city council of Oakland in his applications for a franchise, but bit by bit he won.

WORKMEN ARE GUARDED.

Then, while the world rested and resolved that the Western Pacific would stop its iron horses on the mud flats of the inner estuary—to be exact—on the morning of January 10, 1906, Bartnett drove a corkscrew into the bottled-up waterfront. The very earth moved under the western division of the Harriman system, and out of the bottle so long held tight by the Southern Pacific legal department, this gray-haired genius of the Western Pacific pulled—the Western Pacific terminal on the waters of San Francisco bay, on the alluvial tide lands just outside the Oakland city low tide line of 1852. His armed guard stood at the head of the United States north training wall day and night for weeks, with the commissary department of the new railroad feeding them, and living in shelter tents on the wave-washed rocks. Crews of laborers rushed rails and ties across the bay on scows to the end of the wall, and in a twinkling a sure-enough railroad was running on the property. At the same time a huge piledriver and dredge plunged its hammer on piling until a strip of tide land 1000 feet wide and nearly 5000 feet long was in actual possession of the new line of George J. Gould.

There was no hitch. Long before the strategy had been attempted it had all been rehearsed in Gould's offices. All that was needed was quick action, cool heads—and the law. So when the Southern Pacific asked for an injunction from Superior Judge Ogden of Alameda county—and got it—Bartnett laughed and snapped his fingers at the

order to stop work. He was on federal property. The state court had no jurisdiction. Then, when the Southern Pacific rushed to the federal court, Bartnett had completed his track-laying; he was in possession; he answered the bill of the enemy and at last had squarely before the right tribunals the question which, since the day—August 27, 1853—when Horace W. Carpenter took over Oakland's waterfront, has agitated the community.

ADVENTURER, WINNER.

The story of that fight in the federal courts is all history. It is sufficient to say that Bartnett was correct in his legal analysis and that the Southern Pacific had only a shadow of title, which the Western Pacific was quite able to banish whenever such move was necessary. The higher court held that the Southern Pacific never had possession of the land even though they may have acquired title to it; that the Carpentier grant did not include alluvial land, and move out into the bay year by year as the tide line receded; that the Western Pacific terminal was properly located.

There are other chapters. J. Dalzell Brown and the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company came under the magic of Bartnett. Like the dream of Gould, Brown's dream collapsed while the little genius molded the gold into construction work. There followed the crash of the trust company and the flight of men beyond the jurisdiction of courts—not criminal flight, but flight which delayed the machinery of the law when delay, like action, was necessary to the plan.

Corporations, like human beings, have an entity vital to the world of business. When Bartnett shouted back over his shoulder, across the deserts and mountains, to Gould for more money, Gould pledged the treasury of the Denver & Rio Grande for \$50,000,000 as a guarantee that the Western Pacific would pay its bills. The Denver & Rio Grande stood behind the Western Pacific bond issue and began to pay the interest on the debt when the Gould-Bartnett structure began to crumble. Then the interest payments ceased. The Western Pacific was bankrupt. Its bond pledge could not be met, and the talons of adversity sunk deep into the flesh of the new enterprise.

TRUST COMPANY DEMANDS.

Then the Equitable Trust Company, trustee under the mortgage, called for specie. The price bid was \$18,000,000. The bond holders gave back bonds and took the line. The obligation was liquidated with due court ceremony. Long since the guiding hand of Bartnett, the gold of Gould and the dream flights of Keddle have ceased to influence the management of the Western Pacific. Other men—those who wait for the delirium of the dreamer to pass—

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have taken the child of Barnett's brain in hand. The line is permanent because it was built where it was needed. Millions have vanished from the treasuries involved, but human society, always the beneficiary of the dreamer, is better for the dream.

When Special Master in Chancery Francis Krull sold the line at auction to Attorney J. F. Bowie on the spot where a cheering multitude had a few years before greeted the first through train, he sold to J. C. Rude, clerk in the First National Bank of San Francisco, to F. V. Spooner, clerk in the same institution, and to R. R. Pardow, assistant secretary of the First Federal Trust Company. It was all form, a thing incident to big business. What really happened is yet to be told when new hands grasp again the scheme of Barnett, Gould and Keddle.

MEN WHO DREAMED OF, FOUGHT FOR, WON AND LOST WITH W. P.

George J. Gould.....Multi-millionaire
W. J. Bartnett.....Lawyer and Promoter
A. W. Keddle.....Engineer
F. W. M. Cutcheon.....Lawyer, New York
Jesse F. Vaile.....Lawyer, Denver
Garrett McEnerney.....Lawyer, San Francisco
Charles W. Slack.....Lawyer, San Francisco
Marcel E. Cerf.....Lawyer, San Francisco
Warren Olney.....Lawyer, San Francisco
Robert M. Fitzgerald.....Lawyer, Oakland
Charles Snook.....Lawyer, Oakland

MRS. PORTER McLAUGHLIN, who before her marriage on Wednesday evening was Miss Pauline Jackson, of Berkeley.



The Star-Spangled Banner

O H, say, can you see, by the dawn's
early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the
twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched so
gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that
our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-
ner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the
mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in
dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er
the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals,
half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the
morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on
the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner: oh,
long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave!

And where are the foes that so vaun-
tingly swore
That the havoc of war and the bat-
tle's confusion
A home and country should leave us
no more?
Their blood has washed out their
foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and
slave
From the terror of flight or the
gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in tri-
umph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen
shall stand
Between their loved homes and the
war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the
heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made
and preserved us a Nation.
Then conquer we must, when our
cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our
trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in tri-
umph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave.

Would Build Nurses' Club To Raise Funds by Bazar



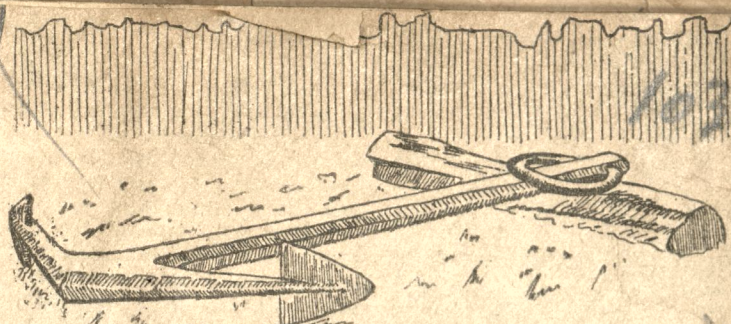
Miss Edith Keddie, chairman of the refreshment booth of the nurses' bazar to be held on November 25th.

San Francisco County Nurses' Association Will Give Entertainment and Dance

ARRANGEMENTS are being made by the members of the San Francisco County Nurses' Association for a bazar and dance to be given on the afternoon and evening of November 25th at Scottish Rite Temple, Van Ness avenue and Sutter street, the proceeds of which will be used for the completion of a rest cottage for nurses at Wake Robin Ridge, near Los Gatos. The committee on arrangements has provided for a most enjoyable affair, with all the booths and other accompaniments of a real old-fashioned bazar. Ice-cream and other refreshments will be served by the prettiest nurses to be found in San Francisco,

and at the conclusion of the evening a dance will be given. The following are in charge of the day's festivities: Miss S. Gotea Dozier, chairman of the country club committee; Miss Helen Stack, flower booth; Miss Edith Keddie, refreshments; Miss Frances Grey, fortune telling; Miss Clara, candy booth; Miss Emma Voelker, fish pond; Miss Stoc-ton, doll booth; Miss D. M. Kimbler, haberdashery; Miss Touhey, home cooking; Miss E. A. Caldwell, fancy work, and Henry Levy, chairman of the dance committee.

On the same plaque are these



The Old Anchor at Holland Landing

HOLLAND LANDING ANCHOR A RELIC OF WAR OF 1812

Supposed to Have Been Intended for Warship on Georgian Bay—
So Heavy It Was Left Where It Was Dropped.

By JAMES SKELTON.

THIRTY miles north of Toronto, on the shore of Soldiers' Bay, a marshy inlet of Lake Simcoe, there lies rusting in the weather a huge, mysterious anchor regarding which surmise has been busy for nearly a century. How or why it was brought there, or whence it came, or for what reason it was left at the head of Yonge street, miles inland from any waters navigable to vessels of dimensions commensurate with its size, are puzzling questions concerning which history is silent, but by gathering together data from various sources, including the never-failing wells of memory of "oldest" inhabitants, a story has been built up which likely approximates the facts.

Slightly over one hundred years ago, while Great Britain was straining every nerve and sinew and resource in her monumental fight with the great Napoleon, our neighbors to the south found cause to ally themselves with England's enemy, and they straightway invaded Canada. The combat was an unequal one; New York State alone had a population of one million people, whereas all Canada could not boast of over one hundred thousand. Hard pressed as she was in Europe, the Mother Country sent us every assistance she could—men, munitions and skilled artificers—the latter to build vessels of war for use on the Great Lakes.

The keels of two ships were laid down in the winter of 1812-13, one at Kingston and the other at York, now Toronto. In addition to these two, regarding which we have certain knowledge, there is some reason to believe that it was determined to build another—one much larger—on the Georgian Bay. According to one account this ship was to have been a frigate mounting over 70 guns. This seems hardly credible, considering the size of other vessels in use on the lakes at that early time—the one begun at York was to carry 24 guns—yet there is that big anchor, half way across the trail between Lake Ontario and Georgian Bay! Why is it there? Had it anything to do with the proposed frigate? It was plainly forged for no mean vessel!

In the summer of 1812, so the story

goes, this big anchor was forged by trip-hammers in the Imperial Navy Yards at Chatham, England. (On its shank the anchor bears the letters "Chatm, Repd.", which may be the official stamp.) It was shipped across seas to Canada, arriving at York in the fall of the year. One chronicler has it that it arrived at York on the exact day that Sir Isaac Brock fell at the Battle of Queenston Heights. Some months later it began the last stage of its long journey—northward over the Yonge street trail.

To transport overland so heavy and clumsy a piece of freight was a difficult job. It was loaded upon a stout catapult crutch, the great flukes, ten feet from tip to tip, bolted to the legs of the sled, and the shank, in length three times the height of an average man, was lashed to the butt. To the small end of the V-shaped device several yoke of oxen were hitched, and the long drag through the stumps and undergrowth began.

It was early spring, probably in the year 1814, that the start was made for Georgian Bay. Arrived at Lake Simcoe it was proposed to continue the journey across this on the ice, and then follow some of the frozen streams westward to the bay. But upon arriving at Holland Landing the expedition found the ice unsafe for crossing, and a halt was called to see if the weather would change. The spring breakup, however, followed immediately, so that the further journey was abandoned for a time. Before the snows of the next winter covered the ground peace had been declared between the warring countries, and the final lap of the trip was never accomplished. The anchor and the sled remained where they lay when the ox-teams were unhooked that spring day so many years ago.

Men came and went. One generation succeeded another, and the discarded mass of metal down on the swampy shore was undisturbed. By and bye the massive wood crutch rotted away, and the mighty anchor settled yet more deeply into the yielding soil. The rank vegetation grew over and about it and decayed there. In time the iron form became entirely concealed from view by the accumulated mass. People who had known of it for years—its existence—it was lost.

QUINCY CLAMPERS BURIED THE HAMMER WITH MUCH POMP AND CEREMONY

LARGEST PROCESSION EVER WITNESS AT A PUBLIC CELEBRATION HERE FOLLOWED THE REMAINS OF THE "BIG KNOCKER" TO ITS GRAVE

Sunday, April 1, was a red-letter day in the history of Quincy. Quincy Lodge No. 8, of the order of E. Clampus Vitus, a boost organization, consisting of over 200 members, conducted the unique and laudable ceremony of "burying the hammer" of the knocker—a ceremony which is performed by every lodge of Clampers, and without which it is not considered to be regularly organized.

The event proved to be one of the most successful celebrations ever provided in Quincy, and the proceedings, symbolic of a new era of broad-mindedness among the citizens of the community, were very impressive. At the same time, the laughable features of the ceremonies served to make the whole community smile broadly and thus remember with enjoyment the day that the hammer was laid to rest.

Large Parade.

The parade was the longest ever seen on the streets of this town, it stretching a length of four blocks, and every section of the procession had its peculiar attractions. George H. Stephan, marshal, had charge of the parade, and it went through its evolutions without a hitch. Five flag-bearers, headed the procession. Following came the officers, all dressed in the regalias of their stations. Then came the Clampers' band of about a dozen pieces, playing a funeral march. Next in order followed the choir; then the Keeper of the Dead, J. W. Street, dressed in black gown and cowl, followed by pallbearers, similarly gowned and cowed, carrying a gigantic hammer on which were painted the words, "scandal," "malicious gossip," etc. The Royal Farmer, A. W. Gray, leading the chief mourner, a disconsolate kicking jackass, followed the remains in the procession. This section of the parade caused much merriment, the costumes of the Keeper of the Dead, the Pallbearers and the Royal Farmer, and the big "knocker," followed by his mourning relative, the "kieker," being calculated to make a saint laugh.

Next in line came the speakers of the day, as follows: Damnator, J. D. McLaughlin; Historian, M. C. Kerr; High Priest S. C. Young, Poet Laureate, W. W. Kellogg. Then came the honorary members of the order, followed by the full lodge membership. Bringing up the rear of the procession were the candidates who were to be initiated at the close of the public ceremonies.

The parade went down Main street to the public school building; thence south to Jackson street; thence along Jackson street to Crescent street, returning to Main street and halting in front of the Courthouse square, where a grave had been prepared for the deceased A. Hammer. There the members and citizens gathered around the grave in a big circle, and the ceremonies commenced. The Clampers' band played a sad selection, after which the Chief Historian, M. C. Kerr, explained the purposes of the order and its origin.

The Damnator, J. D. McLaughlin, then advanced to the foot of the grave and addressed the following remarks to the deceased.

"Today we bury A. Hammer. The Hammer itself is a useful article; it can be used to construct, to progress, to improve. With the Hammer of Construction, the Hammer of Progress, the Hammer of Improvement, we have no quarrel, the Hammer of Hinderance, the Hammer of Ruin, we bury today, and we hope it will stay buried, for we intend to bury it deep.

"When God had created the Heavens, He created the earth and the waters thereof, and then He created animals, and other things that walk and creep upon the earth; and the fishes and other things that swim in and inhabit the waters of the earth; and the birds and fowls that fly in the air above the same. Then he made man after his own image and gave him dominion over all the things created.

"He then created the Garden of Eden and caused to grow therein all the shrubs and roots for sustenance of man; and the trees and shrubs that were phasing to the eye. Then viewing his creation, man, He thought He could do a better job, and that it was not well that man should live alone. He therefore caused this man to sleep, and took from his side a rib and created woman as man's help-mate and companion; and placed this man and this woman in the Garden of Eden, where they lived happily until the Devil, jealous of their happiness, befouled the creation of God and put the venom into the snake and other reptiles, the sting into the bee and wasp and scorpion, and gifted the skunk with its odor, and turned them loose upon the earth to annoy and tempt this man and this woman. They lost Eden, but still lived happily. The Devil then created

something else to interfere with the happiness of this man and this woman. He took from the snake and other serpents their venom; from the wasp, bee and scorpion and other things that sting, their sting, and from the skunk its odor; and still not satisfied with His creation, He called together all the Devils in Hell, took from each its most malignant spirit, instilled it into the heart of this thing and called it a Knocker.

"The Knocker combines malicious gossip, scandal, back-biting, petty jealousy, and insinuation. The knocker assumes various shapes. Sometimes it is in the shape of malicious gossip. In this shape it is a curse, the mother of scandal, the sponsor of slander, the progenitor of all the evils. The innocence of childhood, the most virtuous of womanhood, the noblest of mankind have felt its knock, but we hope it is silent forever in Quincy and the County.

"Thou, O Hammer, hast knocked thy last. Thou art the product of hell, and into Hell thou shalt be returned."

The Clamper quartette, composed of L. A. Pringle, J. E. Wilson, A. Boudreau and H. F. Hail, then rendered the following hymn, sung to the tune of "Long, Long Ago."

Knock not our town; it is death to our growth;
Knock not our town; knock not our town;
Many we know who have knocked it before—
Knock not our town; knock it not.

Little they know what harm it would do;
Carelessly broke this good slogan so true.
Then of the death dealing knock, O, beware.
Knock not our town; knock it not.

Knock not our town when the snow glistens bright;
Knock not our town, knock not our town—
Sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight.

Knock not our town; knock it not.
Get out your shovel and make a wide path;
Leave hammer at home, just shovel and laugh.
Soon will our town be a joy and delight.

Knock not our town; knock it not.
Knock not our town; O, men, have a pride.

Knock not our town; knock not our town;
Hark to the warnings of knockers who've died.

Knock not our town; knock it not.
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb;
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom.
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom.

Knock not our town, knock it not.

Stanley Young, Royal Platrix, then advanced to the head of the grave and consigned the Hammer to oblivion, saying that deceased had been suffered to obstruct community progress long enough, and that it was with genuine pleasure that the knocker was being put out of sight where it would no more cause trouble. At this pathetic juncture, the Royal Farmer was observed to wipe the eyes of the Chief Mourner with a flaming bandana handkerchief.

Fire then was applied to the remains, and as the Hammer burned to ashes, the Clampers passed around the tomb, each one tossing a small wooden hammer, emblematic of the little knocker, into the flames, the quartette singing the burial ode, "He's Knocked His Last." The band then played a selection befitting the occasion, after which the monument was unveiled. This was a headstone inscribed on one side as follows:

**Be Still
A. HAMMER.**

Buried in Quincy, April 1, 1917rd
Born in the Beginning

Buried in Quincy, April 1, 1917.

Under this sod lies A. Hammer
To every booster he was a slammer,
To every project he was a blocker,
May this be Plumas' last sight of
the knocker.

The other side contained the following message:

Requiescat in Pace
To the memory of
A. HAMMER

"Born in the Beginning"
Buried in Quincy, April 1, 1917.
He was a good Knocker.

Ex-Senator W. W. Kellog, a member of the Clampers' organization of sixty years ago, and Poet Laureate of the celebration, then read the following original and expressive poem:

A BURIAL ODE.

Bury the hammer, and bury it deep;
Bury the hammer, and there let it sleep;
Bury the hammer, and still its darn knocking;
Bury the hammer, and its end is not shocking.
Bury the hammer, no tears will be shed;
Bury the hammer, let it rest in its bed;
Bury the hammer, don't be a knocker all forlorn;
Bury the hammer and blow your own horn.
Bury the hammer, and boost with a vim;
Bury the hammer, the Clampers will win;
Bury the hammer, old Plumas is all right;
Bury the hammer, and boost with your might.
Bury the hammer, the mourners are few;
Bury the hammer, bid the knockers adieu;

Bury the hammer, and the Clampers will yell;
Bury the hammer, send the knockers H—I.

The procession was re-formed and marched around the Courthouse square to the Odd Fellows' Hall, where twenty-one candidates were later initiated into the mysteries of the boost body.

It was one of the most spectacular and successful celebrations ever given in Quincy.

The Clampers' Dance.

The grand ball given Saturday evening by the Clampers was a great success. One hundred and twenty-six tickets were sold, and the ball room was crowded to overflowing. Everybody entered into the spirit of the evening and enjoyed the frolic. The members of the organization wore linen dusters, emblematic of pioneer days. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens and yellow, black and green bunting, and the walls were placarded with numerous signs of a boost nature. Excellent music was furnished by an orchestra directed by A. M. Fuller, and a fine midnight lunch was served in the Plumas House dining room. Dancing continued until 4:30 o'clock next morning.

The various committees having the dance and celebration in charge are to be congratulated on the manner in which they performed their duties.

WHICH HAS GIVEN MOST?

Son of her love, he left her, marching in the rank and file,
And she kissed him when they parted, with a little fluttering smile,
And she whispered, "Do your duty, heeding e'er its beck and nod,
For when duty's well accomplished we may leave the rest to God."
Brave she was, as mothers must be when they see their sons depart,
For she strove to hide the anguish that was written in her heart;
So she smiled and said, "God bless you," and I think she never knew
That her pillow was tear-moistened all the weary nighttime through.

He was there at Chateau Thierry when the Hun was backward hurled
And the Battlecry of Freedom first was heard around the world;
He was there where shells were hurtling o'er a land bereft and grim,
And his little mother's spirit, I have thought, was there with him.
Where the Argonne wrote its story in the crimson scrip of blood
He was pressing onward, forward, tossed upon that dreadful flood,
And the spirit of his mother, she whose eyes with tears were dim,
Sure as God is in His Heaven, it was battling there with him.

Came a day when ceased his letters, came a day when naught was heard,
And each day was like an aeon as it passed without a word;
Came a message then, official, which her eyes could scarcely con;
Just his name and rank and station, "Killed in action of Argonne."
Only that, and nothing further. Dim and dimmer grew her eyes,
Thinking of the loved one sleeping where the little crosses rise.
She is living, he is sleeping with our loved and honored host,
And I ask you—for I know not—which of them has given most?

**President of
Education Board
of Plumas County**



MRS. K. L. DONNELLEY,
At head of Plumas County Board
of Education.

**PLUMAS SCHOOLS
SHOW SIGNS OF
GROWTH**

**Coming of Railroad Puts
Activity Into Education**

(The Bee's Special Service.)

QUINCY (Plumas Co.), August 5.—It is anticipated that the coming Fall and Winter term of the schools of Plumas County will mark the most successful epoch in education since the county was formed. The reports received by the County Board of Education indicate that the attendance will be larger than ever before, and the capacity of some of the school houses is going to be taxed.

The coming of the Western Pacific Railroad and the consequent settling up of the county has added greatly to the schools, and the result will this year be noticeable.

The Board of Education, of which Mrs. K. L. Donnelley is President, is arranging for the work of the term, and the teachers employed throughout the county anticipate a most successful season.

NORTH FORK BOOST DAY TO BE BIG EVENT FOR CITY; CLAMPERS APPOINT COMMITTEE TO TAKE CHARGE

The Sacramento Valley Development Association will meet in Oroville on some Saturday in April. Governor Stephens of California and Governor Boyle of Nevada will also be here to look over the proposed North Fork Highway route. This was announced in the Clampers' meeting last night by W. W. Gingles. The Clampers unanimously and enthusiastically voted to get behind a monster reception for the visitors.

WILL BE BIG DAY.

It will be a big day for Oroville. Oroville Lodge No. 2 will show its California boost spirit and every member of the lodge will be ready to go to the bat and to lend the chamber of commerce very aid in entertaining the visitors.

DONATE EXPOSITION BUILDING.

Gingles suggested that the Clampers donate the Exposition building for the meeting. It was unanimously done on the motion of Charles Dodge. Then he proposed that President Boyle call a special meeting of the Clampers on that afternoon. President Boyle said he would do so a week before hand and would endeavor to have every Clamper on hand.

Suggests Badges.

Joe Marks suggested that some special badge be designed for the occasion and that every member of the lodge wear one. The secretary was instructed to obtain enough ribbons for the badges. Each Clamper will be given a badge and will wear it on "North Fork Boost Day."

To View Country.

"Many of the Clampers have autos and I would like the President to appoint a committee to line up the auto owners so that we can have them on hand to take the governors, their staffs and the members of the Association on drives around Oroville when the meeting is over."

Committee Appointed.

President Boyle then appointed a committee of three consisting of W. W. Gingles, Fred Eberman and Fred

Huntington to take charge of the affair and to make all arrangements for the Clampers participation, as well as to get a list of auto owners who were willing to donate their machines.

Get Both Keddies.

The plan now is to invite the Quincy Clampers to take part in the meeting and also all Quincy or Plumas county people interested. An effort will be made to have both the Keddies, father and son, also attend the meeting, and an official invitation will be sent to the Keddies and to Quincy Lodge No. 3 by the local lodge.

All Should Boost.

"This meeting of the Governors of the two states and the members of the Sacramento Valley Development Association means much for Oroville," said Gingles in stating the

plan, "and we should make it a big affair. Governor Stephens has expressed himself as anxious to attend the meeting and Governor Boyle will also be ready to attend with his staff. It may mean that the North Fork Highway will come into actual being by the means of this coming meeting."

All Should Attend.

"As the plan for the North Fork Highway originated in Oroville, and the Sacramento Valley Development Association has taken it up, through the efforts of Mr. Beard, I think it is the duty of every Clamper who can possibly attend the meeting to make a point of doing so," declared Roy Andrews.

"This is one thing which we should boost with all our might for it means much to Oroville. We should get behind this meeting with all our energy and should do everything in our power to aid and assist the committee of arrangements appointed by President Boyle."

WORK STARTS ON OLD U. C. ROAD

Great Western Power Company Has
Established Three Camps of Men
Employed in Repair Work.

The Oroville Mercury says:

Repair work on the first division of the old Utah Construction Company road through the North Fork of the Feather River is rapidly nearing completion. Three camps have been established in the first division, one at Las Plumas, one at Bartees Point and the third at Pulga. Forces of workmen are repairing the road and also repairing the bridges along the line in this division.

The old road will be repaired and bridges will be rebuilt along the line, which will extend from Las Plumas to Paxton, four miles this side of Keddies.

So far all the work done along the line is repair work on the old Utah Construction road and on the bridges. This road will form the nucleus of the North Fork Highway route and efforts should be made to bring it to the attention of the Highway Commission as soon as possible.

That the rebuilding of the old Utah Construction Company road from Las Plumas to Paxton, will have a most favorable effect on the State Highway Commission's decision in regard to the North Fork route, was stated by B. B. Meek this morning.

"When this road is rebuilt by the Great Western Power Company," said Meek, "it will have a greater bearing on the future plans of the North Fork route. The opening and use of this road will prove conclusively that the North Fork route is not only feasible, but is actually in use."

"When this road is used by the power company to transmit the materials for its power line, it will be proof that the North Fork route is practically opened for traffic. There is no doubt but what the rebuilt road could be enlarged for highway purposes and its construction will have considerable bearing on the decision of the Commission on the North Fork route."

THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1916.

"IN DAYS OF OLD"

INTERESTING ITEMS CULLED FROM THE PLUMAS-NATIONAL
AND GREENVILLE BULLETIN FILES

Plumas National, Sept. 9, 1869.

The publication of the La Porte Union, edited by W. W. Kellogg, was suspended. The journal was edited several years by Mr. Kellogg in Quincy, under the name of the Quincy Union, but later he moved the plant to La Porte.

A company had been incorporated to work the iron mines in the Mohawk valley section. These properties are now owned by the Sierra Iron company, but have never been developed.

L. D. Kellogg, of Round valley, and W. T. Byers, C. J. Rice and H. Turner, of Quincy, departed on a visit to their old homes in the eastern states.

Ranchers of Big Meadows, Indian and Sierra valleys were up in arms because of the fact that certain parties were about to take up lands under a law known as the "swamp and overflow act."

A county election had been held in Plumas, resulting in the election of Jas. H. Yeates, sheriff; F. B. Whiting, county clerk; John Chapman, treasurer; D. L. Haun, district attorney; A. W. Keddie, surveyor; W. T. Byers, coroner.

Greenville Bulletin, Oct. 27, 1880.

The wedding of I. W. Hunsinger, of Susanville, and Miss Ruby Church, of Taylorsville, on Oct. 27th, was chronicled by the Bulletin; also the

marriage of Miss Frankie Hunsinger to Frank Gross, of Susanville.

David H. Haskin, a native of Illinois, aged 39 years, died in Greenville October 27, 1880. He was a clergyman.

Hon. J. D. Goodwin and Hon. W. W. Kellogg, of Quincy, delivered addresses at a Democratic rally in Greenville. Kellogg was the party nominee for assemblyman.

Plumas National, March 28, 1891.

Mrs. Kruger, wife of Frank Kruger of Greenville, died March 21, 1891.

The proposition to build a railroad through the Beckworth pass was receiving considerable attention in 1891. It was predicted that the road could be built from Salt Lake City to San Francisco for \$20,000,000.

R. A. Lawrence died at Crescent Mills March 23, 1891, and his remains were taken to Johnsville for burial.

The case of Lakin vs. the People of Johnsville was decided by the U. S. circuit court in favor of the defendants. Lakin had a patent for the land, and the people were uneasy in relation to their property and homes. The decision set aside the patent and granted the land to the occupants.

The skeleton found at Chambers bar, on the North Fork of Feather river, was positively identified as that of Henry Keep, who had been drowned several months previous.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1915.

Governors of California and Nevada Asked to Meet

SACRAMENTO VALLEY DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION ASKS
THAT CONFERENCE BE HELD AT OROVILLE CON-
CERNING FEATHER RIVER HIGHWAY

SACRAMENTO, February 14. — Governors of California and Nevada will meet in the near future on the Overland Route to discuss the proposed road, if the plans of the Sacramento Valley Development Association are successful. Already a letter has been dispatched to Governor Boyle of Nevada by the Association asking him to attend such a conference to be held probably at Oroville, while Governor Johnson yesterday promised the committee that he would be glad to attend if he could fit the meeting into his plans.

The committee that waited on the governor was composed of W. A. Beard, secretary of the Sacramento Valley Development Association, and B. B. Meek of Oroville, one of the members of the Association committee on the Feather River Route.

The meeting itself to discuss the advantages of the all-year-round route over the Sierras will be held as suits the convenience of the two executives, but boosters for the Winter highway will hold themselves in readiness to make the occasion, whatever the date may be, one of much significance.

Some time ago the Sacramento Valley Development Association appeared before the State Highway Commission and urged the building of the Overland road by way of the Feather River Canyon so that there might be no interruption of traffic due to snow. The matter still is pending before the commission, no report having been made.

The advantages of this route as urged before the Highway Commis-

sion by the Valley Development Association are as follows:

1st. The Canyon affords the only centrally located route for a trans-Sierra highway that will be open to travel during the greatest part of each year.

Minimum Snow Fall.

2d. A road constructed through this Canyon may reasonably be expected to be open to travel from ten to twelve months in the year, the greatest depth of snow being, according to A. W. Keddie, probably the best living authority, five feet at or near Spring Garden, Plumas County, which occurs only in seasons of excessive snowfall.

3d. The utilization of this Canyon route for a modern State highway, will permit practically all-year vehicular communication between the people of that portion of California lying east of the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains and the great centers of the State.

High Military Value.

4th. Such a highway constructed through Feather River Canyon and connecting the highway system of this State with a main national highway extending eastward would afford an opportunity for practically all-year communication by automobile and other vehicle between the centers of California and those of the eastern and middle States.

5th. Such highway connected and made a part of a national system as above suggested would have a very high military value in event of threatened invasion on the Pacific Coast, affording as it will the only centrally located route over which troops could be moved by automobile and similar conveyance except during the Winter months.

Our Gallery of Local Celebrities

---No. 2

Introducing

ARTHUR W. KEDDIE

"Father of the Western Pacific," who made the first railroad survey through Plumas via the North Fork and Beckwith Pass Route, in 1867; later became Chief Engineer of the Stockton & Beckwith Pass Railway; Resident Engineer of the Western Pacific during its construction.

Through his efforts the attention of capital was directed to the North Fork route, resulting in the building of the road by the Gould interests.



WESTERN PACIFIC ON BLOCK FOR \$18,000,000

United States District Judge
Dooling Fixes Upset Price for
Sale of Road in Foreclosure.

AUCTION SET NEXT MONTH

Court Bases Its Findings on
Concrete Facts Showing An-
nual Earning Power of Line.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—United States District Judge Maurice T. Dooling fixed \$18,000,000 as the "upset" price for the sale of the Western Pacific railroad today in the foreclosure suit brought by the Equitable Trust company of New York.

In fixing the minimum price at \$18,000,000 the court said its judgment was based on the only concrete facts before it as to the present earning capacity of the road, which is about \$1,000,000 annually above taxes, maintenance and operating expenses.

PUBLIC AUCTION JUNE 28.

The decree of sale signed late today by Judge Maurice T. Dooling called for the public auctioning of the Western Pacific railroad at the main station in Oakland, Cal., on June 28. United States Commissioner Francis Krull was appointed special master to conduct the sale. The successful bidder will be required to give bond of \$1,000,000 cash or \$2,000,000 in securities.

The decision of Judge Dooling brings to an end a protracted contest between the various interests concerned with the future of the Western Pacific railroad. The majority bond holders, represented by the Equitable Trust company of New York, and the reorganization committee, asked that the sale price of the road be fixed at not more than \$15,000,000. The minority bondholders, represented by the Union Bank and Trust company of San Francisco, asked that the price be fixed at \$40,000,000.

In the preliminary battle of the opposing interests the Equitable Trust company sought to have United States District Judge William Van Fleet disqualified from considering the question of the minimum or "upset" price, on the ground that he was prejudiced in favor of the minority bondholders.

The circuit court of appeal refused to remove Judge Van Fleet, but following his vindication of the charges of prejudice by that tribunal, he withdrew voluntarily, and turned the foreclosure over to Judge Dooling for determination.

In arguing for a low sale price the attorneys for the reorganization argued that the road, which had been built

at a cost of \$77,000,000 had a net annual earning capacity of \$800,000. They announced that it was the plan of the committee, however, to expend \$1,800,000 to be raised by a bond issue for extension and improvements of which the road was badly in need. This bond issue has already been underwritten.

In his decision Judge Dooling said:

"If this sum (\$18,000,000) were to be loaned solely on the properties of the road as they now exist I should have fixed the sale price at considerable more. But this money is furnished to

go into the road, thus increasing the value of the securities so that the new bond holders will have as security the present value of the road plus the value put into it by the use of the borrowed \$18,000,000."

The fixing of the sale price favorable to the majority of bondholders means that the reorganization and the construction of feeders will be made.

DEMAND LIABILITY DECIDED.

The opposition of the minority bondholders to the reorganization was based on the demand that the liability of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad to the Western Pacific should be determined before an upset price was fixed. The Denver & Rio Grande guaranteed the interest on Western Pacific first mortgage bonds. After carrying this load for some time the Rio Grande declined to bear it any further.

Counsel opposing the reorganization argued that unless the contractual rights of the Denver & Rio Grande were determined before the conclusion of foreclosure suit the rights of the Western Pacific might go unprotected and the D. & R. G. profit accordingly.

HISTORY OF THE ROAD.

The Western Pacific railway was the final link in the transcontinental railroad system evolved by George J. Gould at the cost of many millions of dollars. Gould pledged the resources of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad to reach the Pacific, yet his dream hardly was realized, for the 927 miles of Western Pacific between San Francisco and the Denver and Rio Grande terminus at Salt Lake City were still uncompleted when the great chain of lines he had welded together in the East began to disintegrate.

It is estimated that the Western Pacific involved an outlay of not less than \$75,000,000. Construction was earnestly begun in 1905, the road was opened for traffic in 1910 and five years later receivers were in possession.

After the death of his father in 1893, George Gould, not yet 30, found himself president of the Missouri Pacific railroad and thousands of miles of ramifying lines in the West and Southwest. There began his dream of an ocean to ocean railroad. Soon he crossed the Rockies by acquisition of the Denver and Rio Grande, thus becoming financial master of a system of railroads extending from Omaha along the valley of the Mississippi river to the gulf, and westward through rich Colorado, and over the mountains to a terminal at Salt Lake City, Utah. His hope then turned to the Atlantic seaboard.

GAINS ATLANTIC PORT.

He began a struggle for control of the Wabash system and won, and then pushed eastward to Buffalo, with an entry into Chicago, tying the Wabash to the Missouri Pacific at St. Louis and Kansas City. An Atlantic port he gained at Baltimore by purchasing control of the Western Maryland road, which by acquisitions he extended to Pittsburg. At Toledo he joined the Wabash to the Wheeling and Lake Erie, which again brought him within striking distance of Pittsburg.

It cost the Goulds a huge sum to get in and out of Pittsburg, a fortune unjustified even by the enormous tonnage afforded there by great industries, yet not so incommensurate when it is considered that the Gould Pittsburg Terminal railroad was an absolutely vital unit in the vision of a continent bridging railroad.

In the flush of the Pittsburg fight Gould was goaded to declare that the Gould lines would join the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. This was his defiance to the Pennsylvania railroad when Gould was ordered to remove his Western Union wires from Pennsylvania rights of way.

In San Francisco in the late eighties was a man who had long coddled the hope of scaling the Sierra Nevada with a railroad that would bring to San Francisco the trains of the great Middle Western trunk lines without paying tribute to the Central Pacific. He was W. J. Bartnett, a lawyer, who owned only his idea and a short stretch

of track between Tesla and tidewater at Stockton. He took his idea to Gould, and it fitted in so snugly with the great railroad man's dreams that it was finally accepted and Gould pledged his support and furnished money.

CONNECTION KEPT SECRET.

Bartnett returned to California, and in 1901 he incorporated the San Francisco Terminal Railway and Ferry company for the purpose of building a railroad between Oakland harbor and Stockton. At first his incorporations and rights of way created little comment, so religiously was Gould's connection kept secret. But there were

railroad interests in California that were watching and preparing for battle.

Bartnett was next confronted with the necessity of finding the best way over the mountains. There came to solve his problem an old man who, fifty years before, had stumbled upon the north fork of the Feather river canyon and Beckwith pass way through the Sierras. A. W. Keddie he was and he sought out Bartnett. He told the lawyer how he had found the way years ago when he was, as an engineer, serving on a reconnaissance commission under General Rosecrans.

In 1903 the Western Pacific railway was brought into legible being. Even this did not disclose Gould's identity because the incorporators were Bartnett and his friends.

Bonds were issued to provide funds but few were sold because investors were certain that the men apparently backing the project had not the money to put it through. Friends of the incorporators pressed them to tell what they knew and agents of inimical railroad interests sought their confidences. But Gould was not revealed.

FRANCHISES BITTERLY FOUGHT.

Immediately difficulties beset the new road from every angle. Harri-man awakened to the danger, though it is said that he did not know his real opponent. The fight to cripple the Western Pacific lasted until 1905, when it had its climax in the armed possession by the new road of Oakland Harbor lands. It began in 1901, franchises at Sacramento along the waterfront and at Marysville were bitterly fought.

Gould's connection with the Western Pacific became known in 1905, when it was found necessary to reissue Western Pacific bonds before construction could be begun. The underwriting syndicate of brokers insisted that he virtually pawn the Denver and Rio Grande to secure the \$50,000,000 issue of first mortgage Western Pacific bonds. Then it was that Gould withdrew as a director of the Union Pacific railroad, dominated by Harri-man.

The banking interests in underwriting the bonds exacted heavy tribute. They demanded a pledge of the Denver and Rio Grande to pay the interest on the bonds if the Western Pacific failed; to set aside a sinking fund to meet the principal if the Western Pacific did not; to pay the taxes on the Western Pacific if Western Pacific failed to do so and to provide any additional money necessary to complete the construction of the Western Pacific.

In addition, Rio Grande and Missouri Pacific were forced to sign a close operating agreement. The pledge given to supply necessary money should the \$50,000,000 give out cost Gould's Denver and Rio Grande \$25,000,000 in 1908, but the \$50,000,000 bonds were underwritten.

Then, with Gould's connection revealed and the \$50,000,000 available, construction of the Western Pacific was begun late in 1905. Gould was elected a director. In January, 1906, the battle for the Oakland Western Pacific mole between the Western Pacific and the Southern Pacific took place. Suddenly Southern Pacific officials awoke one morning to find a diminutive army, equipped with real guns, in possession of the mole.

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Southern Pacific elected not to equip an army, but sought the courts for an injunction to prevent the laying of the Western Pacific rails. It was granted, but the Western Pacific soldiers did not strike camp until the United States circuit court of appeal decided that neither railroad owned the mole—that it belonged to the city of Oakland. Then the Western Pacific rails went down.

Under tremendous difficulties the work of construction of the Western Pacific proceeded on a gigantic scale. In 1908 it was seen that more money must be had, and so the Denver and Rio Grande, true to its pledge, took up a second bond issue of \$25,000,000, itself issuing bonds to get the money, and the work went on to completion.

DENVER AND RIO GRANDE LEFT.

But, George Gould's dream had already begun to fade. As the transcontinental system of railroads grew, so did it disappear. Western Maryland went into the hands of a receiver, then followed Wabash, and soon Missouri Pacific, the first link. The Rio Grande remained, and poured money into Western Pacific before and after completion.

March, 1915, the Rio Grande announced it could not pay more interest on Western Pacific bonds. Western Pacific withered into receivership. The Denver and Rio Grande is left, the only free link of Gould's ocean-to-ocean railroad dream.

He had controlled in 1905, 19,000 miles of rails.

Betsy Ross' Flag Still Waves More Stars, but It's Same Symbol

THURSDAY, June 14, was Flag day, the 140th anniversary of the adoption of the first American flag, which was made by Betsy Ross. There is a deal of difference in the way Old Glory looks today, but there is no difference in what it symbolizes, nor is there a spark of difference in the pulsing beat it brings to American hearts.

Here is Joseph Rodman Drake's poem, "The American Flag," a tribute to "The Star-Spangled Banner":

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

II

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! To thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III

Flag of the brave! Thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV

Flag of the seas! On ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly 'round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
The stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

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Miss Hester Webb Becomes Bride of Philip Collischonn At Home Wedding

One of the prettiest weddings of the spring season was celebrated on Wednesday evening, when Miss Hester Webb became the bride of Philip Collischonn.

The handsome home of Attorney-General and Mrs. U. S. Webb, on Thirteenth avenue, was transformed into a bower of blossoms and huge Hawaiian tree ferns.

The bride wore a dainty and unusual gown of pearl gray, fashioned of georgette crepe and with bead decorations. She carried a shower bouquet of butterfly orchids, lilies of the valley and orange blossoms.

Miss Grace Webb, the bride's sister, and Miss Gertrude Collischonn, sister of the bridegroom, were her attendants. Miss Webb's gown was of georgette crepe, in blue, and Miss Collischonn's gown was of the same beautiful weave, in dawn pink.

Mrs. U. S. Webb was gowned in midnight blue velvet, embellished with gold.

Sigal Webb was best man, and Floyd Cutter, a fraternity brother of Collischonn, also attended him.

The wedding was attended by the immediate friends and relatives, including:

Attorney-General and Mrs. U. S. Webb
Dr. and Mrs. Philip Collischonn

MESSRS. AND MESDAMES

E. B. Power William N. Goodwin

MESDAMES

H. M. Collischonn John Rohr

MISSES

Katherine Collischonn Gertrude Collischonn

Grace Webb Elizabeth Collischonn

M. L. Goodwin Rose Newman

MESSRS.

Fay McClintock Floyd Cutter

Sigal Webb
Mr. and Mrs. Collischonn will make their home at the Clift Hotel on their return from their honeymoon.

Miss Grace Webb



Miss Webb was one of the bridesmaids at the marriage of her sister, Miss Hester Webb, and Philip Collischonn Wednesday evening.

MISS HESTER WEBB, whose marriage to Philip Collischonn will take place today, its setting to be the home of the bride on Thirteenth avenue.



Mr. and Mrs. Mysses S. Webb
announce the marriage of their daughter

Hester
to

Mr. Phillip Collischonn, Jr.
on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of May
one thousand nine hundred and seventeen
San Francisco, California

"Abandonment of Present Route by Western Pacific Absurd"---Engineer Keddle

BY A. W. KEDDIE.

14.—The writer of this article is 12.—The writer of this article is reliably informed that the Western Pacific Railroad Company has not made a survey of the proposed route from Keddle to Doyle by way of Indian Valley, Greenville and Susanville, as has been reported, nor have the rights of way been contracted for or ever asked for. A one per cent grade is impossible over this new proposed route, and tunnel troubles over this route are just as likely to occur as over the present route or any other line of railroad.

Present Route Best Possible.

The present route of the Western Pacific across the Sierras by way of Beckwith Pass is the best route possible, the maximum grade is only one per cent, and from Keddle to Doyle, a distance of 82 miles, only 24 miles have the maximum grade. This route is practically free from snow, five feet in depth between Sierra Valley and Mohawk being the greatest depth known. The road bed is in excellent condition. This route will never be abandoned by the Western Pacific Company as part of its main trans-continental line.

Heavy Grades Are Proposed.

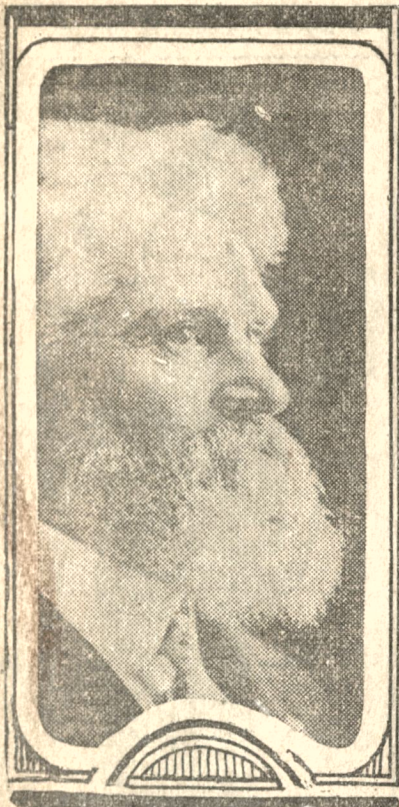
The idea of abandoning the present route from Keddle to Doyle, or using that portion of the road as a feeder to a main line by way of Susanville is simply absurd. The snow on the proposed route at Fredonia Pass is often 15 feet in depth. At Big Meadows, my informant says he has measured 11 feet in depth of snow during a Winter of unusual severity. The summit at Fredonia Pass cannot be reached from Susanville by a practical line of railway with a less grade than two and one-half, and from Fredonia Pass down to Mountain Meadows to Wolf Creek Pass, the route is easy and on an easy grade. From Wolf Creek Pass, Greenville in Indian Valley can be reached with a two per cent grade as developed by a survey made by Engineer Condon a number of years ago.

Costly Construction.

From Greenville to the lower end of Indian Valley the grade would be practically level, and through the finest valley in the Sierras. At this point the great difficulty in constructing a road begins. Keddle Station can be reached with less than a one per cent grade, but it is estimated that this piece of road would cost in construction about \$100,000 per mile.

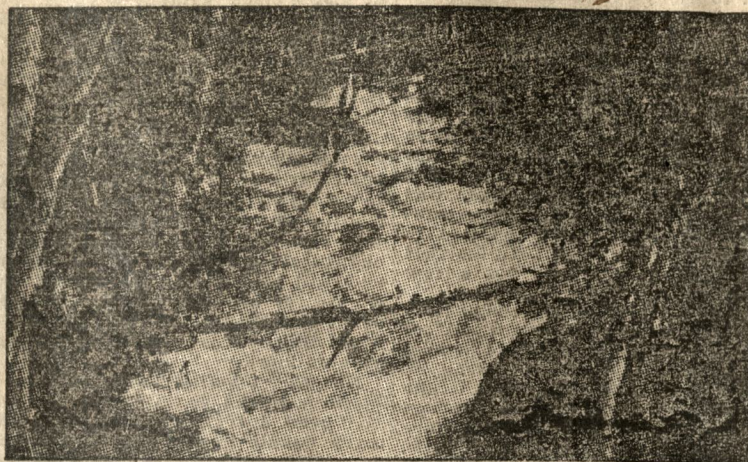
Possible Lumber Route.

From Big Meadows and Mountain Meadows, where the bulk of the Walker timber is located, to Keddle there would be no adverse grade and lumber could be shipped on this portion of the line at a nominal cost, while over the proposed route the grade to Fredonia Pass—through 15 feet of snow—would make the haul extremely expensive.



ENGINEER A. W. KEDDIE,
Quincy Resident Who Was Instrumental in Selection of Present Western Pacific Route Through Sierras.

It's Cool in Plumas



A sparkling trout stream of Plumas County.

An Ideal Climate

The climate of Plumas is very like that of the central part of the Eastern Coast of the United States. In Summer the days are warm with a cool evening breeze to temper the heat. Although a frost sometimes appears in the late Spring, it is not severe after the middle of February, and does not return until late in the Fall, about the last of November or the first of December. While snow falls on all of the slopes during the months of December, January, February and March, the thermometer rarely descends below 20 degrees above zero, and in Summer it never ranges above 95 degrees. The lower valleys have little or no snow, although all of the ponds and creeks often freeze over during the Winter months, giving the settlers here the invigorating benefit of a thorough change of climate, which health demands in a high altitude. And the scenery! There is no season of the year when Plumas County is not one vast sweep of magnificence. In the Spring the hillsides and valleys cry aloud with the color of life. Undulating meadows carpeted in the green and gold slope gently up towards the pine-clad forests that rear their lofty heads into the heights crowned with snows that never melt. Where in any part of the world could there be found a place so pregnant with the good and the beauty of the world as Plumas County? In any part of the county may be had pure, invigorating atmosphere, clear, cool, health-giving water and beautiful scenery.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

Board of Supervisors, Quincy, California

Or See Free Bureau of Resort Information.



L. N. PETER, Attorney at Law and Ex-District Attorney of Plumas County, as Seen by the Cartoonist

DIED

DILLON—In Oshawa, on Friday, Oct. 11, 1918, Robert Dillon, aged 71 years.

DEATH OF MAJOR DILLON

There passed away on Friday, Oct. 11th, one of our most highly esteemed citizens, Major Robt. Dillon, after an illness of over four years. The deceased was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1847, coming to this country with his parents at an early age and located in Rochester, N.Y., and afterwards removing to Oshawa. He was thoroughly a military man, inheriting this from his grandfather who fought at Waterloo. As early as 1870 he qualified at Kingston Military College, took part in the Fenian Raids of 1866, and in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, was Captain of the 7th Fusiliers of London, Ont., and at the time he was taken ill, June, 1914, was Musketry Inspector of the 34th Regt.

He was also a very enthusiastic rifleman, having represented Canada on the Bisley team a number of times, besides achieving many other notable successes. In the register of the National Rifle Association, kept in England, his name is either 4th or 5th on the list of the most famous rifle shots in the British Empire. Up to a few years ago he took an active part in municipal and public affairs. He was a man of strong convictions which he held tenaciously regardless of majorities or public opinion, but of a genial, kindly and sympathetic nature. While an adherent of the Presbyterian Church he was a member of the Anglican. He leaves to mourn his loss, his wife, two daughters and one son, also a sister, Mrs. Western, Chicago.

—0000—

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Mrs. Warren Willard Williams
announces the marriage of her daughter

Cora Estelle

to

Mr. Ernest Harrold Hursh

on Friday, the eleventh of May
one thousand nine hundred and seventeen

San Francisco

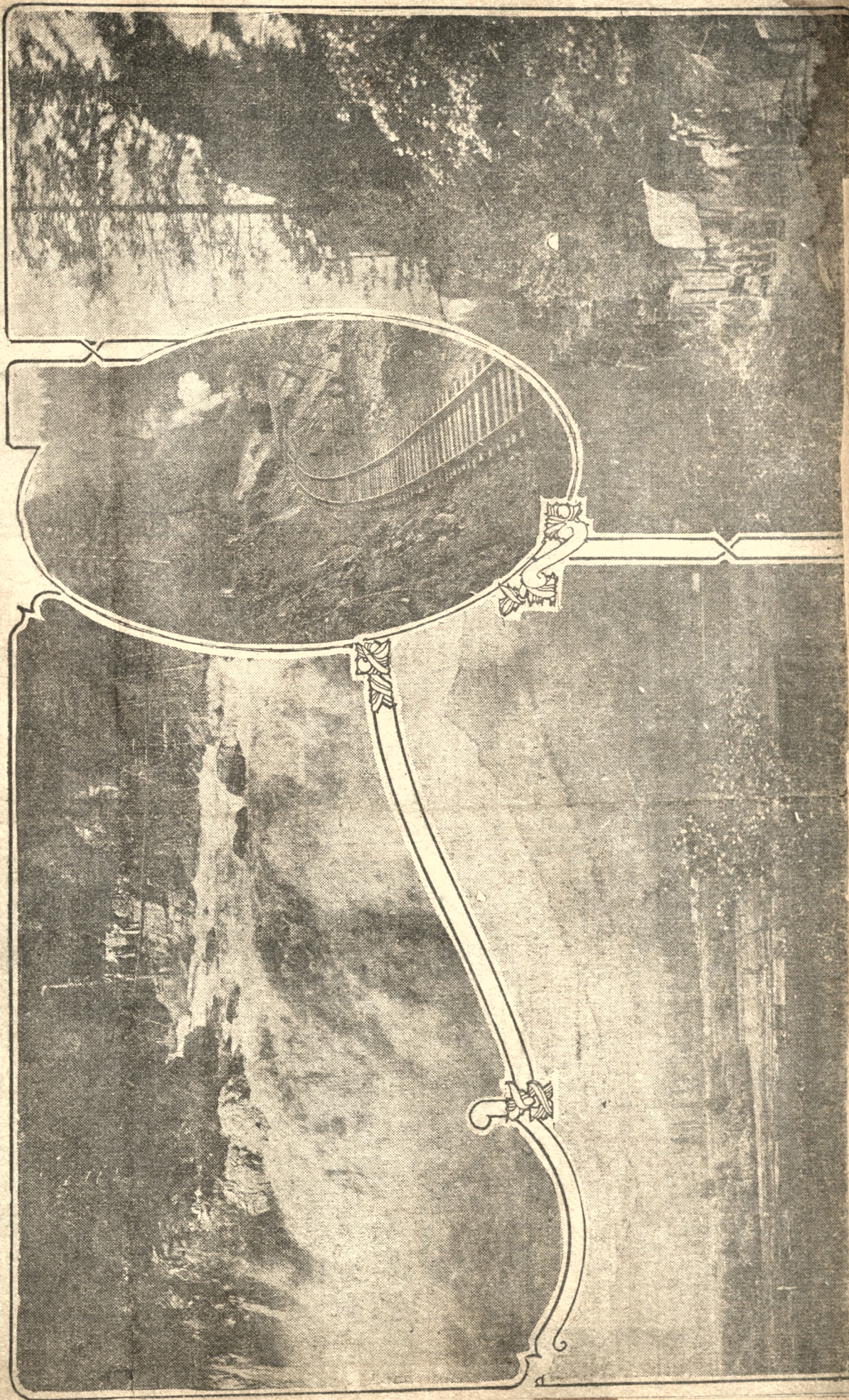
At Home

after the first of August

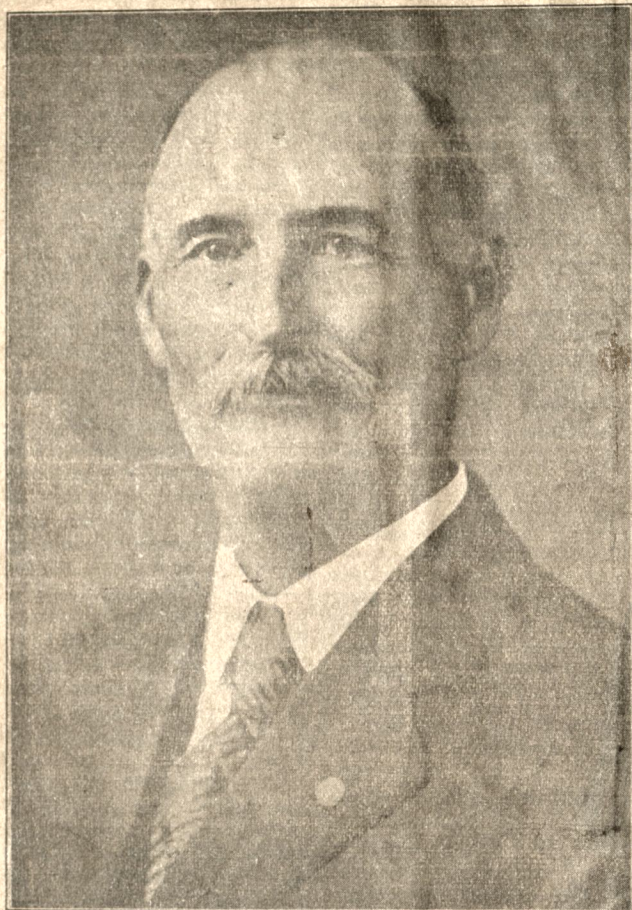
Fallon, Nevada

New Railroad Opening Up Mountain Empire Indian Valley Line Is Now in Operation

SCENES along the Indian Valley Railroad, Plumas County, which has just commenced to operate from Paxton, on the Western Pacific, to Crescent Mills. In the Spring it will be extended to the Engel's copper mine. Upper left—Falls of Indian Creek at Indian Falls, 200 yards from the railroad tracks. Lower left—One end of beautiful Indian Valley with Mt. Hough at the right, as viewed from the railroad near Crescent Mills. The scene at the right and the one in the circle picture "the old and the new." The former shows a freight wagon at Pinnacle Rock, Indian Creek Canyon, fifty feet above the railroad tracks. The picture in the circle is of an engine running on a stretch of the new line in a canyon.



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THE LATE F. G. HAIL
For Twenty-One Years Editor of the Plumas National-Bulletin

F. G. HAIL, FORMER EDITOR OF NATIONAL-BULLETIN, IS DEAD

He Passed Away Last Thursday Evening at the
Home of His Son in Quincy

Felix Grundy Hail, former editor of the Plumas National-Bulletin, passed away suddenly at the home of his son, Herbert F. Hail, in Quincy, at 7:45 o'clock Thursday evening, December 3, 1914. He had been ill several days, but his condition was not such as to arouse the fears of the family or of the attending physician, Dr. Lasswell. Thursday morning, Mr. Hail was able to be around the home. He went upstairs to his bedroom at 6 o'clock in the evening and retired. Although appearing to be somewhat exhausted, he was in a cheerful frame of mind, and upon his son's return from the newspaper office at 6:30 engaged in a short conversation. At about 7:30 o'clock, Mr. Hail called to members of the family downstairs, asking that an electric light at the head of the stairway be turned off. Fifteen minutes later, his wife, Mrs. M. A. Hail, went up to the bedroom and found her husband's lifeless body lying in bed. Dr. Lasswell was immediately summoned, but the spark of life had fled.

In order to determine absolutely the cause of death, Dr. Lasswell, assisted by H. J. Hoffman, Friday performed an autopsy on the body of deceased, revealing the fact that death had resulted from the rupture of one of the ventricles of the heart. As no unusual sounds from Mr. Hail's bedroom were heard prior to the discovery of his body by his wife, it is probable that death came very suddenly and without warning.

Friday evening, the body of the deceased editor was taken to San Francisco by the family, and at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, funeral services under the auspices of California Lodge Free and Accepted Masons, were held at the chapel of Hallsted Bros.' undertaking parlors, corner of Devisadero and McAllister streets, in the city mentioned. Many old friends of the deceased and his family were present to pay their respects to his memory, and a profusion of floral offerings were in evidence. At the conclusion of the impressive Masonic ceremonial,

the body was conveyed to Mount Olivet cemetery in San Mateo county, for interment. At the grave, Rev. H. Winsor, former pastor of the Quincy M. E. Church, but now a resident of Oakland, delivered a fitting tribute to the deceased and an earnest prayer of comfort to the family.

Felix Grundy Hail was born near Linn Creek, Camden county, Missouri, October 19, 1851, the eldest of a family of eleven children. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding Hail, moved to Kansas in 1858, and in 1863 crossed the plains to California. The family located on a ranch near Chico for a time, but later conducted a hotel business at Cana, Butte county.

Deceased was twelve years old when he arrived in California, and until he was nineteen he attended the public schools in Butte county and worked on his father's ranch. He prepared himself for the profession of teaching, and in 1872 was granted a first-grade teacher's certificate. After spending three years teaching in the schools of Butte county, Mr. Hail came to Plumas and until 1884 taught schools in the Big Meadows, Taylorsville, Crescent Mills, Greenville and other districts in this county. In 1877, he was elected county superintendent of schools, and he held that position for a period of four years and ten months.

Deceased was united in marriage to Miss Mary Alvie Leonard on May 20, 1878, and to this union four children were born—two sons, Leonard F. (deceased) and Herbert F. Hail, and two daughters, Mrs. Stella M. Hanley of San Francisco and Mrs. Martha Leora Knapp of Shanghai, China.

In 1884, Mr. Hail purchased the Greenville Bulletin, which he published until 1891, when he transferred the plant to Quincy, where he published the Plumas County Bulletin until May 14, 1892, when his newspaper was consolidated with the Plumas National under the name of the National Bulletin, and was published by the Plumas County Publishing Company, of which Mr. Hail became the editor and business manager.

Mr. Hail served one term in the California Legislature (1890-91) as Assemblyman from the district comprising Plumas and Sierra counties.

From May 14, 1892, until the occurrence of an unfortunate incident on August 16, 1913, Mr. Hail conducted the Plumas National-Bulletin, and by his editorial ability placed the paper in the forefront of northern California journals. He was outspoken in defense of what he conceived to be right, and many times his high-minded ideas of morality and justice caused him to unnecessarily take the brunt of the battle for the uplift and improvement of social, business and political conditions of this county. In his career as an editor he never shirked responsibility in his effort to advance the welfare of the public.

On August 16, 1913, deceased shot and killed Attorney J. A. Boyle on the streets of Quincy, during a personal encounter in which the attorney was the aggressor. The many enemies of Mr. Hail at once proceeded to arouse prejudice against him, and, assisted by the officers of law and justice, proceeded to convict him of the crime of manslaughter, for which he was sen-

tenced to serve eight years in the San Quentin prison. An appeal was carried to the higher courts, and on September 2, 1914, the Third District Court of Appeal, in a sweeping decision granted Mr. Hail a new trial on the ground that the evidence did not justify the verdict of the jury, and that the District Attorney had unjustly prosecuted the case. Mr. Hail was released on bail pending a retrial of the case, and spent the last two months and a half with his daughter's family in San Francisco, and with his family in Quincy. The second trial of his case had been set for January 11, 1915. In the face of the decision of the Appellate Court, which amounted to a complete vindication, it was believed, even by his enemies, that a retrial would have resulted in an acquittal.

Be that as it may, and viewing the seeming failure of F. G. Hail's life with dispassionate eyes, many of the best and most enduring achievements of Plumas county have been built upon what appeared to be his misfortunes and sufferings. We do not attempt to explain, nor do we understand why this should be, but it has ever been the history of humanity that high idealism should bear the cross, and that human progress and success should be built upon the ashes and misfortunes of men who dare to dream or speak of social and political advancement.

Besides his immediate family, deceased leaves three brothers, Charles, Leonard B. and F. W. C. Hail, residents of the State of Washington; and four sisters, Mrs. Effie Sellick of Nord, Cal., Mrs. Susie Vernon of Walla Walla Wash., Mrs. W. H. Babcock of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Araminta Walker.



F. G. HAIL
From a Photo Taken in 1891

ARTICLE TELLS LIFE STORY OF THE "FIGHTING JUDGE OF MODOC COUNTY"

CONGRESSMAN RAKER RUNS "TEDDY" A CLOSE SECOND IN GETTING IN THE JOURNALISTIC SPOTLIGHT

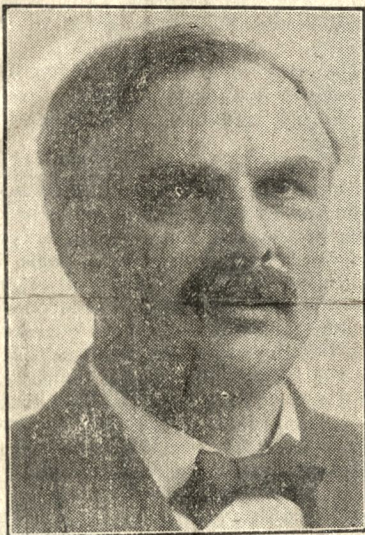
The following article from the Saturday Evening Post, published in Philadelphia, gives a somewhat garbled and "wild and wooly" account of the life of the Congressman from the First California District. It makes extended reference to what is known as the "Lookout lynchings," which, contrary to the Post's story, occurred at Lookout, Modoc county, instead of at Alturas. However, the article is interesting reading, and is as follows:

One morning some years ago the good people of Alturas, which is in Modoc county, California, the same being in the northwestern corner of that elongated commonwealth, and abutting on Siskiyou and Shasta, to say nothing of Oregon and Nevada, awoke to find the bodies of four citizens and one citizeness—if I have my necrology on straight—neatly but not gaudily decorating a bridge near that fair city, being suspended in a row by their necks and as dead as an undertaker or coroner might desire.

It seems the five persons who had been selected for removal from their midst, via the bridge-and-rope route, by the committee chosen for that purpose, had been engaged in such pursuits as rustling cattle, stealing bridles with horses in them, and in committing various other depredations. They had outlived their usefulness in the community, and it was the unanimous opinion of all concerned—save the five—that a superior disposition to make of them would be to eliminate them from Alturas and the surrounding country by giving them free passes into eternity.

No sooner said than done. The committee visited the chosen five—I hope it wasn't six—and invited them to take short strolls with them to observe the moon rising over the rushing river. The proper place naturally was the bridge. We have eminent poetical authority for that assumption. You remember when Mr. Longfellow desired to have a gentleman of his acquaintance get a good look at the night scenery he stood him out on the bridge, while the clock struck whatever hour happened to be on its list at the moment and the moon rove over the city behind the dark church tower. From a literary viewpoint the choice was perfect. Once on the bridge the five moon gazers were expeditiously—not to say summarily—projected to that bourn from which no traveler returns by the simple expedient of tying ropes round their various necks attaching the loose ends of the ropes to the bridge and dropping the moon gazers over the side. There were no hitches except the hitches in the ropes—and they were half-hitches. Vengeance was done!

It is not too much to say that the people of any community, awaking in the early morning to go about their tasks among the busy marts of trade, would be somewhat startled to find the bodies of five former residents dangling from a bridge! It was even so in Alturas. Excitement, as the manner is, ran high. The consensus of opinion was that it served them right. Still it was necessary to uphold the majesty of the law. Hence, some twenty-one



Congressman J. E. Raker

leading citizens of that vicinity were indicted on five separate murder charges each—that is, each of the twenty-one was held to be responsible for hanging each of the five, showing, if the law's view was correct, that it had been a busy night for murdering on the bridge.

The Defense of the Twenty and One.

The law is insatiable. Justice must be done. Though there was no particularly loud cry from the proletariat of Modoc for the punishment of the indicted twenty-one, or any other twenty-one or unit thereof, the grand jury and the district attorney, exclaiming valorously that no favor swayed them and no fear should awe, haled the twenty-one before the bar and tried them for their lives. Coincidentally with the haling process there appeared one John E. Raker, attorney, who himself had been district attorney for Modoc county.

"Whom do you represent?" asked the judge, though he knew full well.

"These," said Raker, with a sweep of his arm that indicated the twenty-one. Which he did.

The trial began in November, 1901, and ended in March of the following year. It ended, moreover, with the discharge of the twenty-one, without conviction; and from that time to this the business of cattle rustling, horse stealing and other similar depredating has not flourished in Modoc county.

And who was John E. Raker? None other than Fighting Jack, the Hero of the Lava Beds, who later donned the ermine and became known as the Fighting Judge of Modoc. Now he is in Congress, the lone Democrat in the state of California who landslid into that dis-

tinguished body along with the numerous other landsliders of Democratic persuasion. We have watched in vain until this time to see John E. unlimber some artillery and go to it in the halls of Congress, but have been compelled to draw the conclusion reluctantly that the fighting part of it only goes for Modoc county. Since he has been a Representative he has fought nary a fight. However, there is still time. Maybe Robert Bruce Macon will call him a bunion or a wart some day, and then we shall see what we shall see.

Modoc county, until recently, when the railroad got in, has been remote. If I remember correctly, the only way to get there formerly was round through Nevada; and any person who has traveled in that section of that state has a full appreciation of the remoteness of Modoc. In 1886, then being twenty-three years old—but having practiced law in Lassen county, near by, before that—John E. Raker took whatever conveyance was handy and migrated to Alturas. At that time the population of Alturas was not what might be called law-abiding, considered as a whole. To be sure, here and there was a man engaged in some legitimate pursuit; but a lot of the inhabitants were cattle rustlers and various other kinds of outlaws.

"Name, please?" they demanded of Raker.

"John E. Raker."

"And your business here?"

"I intend to practice law in this com-

munity."

Whereupon a frowsy gentleman, who toted a couple of guns, but evidently had seen better days, for his rough speech still betrayed signs of literary education, selected himself as spokesman and said:

"Young feller, your intentions may be good, but your execution of them is likely to be some difficult. We don't need no lawyers here—nor no law. Git!"

"Are you speaking to me?" inquired Raker, and was informed he was the identical person to whom the conversation was addressed. That being the case, Mr. Raker carelessly pulled back his coat and showed that he was not exactly gunless, as it were. Two large cannons were strapped to his belt. "I think," said Raker, "that I'll stay."

He did stay, making things as uncomfortable as might be for the outlaws until the time when they put the frieze of them on the bridge. Then, as related, he cleared the men charged with that enterprise, and not long afterward—the next year, to be exact—was elected superior judge of Modoc county. There came a time, during his impartial administration of the law, when a case affecting some of the remaining bad men of the place was to be decided. Word had gone out that if the judge decided against these wicked and desperate persons said w.-and-d. persons would perforate him in the courtroom, and in other vital spots—until he looked like a porous plaster.

The judge had been admonished. He came into the courtroom debonairly; but those present who were observant saw that there was a bulge on each hip, somewhat disturbing the fit of his faultless coat. The courtroom was filled with the w.-and-d's. There was enough artillery there to whip Japan. They glowered at the judge, who greeted them pleasantly, remarked on the beauty of the weather and said, so far as he could see, it was an ideal day for re-

maining calm and not starting anything. The time came to decide. "By virtue of the authority invested in me by the imperial commonwealth of California," said the judge, "by virtue of statutes in such cases made and provided, and by the added virtue of these further potentialities which I will now place before me across the everlasting record of the law, ready for use should the occasion demand, I now decide this case."

Whereupon he smoothed out the bulges under his faultlessly fitting coat by removing the causes of said bulges—to wit: two large revolvers of caliber forty-five; and, holding them so the sun could glint for a moment on the steely blue of their mechanism, he laid them on the bar before him—and decided. Whereupon, further, he decided against the bad hombres—decided against them to a fare-you-well, and, whereupon, for the third and last time, not a bad hombre emitted so much as a peep or protest. Hence we have the name: the Fighting Judge of Modoc; and hence we look for action in the altogether-too-placid halls of Congress.

Helped Entertain Grand Master of Masons in Quincy



H. J. HOFFMAN

QUINCY (Plumas Co.), September 27.—H. J. Hoffman, Master of Plumas Lodge, No. 60, F. and A. M., and the members of the lodge Monday entertained William P. Filmore of San Francisco, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of California, and Thomas J. Baker, Grand Lecturer, also of San Francisco.

The Grand Master arrived in the morning, and several autos took the visitors and members sightseeing

Made First Survey for Railroad That Traverses Plumas



A. W. KEDDIE,
of Plumas County.

THE REJUVENATION OF PLUMAS COUNTY

BRILLIANT FUTURE PREDICTED
FOR THAT ATTRACTIVE MOUN-
TAIN COUNTRY.

(BY A. W. KEDDIE.)

QUINCY (Plumas Co.), July 29.—Since the days of '49, when the gold seekers pitched their camps along the rivers of Plumas, there have been scattered settlements in the county. Some of the miners, recognizing the rich possibilities for future wealth provided by Nature's lavish hand, established homes and reared their families here, the nucleus of small communities which have remained isolated and unchanged, their only connection with the great outside world being the wagon road and mountain trail traversed by the primitive stage coach and pack train.

Hardly had the engineer's stakes been driven, and the line of the Western Pacific been permanently located, than the whole country awoke to new impulses and new life. There is no portion of Plumas County, be it near or far, from the line of the Western Pacific Railway that has not felt and does not feel the beneficial effects of that great enterprise. As is often truthfully expressed, it has served to place our county "on the map."

Interests that have been dormant are showing signs of an awakening. Strangers, many of them with capital to invest, are coming on nearly every train, and all express surprise that such a country exists in our State. Plumas has been the county of great possibilities, rich resources unequalled, and now it is about to develop. Watch

Plumas grow! Mines and mining, timber, dairy, agriculture, etc., promise a great future, and mark the prediction: Our spruce, fir and pine forests will compel the establishment of paper pulp manufacturing equal to any in the world.

The great copper belt of the county is already being developed, and smelters are being erected. The quartz mines that have been idle so long are again in operation, and the old familiar sound of the stamp mills is again heard.

Tourists, too, are being attracted by the unsurpassed climate and scenery. The sportsman is allured by the hunting and fishing afforded by forest and stream. The coming of the Western Pacific has brought about a new and wholesome growth, which will soon make Plumas County one of the best-known and richest counties of California.

Mr. Keddie, contributor of the above, is the man who dreamed a dream and lived to see it materialize. He, as an engineer, years ago saw the feasibility of a railroad through Plumas, and he made the first survey, where now the Western Pacific has its tracks.



FEATHER RIVER VILLA

DAY, JULY 2, 1925

"THE PA"

PLAQUE TO BE SET IN MEMORY OF KEDDIE, MASTER OF THE MOUNTAINS, ROAD BUILDER



Miss Ruby Hallinan (at left) and Miss Ethel Heath showing the tablet with which a grateful state will, on July 4, honor the memory of A. W. Keddie, who explored the route of the Western Pacific Railway and who routed most of the major highways of Northern California and the high Sierra.

Thousands to Go to Keddie on Feather River for Ceremonies

Many delegations from San Francisco, Oakland and the Sacramento Valley cities and towns will be in Keddie on the Fourth to attend the exercises dedicating the plaque to be placed there in memory of A. W. Keddie, the man who dreamed the Western Pacific Railroad more than fifty years ago and who lived to see his dream realized.

Keddie went into the mountains of Northeastern California when a youth. When Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins were projecting the Central Pacific line Keddie went to them and pointed out the fact that the Feather River route afforded the lowest grade in and out of Central and Northern California, and that the way over Beckwith Pass was 2000 feet lower than the route by way of Truckee. Political reasons centering in Nevada are understood to have caused the railroad Big Four to choose the present route of the Central Pacific.

Keddie laid out most of the principal roads and highways of Northeastern California, now famous for their easy grades and long sweep. But he kept at the railroad project as well and he achieved a national reputation among engineers in consequence.

The exercises at Keddie will be simple and informal. The dedicatory address will be made by Winfield Scott, promotion agent of the Western Pacific. A big picnic for the same day has been arranged by the people of Plumas and Sierra counties, and people from the entire northeastern section of California are expected to attend. The surviving members of Keddie's family will be present.

The plaque itself, which was manufactured in San Francisco, was shipped to Keddie last night.

W. G. KEDDIE,
DISTRICT MANAGER AT OTTAWA.

IT may have been because he was born on the 13th day of the month, and felt on that account that he must try extra hard, or it may just have been that he was born with a fondness for work. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Mr. Keddie is a hard and tireless worker. He had not always the inspiration of Life Insurance field work to stimulate him either, for at the age of seventeen he entered the drug business in his native town of Oshawa, where he first saw the light on the 13th of February, 1873.

After serving a three years' apprenticeship he entered the College of Pharmacy, graduating in 1894, a full-fledged druggist. Six months later he went to New York and spent four years travelling for a large drug house. At this time Mr. Keddie was going forward to being married and incidentally felt the need of a larger income. Life Insurance was suggested as the open door, but he scorned the thought, being under the mistaken idea that the ranks of Life Insurance salesmen were recruited from the failures and "has-beens" from every walk of life. He changed his view when it was pointed out that he could enter this business without capital; that he could choose his own clientele; that his time was his own to use or to squander; that there was a business where if made of the right stuff he would surely succeed, while if he failed he would know where to place the blame; that if he wanted an increase in salary all he had to do was to work a little harder. These nuggets of thought were assimilated into his inner consciousness and resulted in his joining the ranks of the New York Life in Montreal, in February, 1900. After three years in the field he was appointed instructor for the Montreal Branch and in January, 1906, he was made Agent

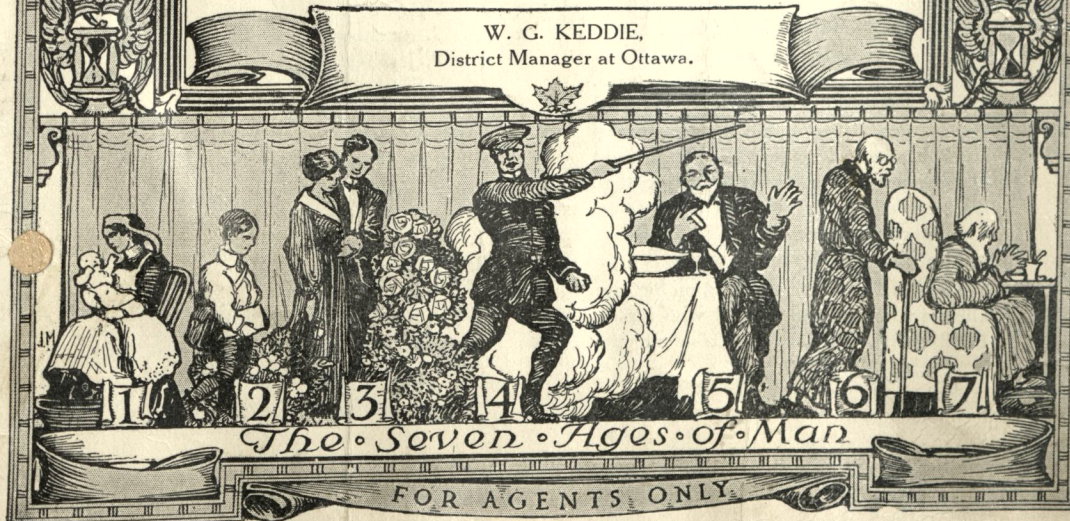
Director for Western Ontario, with headquarters at London. Just at this time the Armstrong Law was passed, limiting the amount of business the companies could accept. This necessitated the closing of a large number of offices of the New York Life, and London being one of the newer ones, was one of the first to be closed.

Smarting under this experience Mr. Keddie quit Life Insurance, but a three-years' venture into commercial life left him rich in experience only. The old love revived and in January, 1910, he joined the Manufacturers Life as manager at Ottawa. He remained there, writing an increasing business, until the beginning of the present year when pending changes foreshadowed his removal to another field. Not being anxious to leave Ottawa he signed a contract with the Canada Life as manager for the Ottawa District.

Mr. Keddie is successfully demonstrating the fact that he is the right man in the right place.



W. G. KEDDIE,
District Manager at Ottawa.



FOR AGENTS ONLY.

Portia's Dream of Years Is Realized

Crowning Achievement as Prosecutor

Mrs. Annette Abbott Adams Tells
of Winning Goal Set in
Girlhood.

When Mrs. Annette Abbott Adams, Assistant United States District Attorney, rises in Judge Hunt's court this morning to make the opening argument for the government in the famous Bopp trial, she will be standing on that hill of achievement toward which she looked with longing eyes during the years of her girlhood.

No matter what the outcome of this case is, Mrs. Adams has won a secure place in a profession long considered sacred to man. She has conquered prejudice and ridden down ancient barriers. By hard work, by brains, by her quickness in seizing the humor and human quality of every situation, she has proved the right of women to take the law as a lifework.

Mrs. Adams has been the right hand of District Attorney John W. Preston in the preliminary work and in the trial of this difficult case. She has been pitted against the cleverest lawyers of the State. She handled

MRS. ANNETTE ABBOTT ADAMS

Photographed by the International Film Service in characteristic attitude in court as prosecutor in Bopp trial.



the whole case alone during the illness of Preston. In preparation for her argument to-day she has reviewed 2,500 pages of testimony. She has studied law authorities for a year to be able to meet her opponents.

Mrs. Adams told "The Examiner" yesterday the story of her struggle to become a lawyer. Here are some of her observations:

"Law is a woman's work as well as a man's work, but either man or woman must be adapted to it.

"Law is one-half common sense and practical business experience and the other half book knowledge."

FORMER SCHOOL TEACHER.

Mrs. Adams earned her way through the State Normal School and after this taught school and studied law until she had obtained a degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of California. She began to practice law, and when Preston was made District Attorney she was suggested for a place as assistant. Mrs. Adams explained:

But Justice McReynolds, who was then Attorney General, could not understand that a woman could occupy a public position. He is a Southerner and a bachelor. He explained to Mr. Preston that a law

office was not a woman's place. To make sure that I did not secure the appointment he only provided for three assistants, confirming the names of the three men suggested by Mr. Preston.

But Mr. Preston had confidence in me, and when Justice McReynolds received his appointment to the Supreme Court, Mr. Preston obtained Attorney General Gregory's confirmation of my appointment. But there was still the prejudice because I was a woman, and though called upon to do a man's work, I was given \$1,800 sal-

ary at first, but at the end of the year the Attorney General wrote me a letter stating that on Mr. Preston's recommendation my salary was raised to equal the men assistants. It wasn't the question of the money—though I admit I liked the additional recompense—but it was knowing that I had "made good," and had been worthy of Mr. Preston's confidence that pleased.

My trials and tribulations were many at first. Now I can smile at them. I think the most annoying thing, though, was the assumption indicated in the first few trials that the jury would be influenced because I was a woman.

For four cases, every attorney would ask the prospective jurors if the fact that I was a woman would have any prejudicial effect against the defense.

EARLY ORDEALS MET.

I stood this until the last time it occurred. A White Slave case had been assigned to me. Two very youthful lawyers were appearing for the defendant. I started in to examine the prospective jurors, and passed three. The youngest of the defense's counsel then took these jurors. Each one he asked this question, each word spoken hesitatingly.

"Will it prejudice my client's case on account of the government prosecutor being a woman—if I am obliged to ask the witnesses some nasty questions?"

I was thunderstruck. I determined once and for all to put a stop to this attitude of attorneys.

I started to examine the fifth juror. I made a dramatic pause. Then very impressively I said to him:

"Mr. Smith, I want to know, from

you and the other jurors I have previously examined, one very important thing. Will it prejudice the government's case considering the great youth of the counsel on the other side, during this prosecution if I am obliged to ask the witnesses some very 'nasty' questions?"

Mr. Smith replied a hearty no, and even the youthful attorneys were obliged to join in the laugh that followed.

I have not been bothered since then by attorneys referring to my sex.

I found that the belief seemed to be that a woman's knowledge of the law must necessarily be superficial. For that reason I have made it an unbreakable rule that, even in the smallest case, I have a thorough grasp of my subject before I appear before the trial court. I study both sides—and I am practically sure that I will not be given a surprise by opposing counsel by the introduction of baffling authorities with whom I am not acquainted.

I do not understand why it is thought a woman cannot be a successful prosecutor. There is no reason why she should be peculiarly disqualified. Not every woman would make one, neither would every man.

The idea that one has to stifle all of his or her sympathies in a place of this kind is erroneous. We are here as prosecutors, not as persecutors. We take the facts as they are presented to us. If we conscientiously believe there is a case we prosecute, for the law provides that we should. We do not go into the highways and byways in an endeavor to wreak vengeance.

ANNETTE ADAMS IS FIRST WOMAN U. S. DIST. ATTY.

Assistant to Preston Named
to Post Made Vacant by
His Resignation

JARED WILL QUIT POST

Promotions and Shake-Up in
Federal Investigating Bu-
reaus to Be Made

Annette Abbott Adams yesterday became America's first United States District Attorney. Mrs. Adams was appointed to the post left vacant by John W. Preston, who resigned to become Special Assistant Attorney-General and the directing head of war prosecutions and investigations in Northern California. Her appointment, made by Federal Judge William C. Van Fleet in the absence of a Congressional session, was recommended by Preston, under whom she served as an assistant.

A series of promotions and a shake-up of Federal investigating bureaus will follow the advancing of Preston and Mrs. Adams. The first change was made known last night, when Edward F. Jared, Assistant District Attorney, announced his resignation. Jared said he would tender his resignation to his new chief this morning. Jared, himself a candidate for the post to which Mrs. Adams was appointed yesterday, made no statement as to his reasons for resigning.

TO MAKE OTHER VACANCIES

Other vacancies will be made when Preston announces his new staff of assistants, it is said. Under Preston, the Department of Justice, Army Intelligence Office and Navy Intelligence Bureau will be co-ordinated.

Preston, in recommending the appointment of Mrs. Adams to the vacancy caused by his resignation to accept a higher post, paid her a high tribute. Mrs. Adams has been associated with Preston in all of the war prosecutions and investigations which resulted in Preston's advancement.

"In making this recommendation," Preston said, "I sincerely believe that Mrs. Adams has the experience, the poise and the judgment that the office demands."

JUDGE LAUDS MRS. ADAMS

In making the order for the appointment of Mrs. Adams, Judge Van Fleet said:

"I shall acquiesce in the suggestion that she be appointed to this post with entire satisfaction to myself that the work of the office will be performed to the very greatest degree of efficiency."

Mrs. Adams, in accepting the appointment, asserted that she considered it an honor not only to herself but to the womanhood of America. "I shall endeavor," she said, "to be worthy of your commendation and the honor and also to maintain the very high standard which has been set by my predecessor in office."

THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1919

PLUMAS-SIERRA

The following original poem, written by a Sierra county girl, formerly Jeannette Heintzen, of Forest City, now Mrs. R. K. Lawrence of Sacramento, was read at the Plumas-Sierra re-union in Oakland May 25.

Again we are gathered, this gay month of May,
To meet and to greet in the old-fashioned way;
To give a glad handshake, old friendships renew,
Like the mountains we came from, changeless and true.

The pine and the cedar, the spruce and the fir,
Their fragrances mingle like incense of myrrh.
In mem'ry we scent them, as in days of old
When life, rich with youth, seemed all silver and gold.

And life has been rich in its gifts since it brings
Friendships, and memories of pine song that sings
With unbroken melody through all the years
Soothing, caressing, stilling all fears.

Old friends, and mountain friends, priceless and fine;
New friends are good friends, but old friends, for mine!
The grand old Sierras like Sentinels stand
Guarding, protecting, this glad little band.

Oh, can you see them, the snow on their crest,
As billows of feathers lie soft on the breast;
Close your eyes, can you see, the sky-line of pine?
Soldiers of destiny, faithful through Time.

Can you see the deep canyons, all dim at mid-noon
With ferns like green plumage, o'er rivers that croon;
See the road winding up, up toward the sky,
At each turn in the winding, rich, new beauties lie.

The dog-wood is dotting the hillside with stars
Manzanita is ringing pink bells, nothing mars
The beauty that spreads o'er the mountains we love,
Whose lesson of life is pointing above.

Almost we can see these tall pointing spires,
Almost we can hear the pine-singing choirs.
Almost we can feel the canyon's cool shade
Almost—through the memories that never will fade.

The day is soon over but a new page we write
In Life's book of happiness, joy will keep bright.
Endless and changeless the blessing that blends
With love and good-will in this meeting of friends.

Plumas-Sierra, all honor to you,
We're proud of your parentage, mountains so true.
We want to be like you, steadfast and true,
Each year meet and greet and old friendships renew.

Plumas-Sierra like jewels agleam
These names conjure memories sweet as a dream,
But best of all, comes this day, dreamful but true
When Plumas-Sierra old friendships renew.

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Diary of Keddie

Absorbing History

The diary of Arthur Walter Keddie for 1867 is an absorbingly interesting document and of intense importance to Plumas county and California.

It fixes the date of the first survey of the North Fork and Middle Fork canyons of the Feather River, tells what Mr. Keddie found then and what he thought of the possibilities of a wagon road.

Mr. Keddie was born at Perthshire, Scotland, June 27, 1842, the son of Walter and Jane Boyd Keddie. He died at Quincy October 17, 1924.

He came to Plumas county in 1864, and in 1867 was employed by Bolinger and Chambers to survey the two canyons. John N. Blood was financially interested in the venture.

The entries in Keddie's diary furnish an outstanding chapter in Plumas history. The book has been carefully preserved by his daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Palmer (Helen Keddie), of Portola. Its pages, only

a few of them slightly soiled, are intact. The minute, neat handwriting is in lead pencil.

The first entry is dated Wednesday, February 13, 1867:

"Left Greenville on an exploring expedition down North Fork and up Middle Fork Feather River, to find good location for wagon road for Bolinger & Chambers. Hired Ike Ferguson and Joe Frankford for \$2.00 per day and Indian Charley for \$1.00. Went as far as Soda Bar.

"Thursday, Feb. 14. From Soda Bar to Kingsburg's. Hired Indian Dick.

"Friday, Feb. 15. Made Rich Bar. Chambers came in at 9 o'clock P. M.

"Saturday, Feb. 16. Stayed all night at Long Bar. Hired Indian Jim at 1-1/2 per day.

"Feb. 17. Down the river, fine day. Charles Belde nalong with us all day. First camp.

"Feb. 18. Down the river. Heavy rain all afternoon. Made camp day. Charles Belden along with

"Tuesday, Feb. 19. Belden went back this morning. Fine weather. Continued survey down the North Fork. Commenced to rain about 4

P. M. Made camp in a deserted cabin about 5 P. M.

"Feb. 20. Quite sick this morning, bilious. Raining heavily all day, so heavily that we had to stay in camp.

"Feb. 21. Still raining heavily. Heaviest storm of the season.

"Friday, Feb. 22. Fine morning. Left camp early and made Yankee Hill. Stayed at M. K. Wells' all night.

"Saturday, Feb. 23. Went to Oroville by way of Wells Bridge and Pence's Ranch. Oroville by 6 P. M. Sunday, Feb. 24, stayed in Oroville all day.

"Monday, Feb. 25. Started up the Middle Fork. Reached Bidwell's Bar early in afternoon, and stayed all night.

"Tuesday, Feb. 26. At Bidwell's Bar all forenoon. Started up Canyon Creek in afternoon in com-

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 19

Keddie's Diary

(Continued from Page 10)

pany with Mr. Martin. Camped out in heavy rain, thoroughly soaked before morning.

"Wednesday, Feb. 27. Left Canyon Creek and went over ridge to Middle Fork. Raised cabin on Fairfield Bar, camped.

"Thursday, Feb. 28. Frankford and self went back to Bidwell's Bar, surveyed up to camp.

"Friday, March 1, 1867. Left camp on Fairfield Bar and kept up the river. Left the river at (illegible). Camped on hill about two miles from Bald Rock.

"Saturday, March 2. Rainy all day. Did not move camp. Examined Bald Rock country.

"Sunday, March 3. Fine morning. Left camp and made New York Bar near Little North Fork.

"Monday, March 4. Sent Ike Ferguson and Indian Jim up to Mountain House for grub. Joe and self went 2 miles up the river. Had trouble with Indian Dick.

"Tuesday, March 5. Continued survey up from New York Bar.

"Wednesday, March 6. Continued up the river, reached Reinhart's Bar at noon, made a 1/2 mile in afternoon. Tried to build raft in evening, or put a foot log across river. Could do neither.

"Thursday, March 7. Reached Hartman's Bar at the foot of Willow Creek by 6 o'clock. Snow over the ridge, travelling difficult and dangerous.

"Friday, March 8. Left river at mouth of Willow Creek and went up the hill over the snow to Bucks Ranch. Snow 18 feet deep at (illegible), 13 feet at Bucks.

"Saturday, March 9. Walked from Bucks Ranch to Quincy with men. Sunday, March 10. Discharged Joe and Ike and the three Indians."

The diary next records a trip to San Francisco to see Professor Whitney, U. S. Government surveyor, who in later years named the ridge that bounds Indian Valley on the north "Mt. Keddie."

Mt. Whitney, highest peak in the U. S., was named for Professor Whitney.

Mr. Keddie returned to Greenville, his diary for Sunday, March 31, noting: "Worked hard all day on plans and all night until 4 A. M."

"Monday, April 1. Rested an hour, then rode to Crescent through the storm and delivered map to Mr. Bolinger. Walked back to Greenville and had a good rest."

Bolinger and Chambers operated the rich Crescent Mine at one time, and also had a large mine in the ravine back of what is now

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"The Western Slope"

ONLY in response to the earnest requests of many friends are the remarks made by C. C. Goodwin at the Commercial club banquet in Salt Lake City on Dec. 30th, on the above theme, given publication, as follows:

I feel greatly honored to have a place in the dedication of this beautiful structure, for I look upon this as its real dedication.

That first reception was merely that the curiosity of friends and the pride of the club should be gratified.

That High Jinks smoker was meant, I take it, merely to permit a few people to gratify their natural proclivity for fun.

But this banquet is the real dedication. It marks a signal station in the history of the club, it is a notice to Salt Lake and Utah that this organization which was founded to further everything good in this city and state, is with increased facilities and with more earnest purpose doing its work.

When my theme for the night was announced to me, I was glad. But when I traced back in thought along the path I have been coming over for the past sixty years, the truth came to me that the men who could have done this theme justice; who could have set to words the true history of this land from the west coast up to where the crest of the Rockies turn back the streams toward the western ocean—this history with its triumphs and sorrows—why they have one by one fallen in the trail and grown still.

The hands that might have painted this wonderful panorama, the transformation with its lights and shadows, have one by one been folded. The graves of the royal band sanctify all the region they redeemed.

We do not enough appreciate the first settlements of Americans in this great west. The men

who loaded their household goods and gods on ox wagons and started out in the face of a thousand and savage tribes on an unmarked trail of two thousand miles; the last fifteen hundred miles of which was over deserts and mountains, and who never rested until they made their camp on the banks of the Willamette; why Xenophon's retreat was a pleasure excursion by comparison.

They were not seeking gold; they wanted more land, few neighbors, and plenty of fresh air. They started the fashion of sleeping on the porches, only not having any porches, they took to the ground.

I often wonder if they ever realized what indomitable souls the good God had given them.

How glorified that company was who first in force sought the golden coast, I fear will never be fully known.

They came a picked body from every state, and many outside countries; the beautiful land greeted them; the valleys were all carpeted to receive them; the soft sunlight that played upon the ramparts of the blue Sierras smiled down upon them in welcome.

They looked around them; they looked into each other's eyes and realized that under sharp competition an empire was to be redeemed, and that they must be the instruments to compass that redemption.

They began their work. Where there was no written laws they established order; where there were no courts they commanded and enforced justice, within a few months they had called a convention and, though quite half of them were from slave states, they dedicated the new land to freedom forever.

Some had tongues that were tipped with fire and could sway a multitude as a southwest storm sways the mighty pines of the Sierras until the roar rivals that of the lashings of the ocean surges outside, that break at the mountains' feet.

Colonel E. D. Baker was one of these, J. Y. McDougal was another, so was Meredith, so was Edgington, so Randolph; so were Scott and Marshall, so were a hundred more; so especially was Thomas Starr King, whose notes were the highest and sweetest of all; who when dying, said: "This cannot be approaching death; such visions of splendor are opening before me."

There were marvelous writers; more legal talent than ever before gathered in a population so small; there were scientists and scholars, professors, statesmen and soldiers and jurists, mighty men of affairs and industrial kings who under new conditions wrought wonders never before deemed possible.

I just spoke of Starr King. A sentence that fell from his lips gives an idea of him. He said: "Great purposes, and the spirit that counts death nothing in contrast with honor and the welfare of our country—these are the witnesses that man is not a passing vapor but an immortal spirit."

When you hear the name of Bret Harte, you think at once of "Truthful James." But listen to what he wrote the night that Starr King died:

"Came the relief:" "What, sentry ho!

How passed the night through the long waiting?"

"Cold, cheerless, dark, as may befit

The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight, no sound?" No, nothing save

The plover from the marshes calling.

And in yon western sky, about

An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."

"No, nothing, but above the thicket,

Somewhat, it seemed to me, that God

Somewhere, had just relieved a picket."

Starr King was one of God's pickets who stood.

They were not all great, that old band; some were boisterous and wild and reckless. They played for big stakes, they drank and I am told that some of them under great provocation, would sometimes fight, but as a rule they were alert and true and brave.

Most of them succeeded. But some did not, and those toiled on and sang as they toiled. They made jests at misfortune and laughed hardships to scorn.

But at last, as they slept under the stars, the frost that fell upon their hair would not melt in the warm sunshine of the dawn, for cares had come, the calls of duty and self-sacrifice were in their ears, so they scarcely heeded when youth gave up the march by their side and disappeared.

When, one by one, the hopes they had so long held in their hearts, hopes for loved ones, far more than for themselves, faded and perished, so absorbed had their lives become that when the loss fell upon them, they made no sign.

They had come over the weary trails from the east, or rounded the Horn, or sought their way by the charnal ships that crept down and back from the Isthmus; they had taken their post graduate courses from the mountains, their crags, their snows, and their pines, their lights and their shadows, and from the deep sea that

rolled outside, bringing strange whispers of far-off lands, until under the fierce friction they had become superior to distress.

But under the blows of Fate they had grown strong. They had, too, grown tender. Never were pure women so much revered as by them, never were children so loved; never a cry of distress so quickly heard.

The eyes of most of them were fixed on golden mountains which seemed so real; they would reach them just over the next divide, and so marching with fixed eyes like sleep-walkers, they noted not the open graves before them; walked in and disappeared.

No miser's love of gold was theirs. To achieve something was their dream. The gold was but an incident.

But they built some monuments to themselves.

They reinforced the treasury of the nation with more gold than it had ever known before.

When they crossed the mountains and opened the Comstock in the desert, they taught the men of the east to cease dreaming of fortunes in thousands and to begin to dream in millions.

Their work gave the men of the east the credit to borrow money to build railroads and cities.

They so increased the volume of money that the products of eastern producers took on a value that left a profit.

They built the trails, the roads, the bridges, the cities, the hamlets over a space as great as France and Germany.

Building trails caused a few of them to lift their eyes to the crests of the mountains, and to dream of leveling down the hills and exalting the valleys; to make a smooth path for that evangel of progress, the locomotive; a path over which the civilization of the new west might on unsoiled sandals come, and they finished the work before twenty years after the first grains of gold were washed in the mill-race of old General Sutter's mill.

The news of the death of a single one of them—John Mackay—was sent half 'round the earth on the cables he unaided had stretcher above the continent and beneath the deep sea.

They solved the problem of equipping and opening great mines and reducing rebellious ores.

Their gold and silver sustained the nation's credit, and steadied the nation itself through

the labour, the sorrow, the anguish and the fear of its second birth.

No higher, truer race than they ever trod this earth.

Here under the shadows of these solemn mountains, different conditions prevailed, a different civilization was planted.

But here, perhaps, the greatest miracle of all was performed.

No vision of golden mountains, at least not of this world, lighted the eyes of the first comers. Hard work and small returns were what they contracted for.

At their coming only the desolate arms of the desert were stretched out to them, only the desert gave them cold shelter on its forbidding breast.

But without a murmur they began their work and pursued it regardless of the hardships and sufferings that were their portion.

Glory and success were the Californians' slogan; here the call of duty was as the call of God.

But as under the blows of an iron fortune their hands became gnarled, their faces seamed and shrunken, their eyes dim and the flush of youth left their cheeks, the desert around them changed.

Every grace that toil and age filched from those sturdy men and those devoted women; every joy that they put aside, every longing that they suppressed, was transplanted in this soil, and when those pioneers, shrunken and wan, fell into their final sleep; the hopes, the dreams and the graces they had lost, reappeared in blooms; in golden grains and fruits and flowers, where before the desert, through all the ages, had revealed only its repellant face.

So, looking back along these three score years in which the history of the west has thus far been written, we find a region more than half the area of Europe redeemed; the frown of the wilderness has changed to smiles: the savage has been tamed, the frontier has fled; eight sovereign states rounded into form.

Where all was barbarism, the men of the west have, over all the mighty space, reared temples to Justice, to Religion, to Commerce, to Industry, to Learning, to Freedom and Progress, and though the men of the east by legislation have reduced the revenues of our miners more than \$40,000,000 per annum for thirty years; though by the same legislation they closed the ports of nations, that hold half the inhabitants of the world, against our exports; though if they find a few trees growing on our soil they draw a reserve around them, or a stream of water running down from the hills to the desert, they insist that it should be conserved; or, if some desert spot has indications of possible wealth far below the surface, they make an Indian reservation of it; still we have the satisfaction of thinking that from the first, the men of the west have kept the faith and have never asked one thing from the world except a dead square deal.

DESTINY AND THE SPARROW

By JACK BURROUGHS.

THERE stirred within a sparrow's feathered breast
The instinct sweet, of dawning motherhood.
She sought a sheltered spot to build a nest
To house, secure from harm, her helpless brood.

She found a field where mangled dead had lain;
Where dust beneath the chargers' hoofs had swirled;
Where noble man had kissed the reeking plain
When thunderbolts of fire and steel were hurled.

The scent of flow'rs now hung upon the air
Once charged with foul miasma's fetid breath;
And white clouds floated o'er a landscape fair,
Once bleak beneath the sable pall of death.

A rust-covered cannon, dumb and cold,
Lay buried by the gathered dust of years.
Its gaping maw protruded through the mold
That hid the bones of lords and cuirassiers.

The woodbine trailed along its loam-choked bore;
A spider's web had sealed those lips of steel
Whence fiery death had leaped in vengeance sore
And played its part, a nation's doom to seal.

And there it was the sparrow built her nest
And ruled, with Peace, upon the field of strife.
And thus, by God's frail, feathered child possessed,
The tool of death became the house of life.

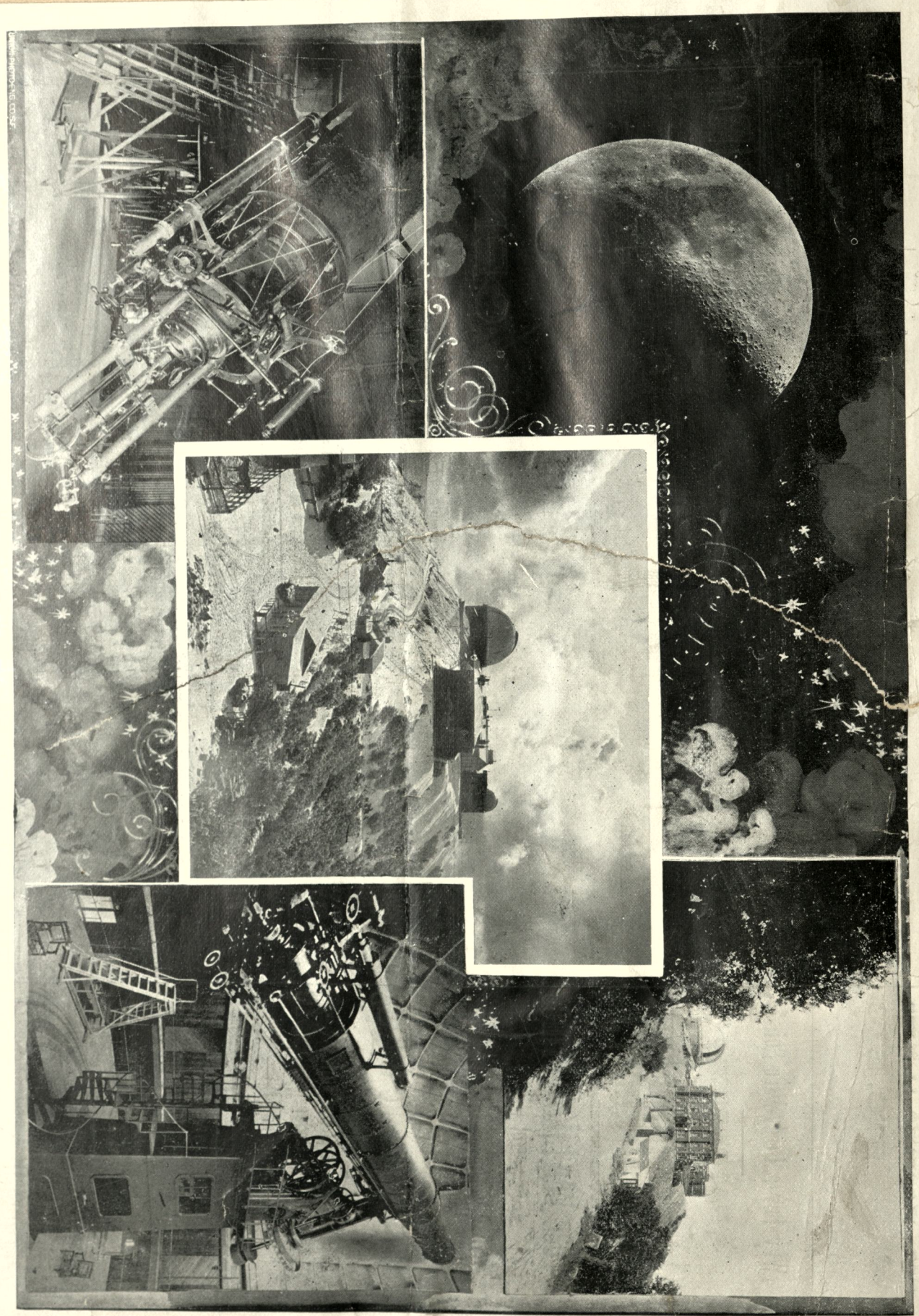
The time must come when standards shall be furled,
The long roll silenced, and the bugle's note;
God speed the day when Christ shall rule His world
And fledglings feed in every cannon's throat.

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From San Jose Mercury, SOUVENIR,
of Santa Clara County.

A PIONEER'S GIFT TO SCIENCE—THE GREAT LICK OBSERVATORY.

Mt. Hamilton near San Jose,
California.



On the same placque are these

a

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THE DAY

(February 20, 1915)

By EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

I

PILE up the glories till the farthest one
In ecstasy outtops the gaze of man;
Let ever-mounting choruses ascend
Until in vast reverberative sound
They fill the ear of every chambered space;
Let trumpets golden-voiced in blend with these
Proclaim in harmonies mankind may hear
The mighty sum of this imperial day.

II

For 'tis the day of days to all the world:
Time has not written in his aged scrolls
The deeds of such a day as stars this one—
Unique it is, and so shall ever be.
For now our great official voice proclaims
'Tis done, 'tis finished, this immortal cleft
Wherethrough the oceans shall forever flow—
The dream of kings and many a kingly man;
The oft-recurring hope of all mankind;
A visual wonderment to earth and sky.
Here Commerce, through whose great free-flowing veins
Run the life currents of a nation's good,
Swells with delight as now she feels,
Throughout the fibres of her being's core,
The mighty impulse of this newer strength,
And dreams of unexampled, daring things.
The ocean's highways have been so increased
That men can freely mingle and so breed
Friendships that mock the utmost wear of time,
While causes thriving on a common good
Can be securely sped on joyous wings.
Here Peace shall raise her ensign to the stars,
And dare to hope that in the face of this,
Her vastest work upon the war-torn earth,
She shall at last in queenly rapture rest,
And War be banished to his native cave.

III

We celebrate this day by opening wide
The gates of this great Exposition, where
Commerce and Trade and every Art shall shine,
And Science speak in ever various tones;
Where Letters, brilliant in her countless robes,
Shall exercise in joy her sovran right
To rule the world the spirit gives to her;
Where ever-living Art shall feed the soul
On canvases and sculptures which may be
Immortal as the memory of this
Enjeweled city where they lift their voice;
Where Man in all his vast variety,
And in great multitude shall mix and pass,
Exchanging thoughts in freest comradeship;
And where the winds shall bear to every land
The knowledge of this modern miracle,
Till rapturous paens shake the heavenly dome.

IV

Behold this most amazing city, where
But yesterday the swamp for ages reigned,
Today, as in a dream of loveliest things,
Arose this monumental mass so great
In all its templed beauty, we despair
That architecture could the farther go.
A sea of domes rolls through the air,
While towers bejeweled rise to the very sky
As though to bear some message to the heavens;
One with such jewels on its towering crest,
It fronts the astonished earth with living light;
Great statues breathing meanings for mankind;
With carven women whose deep beauty might
Rouse frozen veins to sudden ecstasy;
And walls that throb with paintings which depict
The course of histories that charmed the world;
While sparkling fountains leaping in the light
Make music gently falling on the ear;
And glimmering lakes that bask in sunny peace;
Unnumbered blossoms, groves and widespread lawns;
With all so bathed in colored harmony
We but behold a giant work of Art,
And hail it as a thing that is divine.
This vast, unparalleled magnificence,
Which baffles all that's in us to portray,
Is fondly kissed upon the lips by her,
The most imperial Bay of all the world.

V

Men, even with blinded eyes, can here perceive
What consummation lies within the breast
Of this creation; how with divers men,
From many countries and of many tongues,
Meeting in daily walk and opening out
Their natures to each other, they may come
To know themselves the better, and to feel
The Oneness of us all before the Lord.
And in the presence of this vast event
We faintly understand how great is Man—
This Man our brother; and to him we kneel,
Not as in adoration, but in pride
For all his miracles of mind and hand.
February 20, 1915.

Verses For the Big Day

CLYDE C. WESTOVER, a San Francisco newspaper man, who was selected by the Citizens' Committee for the Exposition's opening day to compose an ode in celebration of the event has submitted the following lines to the committee. The poem, which is vividly expressive of the conception of the Exposition, will be inscribed on the opening day program.

The spirits of the padrons old, whose sandaled feet have trod
The lane of Time that led them to the mighty throne of God,
In some dark crypt kneel down and voice their meed of praise
To iron wills and burgeoned hopes that wrought this day of days.

The seeds of faith by their hands sown and ripened into grain
Have peopled our old, golden land with stocks of sturdy strain,
And Argonauts who braved the wilds to reach our fabled shore
Left heritage of dauntless souls to ope Achievement's door.

The prow of progress cleft the wave and dared the sea-born gale;
The caravel of Romans rode the tide with billowed sail;
The Titan Gods of Labor reared the City at the Gate—
Reared it again on embers' glow when razed by hand of Fate.

This City's shield up-rears its towers upon the bay-kissed strand,
Colossal, cries its welcome to the folk of every land;
And each proud dome and minaret, with oriflammes aflame,
To sunset shores invites the World, in California's name.

The Exposition City marks an epoch in our age,
Indited by the hand of Man on History's brightest page;
The Muses, in its lofty hills, their mural frivols take,
And Art and Science, on its walls, a close communion make.

The gray-green hills, the wind-swept wave, the rose-tints of the sky
Are blended in the color-scheme by Art's unerring eye;
And sculptured groups, in lithic pose, a-top each colonnade
Flaunt back the blazon of the sun, immense and unafraid.

Each massive arch, each palm-lined drive, each silver-fountained court,
With subtle, elfin lure extends a friendly hand to sport.
Let's lift the burden of drear earth, of joy to harvest toll,
While we attune our praiseful throats to music of the soul.

The Panama Canal has turned the commerce of the world,
Toward our gates; let's celebrate, with every flag unfurled,
And, as a fitting nuptial gift, present the City's keys
To all, while we commemorate the Wedding of the Seas.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1937

'Keddie's Dream'

Near one end of the new Feather River Highway is historic Keddie. A number of old Californians who read the story, a week or so ago, when the new route was opened, have stories to add out of their memories and scrapbooks. John S. Thomas of Oakland tells me that Keddie's dream of a railroad up the Feather River Canyon was realized some thirty years ago when the Western Pacific was constructed. Keddie, a resident of Quincy for years, was the first chief engineer on that line. "For many years Keddie realized that the building of a railroad up the Feather River would eliminate the heavy grades encountered by the Southern Pacific over the Sierra. A two per cent grade was obtained all

the way from Oroville to Honey Lake Valley, Lassen County, and snow was eliminated, to a large extent, by following the low altitude along the bed of the river. Perhaps you know that at the time the W. P. was projected there was great rivalry between Quincy and Susanville, each town wishing the railroad. Susanville was left out probably on account of Keddie's being a resident of Quincy. Anyway, the line never got into Quincy, but left it four miles away, to be connected to the main line by a branch. The S. P. ran a line from Nevada to Susanville, but it failed to attract passengers and became a freight service only. But Keddie stays in the picture. The Great Northern spent a lot of money to connect with the Western Pacific there in order to obtain a route to Oakland, but that is another dream which has not been realized. I had the great pleasure of being on the original corps of the W. P., under the engineer Keddie and Mr. Boge [his successor], and among my greatest thrills was the completion of the Northern Pacific at Minneapolis and the celebration then held."

The Dream of Keddie

Moderns grew whiskers and went back to their grandparents for costumes and ideas to revive old days when the triumphantly modern Feather River Highway was dedicated this month. So we had festival along a 78-mile stretch of marvelous roadway which could only be possible in this so-called mechanical age. It took nine years to build it and more than eight million dollars, and few, in the old times, would have thought it could be done. Up in Quincy, the *Feather River Bulletin*, celebrating the occasion, gave place in its fine special edition to one A. W. Keddie, who made a survey of the possibilities way back in 1867. In that year Keddie (we know the town named for him) wrote to Margerite Douglas Barnes, who was to be his wife. The people want a road that can be traveled in Winter, and for that object they have employed me to explore the two Forks to see if a road can be built. No person in the county has been from Oroville up either River, they are so rough." And in Major Keddie's diary there is this entry: "Wednesday, February 13, 1867: Left Greenville on an exploring expedition down North Fork and up Middle Fork, to find good location for wagon road for Bolinger & Chambers." There is no record of any action taken until 1873, when at a meeting called by Tom Peter at his ranch in Indian Valley, Mr. Keddie reported that the wagon road down the North Fork would cost \$150,000. This, it was decided, was beyond the means of the county at the time. It was only a short time later the county supervisors passed an ordinance limiting the width of county roads to eight feet and their cost to \$1500 per mile. Mr. Keddie's suggestion of a \$150,000 road over an 80-mile route seems to have thrown a scare into the officials. It is an interesting coincidence that Feather River Highway, as now completed, has cost the State exactly eight million dollars more than the Keddie figure—\$3,150,000.

CELEBRATED SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

Yesterday was the seventy-fifth birthday of our townsman, A. W. Keddie, and the event was celebrated by a reunion of the members of his family, attended by Senator and Mrs. W. A. Keddie of Fallon, Nevada, Mrs. Helen Palmer and daughter, of Garfield, Utah, Miss Edith Keddie of San Francisco, and Mrs. Margaret Kahrs of Quincy. The day was happily spent by the family, and many old friends of Mr. Keddie called to wish him many returns of the day.

Mr. Keddie came to California in 1863 from Canada, and in the fall of 1864 he came to Quincy, where he has resided ever since. He returned to Canada in 1869 and married Miss Margaret Barnes, with whom he lived happily until 1901, when she passed away.

Mr. Keddie's entire life has been bound and wrapped up in Plumas county, and much of its present prosperity is due to his untiring efforts in advocating and finally securing the building of a transcontinental railroad through the Feather river canyon route. He has not profited from his lifetime of labor—unless it be that satisfaction that his work has been well done can be entered as a credit item on his ledger.

"Old Man Keddie," on the occasion of your seventy-fifth birthday, we congratulate you, and hope that the coming years may touch you lightly.

Western Pacific History Is Given

(By Tom Brown—Western Pacific Publicity Agent)

The Western Pacific Railroad was projected about the year 1900 by interests (the Goulds) controlling the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad and the Rio Grande Western Railroad, which are now embraced by the Denver & Rio Grand Western Railroad, to open the Salt Lake City gateway and to give those railroads an independent connecting line from Salt Lake City west to San Francisco.

The Western Pacific Railway Company was incorporated under the laws of California on March 6, 1903, for a period of 50 years to construct and operate a broad gauge line of railroad from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, and also to construct branch lines in California. The company was organized three days later with head offices in San Francisco.

The Western Pacific Railway Company was not a consolidated company, although it acquired at the outset or shortly thereafter the property and the corporate franchises of seven companies referred to as predecessor companies.

These were: The Alameda & San Joaquin Railroad Company; the San Francisco Railway and Ferry Company; the Stockton & Beckwith Pass Railway Company; the Sacramento & Oakland Railway Company; Indian Valley Railway (not the later Indian Valley Railroad); Marysville and Susanville Railroad Company; and the Butte and Plumas Railway.

Of these seven railroads, the Alameda & San Joaquin Railroad was the only one that had any trackage and eighteen miles of this was reconstructed as part of the Western Pacific main line. The other predecessor companies represented merely visions and hopes. However, California was railroad-minded.

The surveys for the new railroad were begun in 1904, and the line as finally located in the Feather River Canyon took into account pioneer work done by Arthur Walter Keddie. The town of Keddie, in the Feather River Canyon where the Northern California extension of the Western Pacific to Bieber begins, is named for this noted Californian. Keddie was born in Scotland in 1842. He left Canada for California in August of 1863 and arrived in San Francisco in September of that year.

Keddie's diaries and letters to his Canada sweetheart, Maggie Barnes Whitty, who became his wife, reveal the times in which he struggled. New words were becoming part of the vocabulary of that now distant day and so we find Keddie explaining to his Canadian correspondent the meaning of "two-bits," "grub" and "pack."

Other surveys were also made in the Feather River Canyon, including that by Dillman, but Keddie holds rank as the pioneer. It

must be remembered of course that "Jim" Beckwourth, noted Indian scout, was the one who discovered the pass, now named for him, through which the Western Pacific crosses the summit of the Sierra.

Because the Feather River Canyon is very rugged, and because its sides are steep, the making of the line survey and the driving of location stakes involved great hazards. It is a fact that the surveyors had to be let down the faces of cliffs by ropes. Harry Ardley, now with the industrial department of the Western Pacific, worked as a helper when the surveys were being made. He says that at one time he was being lowered by rope with a transit. "It was tough going," said Ardley. "I arrived at a point where either I or the transit had to drop to the bottom of the canyon, and so I let the transit go."

Ardley also functioned as an aide-de-camp to Virgil Gay Bogue, chief engineer, with headquarters at Quincy. For conveyance in delivering messages to Bogue's subordinates Ardley rode a horse which was named "Whiskey Bill" because the horse drank whiskey from a tin cup. There were no roads to the surveyor's camps in the canyon and supplies had to be transported on burros via a trail leading down from Spanish Peak.

Construction work was begun in 1905. Three contracts were let. The first, for the building of the line between Salt Lake City and Oroville was let to the Utah Construction Company, headed by W. H. Wattis, who many years later became the first president of Six Companies, Inc., which built Boulder Dam. The contract for the section between Oroville and Oakland was let to the E. B. and A. L. Stone Company. Construction work in San Francisco was done by H. A. Whitely.

Under Virgil Gay Bogue, chief engineer, were Thomas J. Wyche, who had charge of the eastern division; Emery Oliver who had charge of the western division; J.

T. Williams who built Williams' Loop and E. S. Arnold who built Arnold's Loop. Among the other members of the engineering staff were T. L. Phillips, Louis A. Jones and A. A. Kramm.

Many difficulties were encountered in the construction of the railroad. Bogue's reports tell of obstacles encountered in driving the Spring Garden tunnel at an elevation of 4,000 feet where water and boulders from an underground river made progress slow. Bogue also had trouble driving the Chilcoot tunnel. However, hopefulness as well as courage were part of his make-up and here is a quotation from one of his letters, which will illustrate this point:

"A few days ago, having inspected the progress on Chilcoot tunnel, and having had a very hard day, I walked over the surface of

the ground. It had been raining all day but as I neared the eastern portal of the tunnel, the sky cleared and there was a beautiful rainbow. It took this as a good omen and the promise that our efforts would be crowned with success."

And so this point, where the branch line departs for Reno, was first named Rainbow. In later years the name was changed to Reno Junction, in accordance with prosaic railroad custom.

The trust agreement for the first mortgage bonds of the Western Pacific Railway company provided that a maximum grade of one per cent compensated and a maximum curvature of ten degrees must not be exceeded on the line between San Francisco and Salt Lake City. And, so, although there are 100 miles of continuous grade in the Feather River Canyon, the grade never exceeds one percent compensated.

Again, to maintain this construction requirement, the railroad has, at a point 2 miles east of Massack, Williams Loop which is 1,500 feet in diameter, and nine-tenths of a mile in circumference. And still again, at the summit of the Toano Mountains there is Arnold's Loop. For most of the way, the distance across the loop is less than 2,000 feet and at a point one-half mile from the head of the loop, the distance is less than 250 feet. By the construction of this loop, an original grade of three percent was reduced to one percent. While the distance traversed by the railroad is made longer by these loops, they make it possible for the railroad to maintain a ruling grade of one percent compensated.

The line was completed late in the Fall of 1909, the last spike being driven at milepost 280.51, near Keddie, on November 1 of that year. An unsung hero, as was Pheidippides who ran the first marathon, was Leonardo Di Tomasso, who, working under Major Arthur Thomas, swung the spike-maul that drove home that last spike.

The line was then opened for informal operation. Formal operation of the railroad was begun with the arrival at Oakland, on August 22, 1910, of the first passenger train, a special, from Salt Lake City.

On the same placque are these

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James Beckwourth, Old-Time Negro Guide

Guided First Wagon Train To California

Discovered Route in 1851 While Scouting the Country; at Once Saw Its Value

The story of Beckwourth Pass, how it happened to be discovered for white men and how it came to be the main traveled road for those who came across the plains to California from the east, was obtained by the Mercury from three separate sources. Combined they provide the complete picture. The first section of the story comes from Eva E. Cayot of Portola. The second is provided by Tom Brown of San Francisco, public relations agent for the Western Pacific Railroad and thirdly M. F. Small, publisher of the Feather River Bulletin at Quincy furnished information connecting Bucks Ranch Road with Beckwourth Pass and gives a picture of the romantic early days scout.

The story follows:

Beckwourth Pass, lying at an elevation of 5220 feet, has commanded the attention and utilization of covered wagon guides and leaders, railway promoters, and highway engineers alike.

Discovered in 1851 by James Beckwourth, frontiersman Indian friend and guide, it was found that the pass afforded an easy access from the east into the mountain valleys and mining regions of the section.

Beckwourth, himself, guided the first train of emigrants through the pass in the summer of 1851. Subsequently many other trains crossed the divide and followed the trail through, and over the Sierras.

Lured by the low elevation of the pass, A. W. Keddie, pioneer surveyor and cartographer, began to dream of it as a railroad route. This dream was realized when the Western Pacific Railway Company chose it for their great transcontinental line. The Chilcote Tunnel pierces the divide and affords an easy entrance into the Feather River Canyon.

Still not satisfied, the pass again played a leading part in the selection of the roadway for a new transcontinental entrance into California, an entrance that is practically snow free and is a doorway to a wealth of scenic beauty and

historic interests for those who pass along the trail of the early pioneers.

Plumas Pioneer and Las Plumas Parlors N. D. G. W. have initiated a program of marking historic spots and emigrant trails. That this work is being accomplished is evidenced by the impressive marker found on the summit of Beckwourth Pass.

MARYSVILLE RAISES PURSE

The Western Pacific Railroad crosses the Sierra Nevada, mountain boundary between California and Nevada, at a lower elevation than any other railroad. The crossing is made via the Beckwourth Pass, in a region well below that of heavy snowfall. This was the pass discovered by James P. Beckwourth, between Chilcote and Reno Junction. The discovery of the pass was made when the rush to California, caused by the discovery of gold, was at its height. The old town of Beckwith, whose name has been, and properly, changed to Beckwourth, was once a trading post on the emigrant trail which was established by Beckwourth.

Beckwourth obtained his first hint of the existence of the pass while on a trip from the American Valley to the home of the Pit River Indians. Subsequently he found and explored the pass, and later he led the first emigrant train, consisting of seventeen prairie schooners up from the Nevada plateau, through the pass, and down the canyon of the Feather River to the valley of the Sacramento. Citizens of Marysville subscribed and presented him with a purse of \$200 for the discovery of the new emigrant route.

Beckwourth was born in Virginia in 1798. He was a sub-chief of the Crow Indians and historians relate that he was paid \$2,000 a year to keep the Crows from molesting the whites while crossing the plains. He was a noted scout and had a well-earned reputation as a brave fighter.

In "Heroes of California," writ-

DISCOVERER



JAMES BECKWOURTH
Monument stands in his honor on Feather River route.

ten more than 20 years ago by George Wharton James, the author relates a story told by Ina Coolbrith, who became California's first poet laureate, of how Beckwourth gave timely aid to herself and members of her family. With their footsteps dogged by Indians, they had crossed the plains to the point where the Sierra towered above them but knew not how to proceed farther. Beckwourth found them and guided them safely through Beckwourth Pass to Spanish Ranch in Plumas County.

With Ina Coolbrith on the wagon-train were her step-father, William Pickett, a lawyer of fine ability; her mother, Agnes Coolbrith Pickett; her sister, Agnes Charlotte Smith; and her twin step-brothers, William Jr., and Don Carlos Pickett.

Ina Coolbrith's Picture

In speaking at a luncheon given in her honor in San Francisco in 1927, Ina Coolbrith said regarding her entry into California:

"Ours was the first of the covered wagons to break the trail through Beckwourth Pass into California. We were guided by the famous scout, Jim Beckwourth, who was an historical figure, and to my mind one of the most beautiful creatures that ever lived. He was

rather dark and wore his hair in two long braids, twisted with colored cord that gave him a picturesque appearance. He wore a leather coat and moccasins and rode a horse without a saddle.

"When we made that long journey toward the West over the deserts and the mountains, our wagon train was driven over ground without a single mark of a wagon wheel until it was broken by ours. And when Jim Beckwourth said he would like to have my mother's little girls ride into California on his horse in front of him, I was the happiest little girl in the world.

"After two or three days of heavy riding, we came at last in sight of California and there on the boundary Jim Beckwourth stopped, and pointing forward, said:

"Here is California, little girls, here is your kingdom."

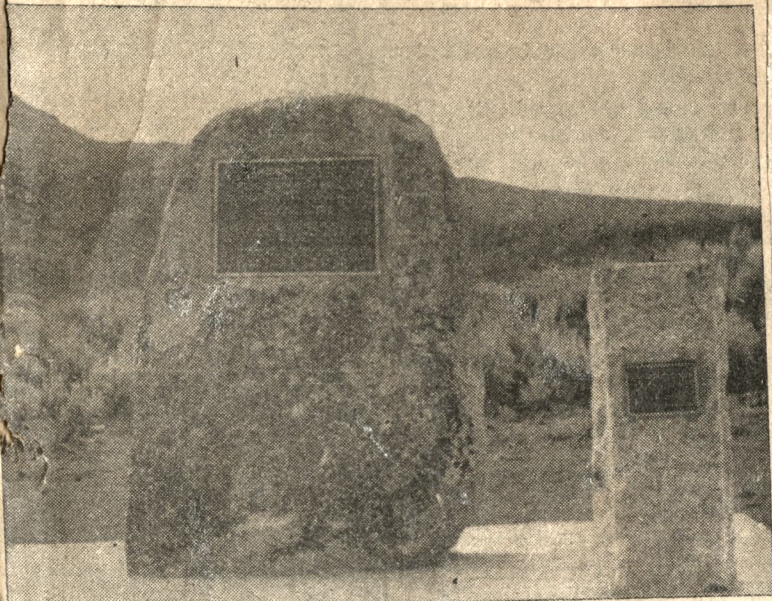
"And California, is my kingdom and has been my kingdom ever since."

"This wagon train arrived in California in September, 1852. In the Spring of that year, Jim Beckwourth, according to his own story, had established himself in Beckwourth Valley, and finally found himself transformed into a hotel keeper and chief of a trading post. His house, he said, was considered the emigrants' landing place."

As a side light, it may be noted that one of the high peaks of the Sierra Nevada, 8,000 feet high, and

six miles due south of Beckwourth Pass, in Sierra County, has been named "Mt. Ina Coolbrith" in honor of California's first poet laureate who was rescued by Jim Beckwourth, noted scout and companion of Kit Carson.

THIS STANDS AT "TOP" OF HIGHWAY



at an elevation of 5221 feet, lowest by far of any pass over the Sierras,
this monument to James Beckwourth, erected last May.

BUILDING STILL STANDS

Jim Beckwourth was discoverer of Beckwourth Pass, was a pal of Carson and other early Scouts. He was part Negro, lending a dark tinge to his skin, and, being adopted by the Crow tribe of Indians, he is thought of as an Indian chieftain.

Beckwourth apparently reached American Valley (Quincy is in American Valley) from Bidwell Bar for the first time. He set out to the Pitt River, and in crossing the mountains (probably Mt. Hough to Indian Valley) he saw in the distant haze what he believed to be a low pass.

When he next got back to American Valley, he took some men with him and started eastward on a trip of exploration, which ended with the discovery of Beckwourth Pass in April of 1851.

Beckwourth guided some emigrant parties through it, via American Valley and on to Marysville over what is now known as Bucks Ranch Road. After a time, he built a trading post at the west end of Sierra Valley, and one of his buildings is reputed to be still standing.

On the Guido Ramelli Ranch near the town of Beckwourth.

Beckwourth lived at his trading post until about 1869, when he returned to Virginia to die.

Monument Stands In Honor Of Man Who Found Pass

Perched at the summit of Beckwourth Pass near the Plumas-Lassen county line, is a new monument, placed here in May of this year, in honor of James P. Beckwourth, who discovered this lowest pass through the Sierras in 1851.

Through this Pass was established what has become known as the Emigrant Trail, which was as important to the people of the early days as the New Feather River Highway is to the people of today.

The elevation at this highest point on the Feather River Highway is 5221 feet—much lower than any of the other passes and one reason why the Feather River Route never will be blocked by snow.

As the Mercury man made his tour of the Feather River Wonderland he stopped off for pictures of the new monument and to copy the inscription thereon. As he copied it, a mountain storm blew up and lightning played about the Pass discovered in 1851 by Beckwourth. Rain that would have been most welcome to many a pioneer who went that way through the sage brush, fell in torrents, as the inscription was copied. The inscription reads "Dedicated to the discoverer and to the pioneers who who passed along this trail by the Las Plumas Parlor No. 254 N.D.G.W., May, 1937."

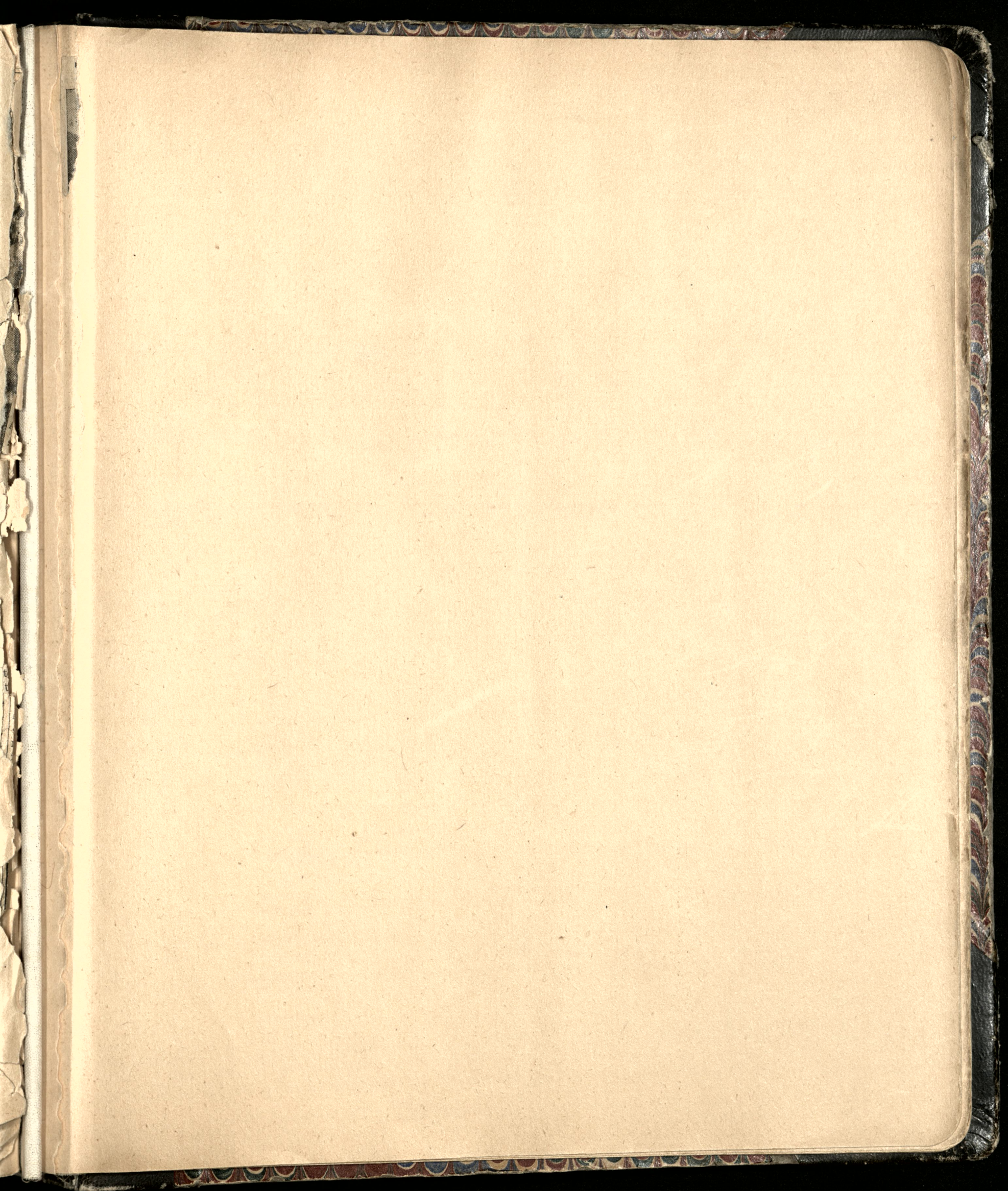
On the same plaque are these significant words:

"No desert waste nor red skins bold could swerve them from the western strand—

"Naught could their courage e'er dismay in onward trudging day by day.—A. W. Wern."

The committee of the Native Daughters Parlor responsible for the monument were Juanita C. Janes, Sally E. Long, and Eva E. Cayot all of Portola.

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February 12th. 1910.

It has always seemed to me that one of the greatest gifts vouchsafed to man is the ability to talk, - to express ones ideas in a clear, concise and interesting manner. I regret that I have not this ability in the least degree, for here - tonight - among so many bright and intelligent listeners would be a splendid opportunity to display it. I trust you will overlook my shortcoming and bear with me for a very short time while I read a few ideas which I have jotted down for this occasion.

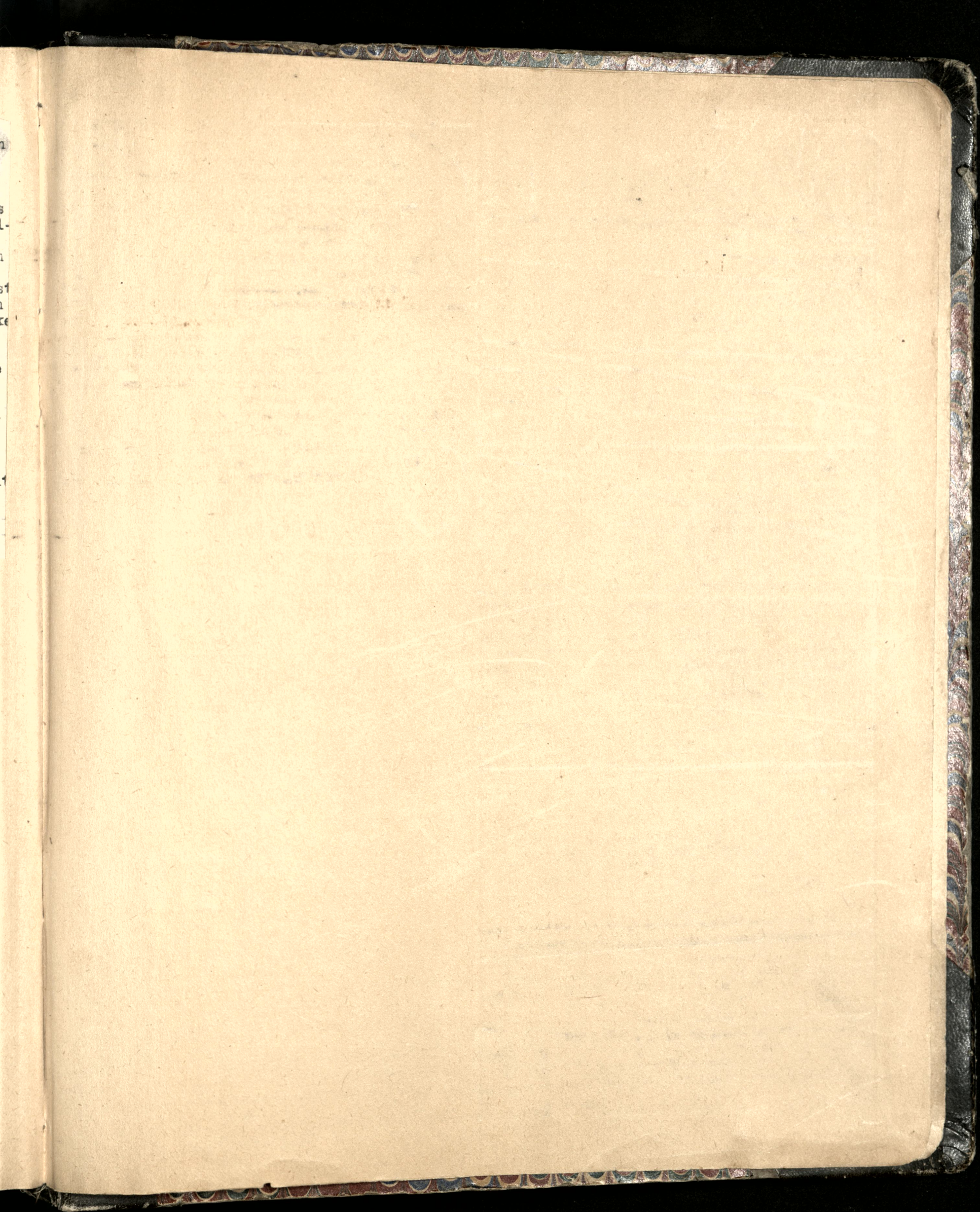
This certainly is a pleasant gathering. I hope you have all been pleased with the installation ceremonies you have witnessed tonight, and that a few of the beauties of Masonry have been impressed upon you. That the Masonic work is full of beauty and impression ~~xxx~~ all appreciative masons well know. But the Lodge work is not all by any means. We are glad to realize - or to say - that ~~Masonry~~ we regard Masonry as a "Beautiful system of Morality, veiled in Allegory and illustrated by Symbols" and to claim the proud distinction of belonging to the "Ancient and Honorable Order of Free and Accepted Masons". It is indeed an honorable distinction - provided we live up to the teachings and requirements of the Order in all its pure and upright doctrines.

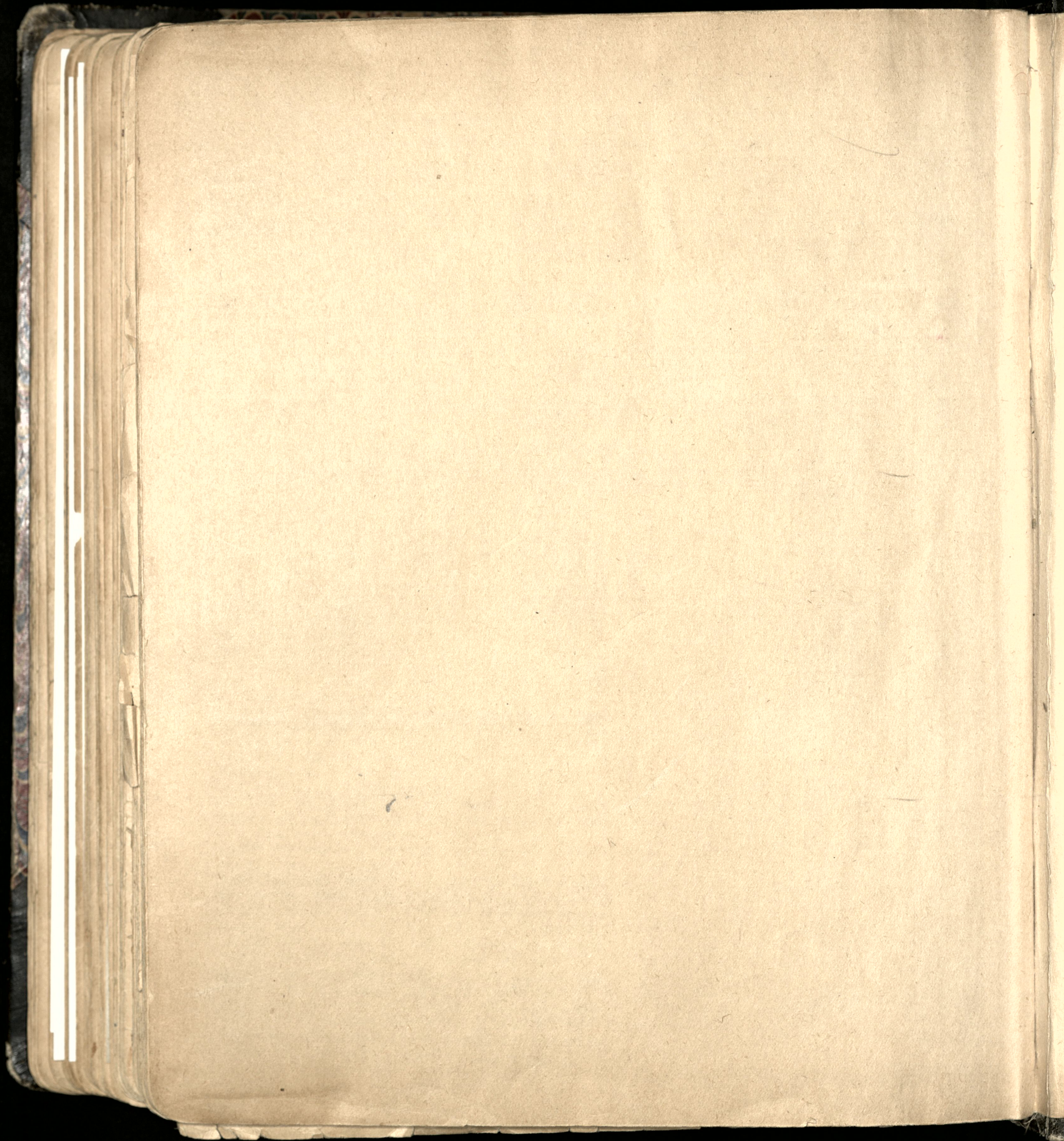
Masonry and a violation of the Moral Code are incompatible, they cannot go together. Masonry means everything that is right between man and man. To be good and true is the first lesson taught in Masonry" to be so one must be temperate and virtuous, kind and indulgent to his fellow man, ready and willing at all times to relieve the distressed and needy.

Practical Masonry is simply doing right by our fellow man, acting with him on the square, living uprightly in our walk through life and doing to others as we would that they should do unto us. A true mason harbors no ill feeling towards his neighbor and will not tolerate injustice to any one and he regards every mason as a true man, a member of one great family whose members are linked together by a strong chain of fraternal love and sincere affection. Therefore between true masons there is a bond of affection which cannot be found in any other class of the human family. Helpfulness

to one another is a duty taught in our Lodge, this duty devolves on every mason and should not be neglected.

A good true masonic spirit pervades the brethren of Plumas Lodge, there are no bickerings there; honest differences of opinion there may be, but no ill feeling is ever shown. I am proud of Plumas Lodge, and I congratulate its members on the fraternal feeling that exists among them. That it may always be is my earnest wish. I congratulate the Lodge also, on the excellent class of young men who make up the majority of its membership, the flower of our little town and valley, and from the young element of the Lodge I am pleased that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the Master has been chosen, the youngest that has ever been occupied that exalted position in Plumas Lodge. I know he will not disappoint you but will be a worthy successor to the more venerable Past Master who has been so honored tonight.





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